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Eliz. Keller
London

THE
ART
OF
English POETRY.

CONTAINING,

I. RULES for making
VERSES.

II. A COLLECTION of
the most Natural, Agreeable, and Sublime
THOUGHTS, viz.
Allusions, Similes, De-

scriptions and Characters
of Persons and Things,
that are to be found
in the best *English*
POETS.

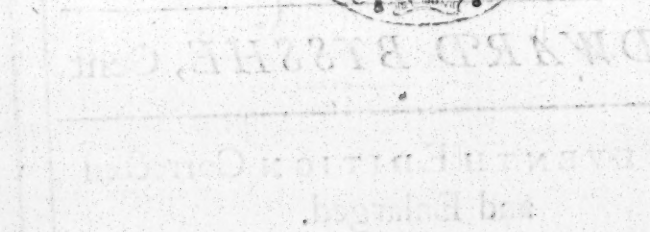
III. A DICTIONARY
of RHYMES.

By *EDWARD BYSSHE*, Gent.

The SEVENTH EDITION Corrected
and Enlarged.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. WILKIN in *St. Paul's Church-Yard* ;
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THE PREFACE.

SO many are the Qualifications, as well natural as acquir'd, that are essentially requisite to the making of a good Poet, that 'tis in vain for any Man to aim at a great Reputation on account of his Poetical Performances, by barely following the Rules of others, and reducing their Speculations into Practice. It may not be impossible indeed for Men, even of indifferent Parts, by making Examples to the Rules hereafter given, to compose Verses smooth and well-sounding to the Ear; yet if such Verses want strong Sense, Propriety, and Elevation of Thought, or Purity of Diction, they will be at best but what Horace calls them, *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ*; and the Writers of them not Poets, but versifying Scriblers. I pretend not therefore by the following Sheets to teach a Man to be a Poet in Spight of Fate and Nature, but only to be of Help to the few are born to be so, and whom *audit vocatus Apollo*.

To this End I give in the first Place Rules for making English Verse: And these Rules I have, according to the best of my Judgment, endeavour'd to extract from the Practice, and to frame after the Examples of the Poets that are most celebrated for a fluent and numerous Turn of Verse.

Another Part of this Treatise, is A Dictionary of Rhymes: To which having prefix'd a large Preface shewing the Method and Usefulness of it, I shall trouble the Reader in this Place no farther than to acquaint him, that if it be as useful and acceptable to the

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Publick, as the composing of it was tedious and painful to me, I shall never repent me of the Labour.

What I shall chiefly speak of here, is the largest Part of the Treatise, which I call A Collection of the most natural and sublime Thoughts that are in the best English Poets. And to be ingenuous in the Discovery, this was the Part of it that principally induc'd me to undertake the Whole: The Task was indeed laborious, but pleasing; and the sole Praise I expected from it, was, that I made a judicious Choice and proper Disposition of the Passages I extracted. A Mixture of so many different Subjects, and such a Variety of Thoughts upon them, may possibly not satisfy the Reader so well, as a Composition perfect in its Kind on one intricate Subject; but certainly it will divert and amuse him better; for here is no Thread of Story, nor Connexion of one Part with another, to keep his Mind intent, and constrain him to any Length of Reading. I detain him therefore only to acquaint him, why it is made a Part of this Book, and how serviceable it may be to the main Design of it.

Having drawn up Rules for making Verses, and a Dictionary of Rhymes, which are the Mechanick Tools of a Poet; I came in the next Place to consider, what other human Aid could be offer'd him, a Genius and Judgment not being mine to give. Now I imagin'd that a Man might have both these, and yet sometimes, for the sake of a Syllable or two, more or less, to give a Verse its true Measure, be at a Stand for Epithets and Synonyma's, with which I have seen Books of this Nature in several Languages plentifully furnish'd.

Now, tho' I have differ'd from them in Method, yet I am of Opinion this Collection may serve to the same End, with equal Profit and greater Pleasure to the Reader. For, what are Epithets, but Adjectives that denote and express the Qualities of the Substantives to which they are join'd? as Purple, Rosie, Smiling, Dewy, Morning: Dim, Gloomy, Silent, Night. What Synonyma's, but Words of a like Signification? as Fear, Dread, Terrour, Consternation, Affright, Dismay, &c. Are they not then naturally to be sought for in the Descriptions of Persons and Things? And can we not better judge by a Piece of Painting, how beautifully Colours may be dispos'd; than by seeing the same several Colours scatter'd without Design on a Table? When
you

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you are at a Loss therefore for proper Epithets or Synonyma's, look into this Alphabetical Collection for any Word under which the Subject of your Thought may most probably be rang'd, and you will find what have been employ'd by our best Writers, and in what Manner.

It would have been as easy a Task for me, as it has been to others before me, to have threaded tedious Bed-rolls of Synonyma's and Epithets together, and put them by themselves: But when they stand alone they appear bald, insipid, uncouth, and offensive both to the Eye and Ear. In that Disposition they may indeed help the Memory, but cannot direct the Judgment in the Choice.

But besides, to confess a Secret, I am very unwilling it should be laid to my Charge, that I have furnish'd Tools and given a Temptation of Versifying, to such as in spite of Art and Nature undertake to be Poets; and who mistake their Fondness to Rhyme, or Necessity of Writing, for a true Genius of Poetry, and lawful Call from Apollo. Such Debasers of Rhyme and Dablers in Poetry would do well to consider, that a Man would justly deserve a higher Esteem in the World, by being a good Mason or Shoe-Maker, or by excelling in any other Art that his Talent inclines him to, and that is useful to mankind, than by being an indifferent or second-Rate Poet. Such have no Claim to that Divine Appellation:

Neque enim concludere Versum

Dixeris esse satis: Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propria, putes hunc esse Poetam.

Ingenium cui sit, cui Mens divini, atque Os

Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus Honorem. *Horat.*

I resolv'd therefore to place these, the principal Materials, under the awful Guard of the immortal Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, &c.

Procul ô procul este Profani!

Virg.

But let Men of better Minds be excited to a generous Emulation.

THE PREFACE.

I have inserted not only *Similes, Allusions, Characters, and Descriptions*, but also the most *Natural and Sublime Thoughts* of our *Modern Poets* on all *Subjects whatever*. I say, of our *Modern*; for tho' some of the *Ancient*, as *Chaucer, Spencer, and others*, have not been excell'd, perhaps not equall'd, by any that have succeeded them, either in *Justness of Description*, or in *Propriety and Greatness of Thought*; yet their *Language* is now become so antiquated and obsolete, that most *Readers* of our *Age* have no *Ear* for them: And this is the *Reason* that the good *Shakespear himself* is not so frequently cited in this *Collection*, as he would otherwise deserve to be.

I have endeavour'd to give the *Passages* as naked and stript of *Superfluities* and foreign *Matter*, as possibly I could: But often found my self oblig'd, for the sake of the *Connexion* of the *Sense*, which else would have been interrupted, and consequently obscure, to insert some of them under *Heads*, to which every *Part* or *Line* of them may be thought not properly to belong: Nay, I sometimes even found it difficult to chuse under what *Head* to place several of the best *Thoughts*; but the *Reader* may be assur'd, that if he find them not where he expects, he will not wholly lose his *Labour*; for

The Search it self rewards his Pains;
And if like Chymists his great End he miss,
Yet Things well worth his Toil he gains;
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good unsought Experiments by the way. Cowley.

That the *Reader* may judge of every *Passage* with due *Deference* for each *Author*, he will find their *Names* at the *End* of the last *Line*; and as the late *Versions* of the *Greek and Roman Poets* have not a little contributed to this *Collection*, *Homer, Anacreon, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, &c.* are cited with their *Translators*: And after each *Author's Name* are quoted their *Plays* and other *Poems*, from whence the *Passages* are extracted.

The *Reader* will likewise observe, that I have sometimes ascrib'd to several *Authors* the *Quotations* taken from one and the same *Play*. Thus to those from the first and third *Act* of *Oedi-*

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Oedipus, I have put Dryden; to those from the three other, Lee? Because the first and third Act of that Play were written by Dryden, the three other by Lee. To those from Troilus and Cressida I have sometimes put Shakespear, sometimes Dryden; because he having alter'd that Play, whatever I found not in the Edition of Shakespear, ought to be ascrib'd to him. And in like manner of several other Plays.

As no Thought can be justly said to be fine, unless it be true, I have all along had a great regard for Truth; except only in Passages that are purely Satirical, where some Allowance must be given: For Satire may be fine and true Satire, tho' it be not directly and according to the Letter, true: 'Tis enough that it carry with it a Probability or Semblance of Truth. Let it not here be objected, that I have from the Translators of the Greek and Roman Poets, taken some Descriptions meerly fabulous: For the well-invented Fables of the Antients were design'd only to inculcate the Truth with more Delight, and to make it shine with greater Splendour.

Rien n'est beau que le Vrai. Le Vrai seul est Aimable;
Il doit regner par tout; & meme dans la Fable.
De toute Fiction l'adroite Fausseté
Ne tend qu' à faire aux yeux briller la Verité. Boileau.

I have upon every Subject given both Pro and Con whenever I met with them, or that I judg'd them worth giving: And if both are not always found, let none imagine that I wilfully suppress'd either; or that what is here uncontradicted must be unanswerable.

If any take Offence at the Looseness of some of the Thoughts, as particularly upon Love, where I have given the different Sentiments which Mankind, according to their several Temperaments, ever had, and ever will have of it; such may observe, that I have strictly avoided all manner of Obscenity throughout the whole Collection: And tho' here and there a Thought may perhaps have a Cast of Wantonness, yet the cleanly Metaphors palliate the Broadness of the Meaning, and the Chasteness of the Words qualifies the Lasciviousness of the Images they represent. And let them farther know, that I have not always chosen what I most approv'd, but what carries with it the best Strokes for Imitation:

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For, upon the whole Matter, it was not my Business to judge any farther, than of the Vigour and Force of Thought, of the Purity of Language, of the Aptness and Propriety of Expression; and above all, of the Beauty of Colouring, in which the Poet's Art chiefly consists. Nor, in short, would I take upon me to determine what things should have been said; but have shewn only what are said, and in what Manner.

RULES



RULES

For making

ENGLISH VERSE.

IN the *English* Versification there are two Things chiefly to be consider'd;

1. The Verses.

2. The several sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

But because in the Verses there are also two Things to be observ'd, The Structure of the Verse, and the Rhyme; this Treatise shall be divided into three Chapters;

I. Of the Structure of *English* Verses.

II. Of Rhyme.

III. Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

CHAP. I.

Of the Structure of English Verses.

THE Structure of our Verses, whether Blank, or in Rhyme, consists in a certain Number of Syllables; not in Feet compos'd of long and short Syllables, as the Verses of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And though some ingenious Persons formerly puzzl'd themselves in prescribing Rules for the Quantity of *English* Syllables, and, in Imitation of the *Latins*, compos'd Verses by the Measure of *Spondees*, *Dactyls*, &c. yet the Success of their Undertaking has fully evinc'd the Vainness of their Attempt, and given ground to suspect they had not thoroughly weigh'd what the Genius of our Language would bear; nor reflected that each Tongue has its peculiar Beauties, and that what is agreeable and natural to one, is very often disagreeable, nay, inconsistent with

another. But that Design being now wholly exploded, it is sufficient to have mention'd it.

Our Verses then consist in a certain Number of Syllables; but the Verses of double Rhyme require a Syllable more than those of single Rhyme. Thus in a Poem whose Verses consist of ten Syllables, those of the same Poem that are accented on the last save one, which we call Verses of double Rhyme, must have eleven; as may be seen by these Verses.

*A Man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Fidler, Chymist, Statesman and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
Besides Ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.
Praising and Railing were his usual Themes,
And both, to shew his Judgment, in Extremes.
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every Man with him was God or Devil.* Dryd.

Where the 4 Verses that are accented on the last save one have 11 Syllables; the others, accented on the last, but 10.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 8, the double Rhymes require 9; as,

*When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears;
And made 'em fight, like mad, or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for Punk;
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a Man of 'em knew wherefore:
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.* Hud.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 7, the double Rhymes require 8; as,

*All thy Verse is softer far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves or Sparrows.* Cowl.

This must also be observ'd in Blank Verse; as,

*Welcome, thou worthy Partner of my Laurels!
Thou Brother of my Choice! A Band more sacred
Than*

*Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendship!
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival:
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence like a Prophet,
Who waits the Inspiration of his God.*

Rowe;

And this Verse of Milton,

Void of all Succour and needful Comfort.

wants a Syllable; for, being accented on the last save one, it ought to have 11, as all the Verses but Two of the preceding Example have: But if we transpose the Words thus,

Of Succour and all needful Comfort void.

it then wants nothing of its due Measure, because it is accented on the last Syllable.

S E C T. I.

Of the several sorts of Verses; and, first, of those of Ten Syllables: Of the due Observation of the Accents, and of the Pause.

OUR Poetry admits for the most part but of Three sorts of Verses; that is to say, of Verses of 10, 8, or 7 Syllables: Those of 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, and 14, are generally employ'd in Masks and Operas, and in the Stanzas of Lyrick and Pindarick Odes, and we have few intire Poems compos'd in any of those sorts of Verses. Those of 12 and 14 Syllables are frequently inserted in our Poems in Heroick Verse, and when rightly made use of, carry a peculiar Grace with them. See the next Section towards the End.

The Verses of 10 Syllables, which are our Heroick, are us'd in Heroick Poems, in Tragedies, Comedies, Pastorals, Elegies, and sometimes in Burlesque.

In these Verses Two things are chiefly to be consider'd;

1. The Seat of the Accent;

2. The Pause.

For 'tis not enough that Verses have their just Number of Syllables; the true Harmony of them depends on a due Observation of the Accent and Pause.

The Accent is an Elevation or a falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable of a Word,

The Pause is a Rest or Stop that is made in pronouncing the Verse, and that divides it, as it were, into Two Parts; each of which is call'd an Hemstich, or Half-Verse.

But this Division is not always equal, that is to say, one of the Half-Verses does not always contain the same Number of Syllables as the other: And this Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent that is strongest, and prevails most in the first Half-Verse. For the Pause must be observ'd at the End of the Word where such Accents happen to be, or at the End of the following Word.

Now in a Verse of 10 Syllables this Accent must be either on the 2^d, 4th, or 6th; which produces 5 several Pauses, that is to say, at the 3^d, 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th Syllable of the Verse: For,

When it happens to be on the 2^d, the Pause will be either at the 3^d or 4th.

At the 3^d, in Two Manners:

1. When the Syllable accented happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

As busy--as intentive Emmets are;

Or Cities--whom unlook'd for Sieges scare.

Dav.

2. Or when the Accent is on the last of a Word, and the next a Monosyllable, whose Construction is govern'd by that on which the Accent is; as

Dispise it,--and more noble Thoughts pursue.

Dryd.

When the Accent falls on the 2^d Syllable of the Verse, and the last save Two of a Word, the Pause will be at the 4th; as,

He meditates--his absent Enemy.

Dryd.

When the Accent is on the 4th of a Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable, or at the 5th or 6th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

Such huge Extreams--inhabit thy great Mind,

God-like, unmov'd,--and yet, like Woman, kind.

Wall.

At the 5th in 2 Manners:

1. When

ENGLISH VERSE.

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

*Like bright Aurora--whose refulgent Ray
Foretells the Favour--of ensuing Day;
And warns the Shepherd--with his Flocks, retreat
To leafy Shadows--from the threatn'd Heat.*

Wall.

2. Or the last of the Word, if the next be a Monosyllable govern'd by it; as,

So fresh the Wound is--and the Grief so vast.

Wall.

At the 6th, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last save Two of a Word; as,

Those Seeds of Luxury,--Debate, and Pride.

Wall.

Lastly, When the Accent is on the 6th Syllable of the Verse, the pause will be either at the same Syllable or at the 7th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

She meditates Revenge--resolv'd to die.

Wall.

At the 7th in two manners:

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

Nor when the War is over,--is it Peace.

Dryd.

Mirrors are taught to flatter,--but our Springs.

Wall.

2. Or the last of a Word, if the following one be a Monosyllable whose Construction depends on the preceding Word on which the Accent is; as,

And since he could not save her--with her dy'd.

Dryd.

From all this it appears, that the Pause is determin'd by the Seat of the Accent; but if the Accents happen to be equally strong on the 2^d, 4th, and 6th Syllable of a Verse, the Sense and Construction of the Words must then guide to the Observation of the Pause. For Example; In one of the Verses I have cited as an Instance of it at the 7th Syllable,

Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs.

The Accent is as strong on *Taught*, as on the first Syllable of *Flatter*; and if the Pause were observ'd at the 4th Syllable of the

the Verse, it would have nothing disagreeable in its Sound; as,

*Mirrors are taught--to flatter, but our Springs
Present th' impartial Images of things.*

Which tho' it be no Violence to the Ear, yet it is to the Sense, and that ought always carefully to be avoided in reading or in repeating of Verses.

For this Reason it is, that the Construction or Sense should never end at a Syllable where the Pause ought not to be made; as at the 8th and 2^d in the Two following Verses:

*Bright Hesper twinkles from afar :--Away
My Kids!--for you have had a Feast to Day.*

Staff.

Which Verses have nothing disagreeable in their Structure but the Pause, which in the first of them must be observ'd at the 8th Syllable, in the 2^d at the 2^d; and so unequal a Division can produce no true Harmony. And for this Reason too, the Pauses at the 3^d and 7th Syllables, tho' not wholly to be condemn'd, ought to be but sparingly practis'd.

The foregoing Rules ought indispensibly to be follow'd in all our Verses of 10 Syllables; and the Observation of them, like that of right Time in Musick, will produce Harmony; the Neglect of them Harshness and Discord; as appears by the following Verses:

*None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.
And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were.*

Dev.

In which, tho' the true Number of Syllables be observ'd, yet neither of them have so much as the Sound of a Verse: Now their Disagreeableness proceeds from the undue Seat of the Accent: For Example, The first of them is accented on the 5th and 7th Syllables; but if we change the Words, and remove the Accent to the 4th and 6th, the Verse will become smooth and easy; as,

None think Rewards are equal to their Worth.

The Harshness of the last of them proceeds from its being accented on the 3^d Syllable, which may be mended thus, by transposing only one Word;

And Lovers both, both thy Disciples were,

In like manner the following Verses,

To be massacred, not in Battel slain.

Blac.

But forc'd, harsh, and uneasy unto all.

Cowl.

Against the Insults of the Wind and Tide.

Blac.

A second Essay will the Pow'rs appease.

Blac.

With Scythians expert in the Dart and Bow.

Dryd.

are rough, because the foregoing Rules are not observ'd in their Structure; For Example, The first where the Pause is at the 5th Syllable, and the Accent on the 3^d, is contrary to the Rule, which says, that the Accent that determines the Pause must be on the 2^d, 4th, or 6th Syllable of the Verse; and to mend that Verse we need only place the Accent on the 4th, and then the Pause at the 5th will have nothing disagreeable; as,

Thus to be murther'd, not in Battel slain.

The second Verse is accented on the 3^d Syllable, and the Pause is there too; which makes it indeed the thing it expresses, forc'd, harsh, and uneasy; it may be mended thus,

But forc'd and harsh, uneasy unto all.

The 3^d, 4th, and 5th of those Verses have like Faults; for the Pauses are at the 5th, and the Accent there too; which is likewise contrary to the foregoing Rules: Now they will be made smooth and flowing, by taking the Accent from the 5th, and removing the Seat of the Pause; as,

Against th' Insults both of the Wind and Tide.

A second Tryal will the Pow'rs appease.

With Scythians skillful in the Dart and Bow.

From whence we conclude, that in all Verses of 10 Syllables, the most prevailing Accents ought to be on the 2^d, 4th, or 6th Syllables; for if they are on the 3^d, 5th, or 7th, the Verses will be rough and disagreeable, as has been prov'd by the preceding Instances.

In short, the wrong placing of the Accent is as great a Fault in our Versification, as false Quantity was in that of the Antients; and therefore we ought to take equal care to avoid it, and endeavour so to dispose the Words, that they may create a certain Melody in the Ear, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Sense.

S E C T. II.

Of the other sorts of Verses that are us'd in our Poetry.

AFTER the Verses of 10 Syllables, those of 8 are most frequent, and we have many intire Poems compos'd in them.

In the Structure of these Verses, as well as of those of 10 Syllables, we must take Care that the most prevailing Accents be neither on the 3^d nor 5th Syllables of them.

They also require a Pause to be observ'd in pronouncing them, which is generally at the 4th or 5th Syllable; as,

*I'll sing of Heroes,--and of Kings,
In mighty Numbers--mighty things;
Begin, my Muse,--but lo the Strings,
To my great Song--rebellious prove,
The Strings will found--of nought but Love.*

Cowl.

The Verses of 7 Syllables, which are called *Anacreontick*, are most beautiful when the strongest Accent is on the 3^d, and the Pause either there or at the 4th; as,

*Fill the Bowl--with rosy Wine,
Round our Temples--Roses twine;
Crown'd with Roses--we contend
Gyges' wealthy--Diadem.*

Cowl.

The Verses of 9 and of 11 Syllables, are of Two Sorts; one is those that are accented upon the last save one, which are only the Verses of double Rhyme that belong to those of 8 and 10 Syllables, of which Examples have already been given: The other of those that are accented on the last Syllable, which are employ'd only in Compositions for Musick, and in the lowest sort of Burlesque Poetry; the Disagreeableness of their Measure having wholly excluded them from grave and serious Subjects. They who desire to see Examples of them, may find some scatter'd here and there in our Masks and Operas, and in our Burlesque Writers. I will give but Two.

*Hylas, O Hylas, why sit we mute?
Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring.
Apart let me view then each Heavenly Fair,
For three at a time there's no Moral can bear.*

Wall.

Congr.

The

The Verses of 12 Syllables are truly heroick both in their Measure and Sound, tho' we have no entire Works compos'd in them; and they are so far from being a Blemish to the Poems they are in, that on the contrary, when rightly employ'd, they conduce not a little to the Ornament of them; particularly in the following Rencounters.

1. When they conclude an Episode in an Heroick Poem; Thus *Stafford* ends his Translation of that of *Camilla* from the 11th *Æneid* with a Verse of 12 Syllables.

*The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,
And, murm'ring with Disdain, the beauteous Body leaves.*

2. When they conclude a Triplet and full Sense together; as,

*Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong;
And every Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue; (Dryd.
And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.*

And here we may observe by the way, that whenever a Triplet is made use of in an Heroick Poem, it is a Fault not to close the Sense at the End of the Triplet, but to continue it into the next Line; as *Dryden* has done in his Translation of the 11th *Æneid* in these Lines.

*With Olives crown'd, the Presents they shall bear,
A Purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair,
And all the Marks of Sway that Latian Monarchs wear,
And Sums of Gold, &c.*

And in the 7th *Æneid* he has committed the like Fault.

*Then they, whose Mothers, frantick with their Fear,
In Woods and Wilds the Flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his Dances with dishevel'd Hair,
Increase thy Clamours, &c.*

But the Sense is not confined to the Couplet, for the Close of it may fall into the Middle of the next Verse, that is, the Third, and sometimes farther off: Provided the last Verse of the Couplet exceed not the Number of Ten Syllables; for then the Sense ought always to conclude with it. Examples of this are so frequent, that 'tis needless to give any.

3. When they conclude the Stanza's of Lyrick or Pindarick Odes; Examples of which are often seen in *Dryden*, and others.

In

In these Verses the Pause ought to be at the 6th Syllable, as may be seen in the foregoing Examples.

We sometimes find it, tho' very rarely, at the 7th; as,

That such a cursed Creature---lives so long a Space.

When it is at the 4th, the Verse will be rough and hobbling; as,

And Midwife Time--the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought. Dryd.

The Prince pursu'd,--and march'd along with equal Pace. Dryd.

In the last of which it is very apparent, that if the Sense and Construction would allow us to make the Pause at the 6th Syllable,

The Prince pursu'd, and march'd--along with equal Pace.

the Verse would be much more flowing and easy.

The Verses of 14 Syllables are less frequent than those of 12; they are likewise inserted in Heroick Poems, &c. and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet and Sense, and follow a Verse of 12; as,

For thee the Land in fragrant Flower's is drest;

For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast,

And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer Light is blest. Dryd.

But if they follow one of 10 Syllables, the Inequality of the Measure renders them less agreeable; as,

While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,

And sing to Memmius an immortal Lay

Of Heav'n and Earth; and every where thy wondrous Pow'r display. Dryd.

Especially if it be the last of a Couplet only; as,

With Court-Informers Haunts, and Royal Spies,

Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth with Lies. Dryd.

But this is only in Heroicks; for in their Pindaricks and Lyricks, Verses of 12 or 14 Syllables are frequently and gracefully plac'd, not only after those of 12 or 10, but of any other Number of Syllables whatsoever.

The Verses of 4 and 6 Syllables have nothing worth observing, and therefore I shall content my self with having made mention of them. They are, as I said before, us'd only in Opera's and Masks, and in Lyrick and Pindarick Odes. Take one Example of them.

To rule by Love,
To shed no Blood,
May be extoll'd above;
But here below,
Let Princes know,
'Tis fatal to be good.

Dryd.

S E C T. III.

Several Rules conducing to the Beauty of our Versification.

OUR Poetry being very much polish'd and refin'd since the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the other antient Poets, some Rules which they neglected, and that conduce very much to the Ornaments of it, have been practis'd by the best of the Moderns.

The First is to avoid as much as possible the Concourse of Vowels, which occasions a certain ill-sounding Gaping, call'd by the Latins *Hiatus*; and which they thought so disagreeable to the Ear, that, to avoid it, whenever a Word ended in a Vowel, and the next began with one, they never, even in Prose, sounded the Vowel of the first Word, but lost it in the Pronunciation; and it is a Fault in our Poets not to do the like, whenever our Language will admit of it.

For this Reason the *e* of the Particle *The* ought always to be cut off before the Words that begin with a Vowel; as,

With weeping Eyes she heard th' unwelcome News. Dryd.

And it is a Fault to make *The* and the first Syllable of the following Word Two distinct Syllables, as in this,

Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night. Wall.

A Second sort of *Hiatus*, and that ought no less to be avoided, is, when a Word that ends in a Vowel that cannot be cut off, is plac'd before one that begins with the same Vowel, or one that has the like Sound; as,

Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book. Wall.

The Second Rule is, to contract the Two last Syllables of the Preterperfect Tenses of all the Verbs that will admit of it; which are all the Regular Verbs whatsoever, except only those ending in D or T, and DE or TE. And it is a Fault to make *Amazed* of Three Syllables, and *Loved* of Two, instead of *Amaz'd* of Two, and *Lov'd* of One.

And

And the Second Person of the Present and Preterperfect Tenses of all Verbs ought to be contracted in like manner; as *thou lov'st*, for *thou love'st*, &c.

The Third Rule is, not to make use of several Words in a Verse that begin with the same Letter; as,

The Court he knew to steer in Storms of State.

He in these Miracles Design discern'd.

Yet we find an Instance of such a Verse in Dryden's Translation of the first Pastoral of Virgil;

'Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.

Which I am persuaded he left not thus through Negligence or Inadvertency, but with design to paint in the Number and Sound of the Words the thing he described, a Shepherd in whom

Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.

Now how far the Sound of the H Aspirate, with which Three Feet of that Verse begin, expresses the Despair of the Swain, let the judicious Judge: I have taken notice of it only to say, that 'tis a great Beauty in Poetry, when the Words and Numbers are so dispos'd, as by Their Order and Sound to represent the things describ'd.

The Fourth is, to avoid ending a Verse by an Adjective whose Substantive begins the following; as,

*Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their kind
Parents, &c.*

Dav.

Or, by a Preposition when the Case it governs begins the Verse that follows; as,

*The daily less'ning of our Life, shews by
A little dying, how outright to dye.*

The Fifth is, to avoid the frequent Use of Words of many Syllables, which are proper enough in Prose, but come not into Verse without a certain Violence altogether disagreeable; particularly those whose Accent is on the Fourth Syllable from the last, as *Undutifulness*.

S E C T. IV.

Doubts concerning the Number of Syllables of certain Words.

TH E R E is no Language whatsoever that so often joins several Vowels together to make Diphthongs of them,

as ours; this appears in our having several compos'd of Three different Vowels, as EAU and EOU in *Beauteous*, IOU in *Glorious*, UAI in *Acquaint*, &c.

Now from hence may arise some Difficulties concerning the true Pronunciation of those Vowels, whether they ought to be sounded separately in Two Syllables, or jointly in one.

The antient Poets made them sometimes of Two Syllables, sometimes but of one, as the Measure of their Verse requir'd; but they are now become to be but of One, and it is a Fault to make them of Two: From whence we may draw this general Rule;

That whenever one Syllable of a Word ends in a Vowel, and the next begins with one, provided the first of those Syllables be not that on which the word is accented, those Two Syllables ought in Verse to be contracted and made but one.

Thus *Beauteous* is but Two Syllables, *Victorious* but Three; and it is a Fault in *Dryden* to make it Four, as he has done in this Verse:

Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious.

To prove that this Verse wants a Syllable of its due Measure, we need but add one to it; as,

Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious now.

Where, tho' the Syllable *now* be added to the Verse, it has no more than its due Number of Syllables; which plainly proves it wanted it.

But if the Accent be upon the first of these Syllables, they cannot be contracted to make a Diphthong, but must be computed as Two distinct Syllables: Thus *Poet*, *Lion*, *Quiet*, and the like, must always be us'd as Two Syllables; *Poetry*, and the like, as Three.

And it is a Fault to make *Riot*, for Example, one Syllable, as *Milton* has done in this Verse,

Their Riot ascends above the lofty Tow'rs.

The same Poet has in another Place made use of a like Word twice in one Verse, and made it two Syllables each time;

With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout.

And any Ear may discover that this last Verse has its true Measure, the other not.

But

But there are some Words that may be excepted; as *Diamond*, *Violet*, *Violent*, *Diadem*, *Hyacinth*, and perhaps some others, which, though they are accented upon the first Vowel, are sometimes us'd but as Two Syllables; as in the following Verses,

<i>From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold.</i>	Milt.
<i>With Poppies, Daffadils, and Violets join'd.</i>	Tate.
<i>With vain, but violent Force their Darts they flung.</i>	Cowl.
<i>His Ephod, Mitre, well-cut Diadem on.</i>	Cowl.
<i>My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.</i>	Dryd.

Sometimes as three; as,

<i>A Mount of Rocky Diamond did rise,</i>	Blac.
<i>Hence the blue Violet and blushing Rose.</i>	Blac.
<i>And set soft Hyacinths of Iron Blue.</i>	Dryd.

When they are us'd but as Two Syllables they suffer an Elision of one of their Vowels, and are generally written thus, *Di'mond*, *Vi'let*, &c.

This Contraction is not always made of Syllables of the same Word only; for the Particle *A* being plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel, will sometimes admit of the like Contraction; for Example, after the Word *many*; as,

<i>Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,</i>	
<i>And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought.</i>	Dryd.
<i>They many a Trophy gain'd with many a Wound.</i>	Dav.

After *To*; as,

<i>Can he to a Friend, to a Son so bloody grow?</i>	Cowl.
---	-------

After *They*; as,

<i>From thee, their long-known King, they a King desire.</i>	Cowl.
--	-------

After *By*; as,

<i>When we by a foolish Figure say.</i>	Cowl.
---	-------

And perhaps after some others.

There are also other Words whose Syllables are sometimes contracted, sometimes not; as *Bower*, *Heaven*, *Prayer*, *Nigher*, *Towards*, and many more of the like Nature: But they generally ought to be us'd but as one Syllable; and then they suffer an Elision of the Vowel that precedes their final Consonant, and ought to be written thus, *Pow'r*, *Heav'n*, *Pray'r*, *Nigh'r*, *Tow'rds*.

The Termination *ISM* is always us'd but as one Syllable, as,

Where grisly Schism and raging Strife appear.

Cowl.

And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints.

Dryd.

And indeed, considering that it has but one Vowel, it may seem absurd to assert that it ought to be reckon'd two Syllables; yet in my Opinion those Verses seem to have a Syllable more than their due Measure, and would run better if we took one from them; as,

Where grisly Schism, raging Strife appear,

I Rheumatisms send to rack the Joints.

Yet this Opinion being contrary to the constant Practice of our Poets, I shall not presume to advance it as a Rule for others to follow, but leave it to be decided by such as are better Judges of poetical Numbers.

The like may be said of the Terminations *ASM* and *OSM*.

S E C T. V.

Of the Elisions that are allow'd in our Versification.

OUR Verses consisting only of a certain Number of Syllables, nothing can be of more Ease, or greater Use to Poets, than the retaining or cutting off a Syllable from a Verse, according as the Measure of it requires; and therefore it is requisite to treat of the Elisions that are allowable in our Poetry, some of which have been already taken Notice of in the preceding Section.

By Elision I mean the cutting off one or more Letters from a Word, whereby Two Syllables come to be contracted into One; or the taking away an intire Syllable. Now when in a Word of more than two Syllables, which is accented on the last save Two, the Liquid R happens to be between two Vowels, that which precedes the Liquid admits of an Elision. Of this Nature are many Words in *ANCE*, *ENCE*, *ENT*, *ER*, *OUS*, and *RY*; as *Temperance*, *Preference*, *Different*, *Flatterer*, *Amorous*, *Victory*: Which are Words of Three Syllables, and often us'd as such in Verse; but they may be also contracted into Two, by cutting off the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, as *Temp'rance*, *Pres'rence*, *Diff'rent*, *Flat'rer*, *Am'rous*, *Vict'ry*. The like Elision is sometimes us'd when any of the other Liquids L, M or N, happen to be between Two Vowels in Words accented like the former; as *Fabulous*, *Enemy*, *Mariner*, which may be contracted *Fab'lous*, *En'my*, *Mar'ner*. But this is not so frequent.

Observe,

Observe, that I said accented on the last save Two ; for if the Word be accented on the last save one, that is to say, on the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, that Vowel may not be cut off. And therefore it is a Fault to make, for Example, *Sonorous* Two Syllables, as in this Verse ;

With Son'rous Metals wak'd the drowsy Day.

Blac,

Which always ought to be Three, as in this,

Sonorous Metals blowing martial Sounds.

Milt,

In like manner, whenever the Letter S happens to be between Two Vowels in Words of Three Syllables, accented on the first, one of the Vowels may be cut off ; as *Pris'ner*, *Bus'ness*, &c.

Or the Letter C when 'tis founded like S ; that is to say, whenever it precedes the Vowel E or I ; as *Med'cine*, for *Medicine*.

Or V Consonant ; as *Cov'nant*, for *Covenant*.

To these may be added the Gerunds of all Verbs whose Infinitives end in any of the Liquids, preceded by a Vowel or Diphthong, and that are accented on the last save one : For the Gerunds being form'd by adding the Syllable ING to the Infinitive, the Liquid that was their final Letter comes thereby to be between Two Vowels ; and the Accent that was on the last save one of the Infinitive, comes to be on the last save Two of the Gerund : And therefore the Vowel or Diphthong that precedes the Liquid, may be cut off ; by Means whereof the Gerund of three Syllables comes to be but of two ; as from *Travel*, *Travelling*, or *Trav'ling* ; from *Endeavour*, *Endeavouring*, or *Endeav'ring*, &c.

But if the Accent be on the last Syllable of such a Verb, its Gerund will not suffer such an Elision : Thus the Gerund of *Devour*, must always be three Syllables, *Devouring*, not *Dev'ring* ; because all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is, on the same Syllable : And the Accent always obliges the Syllable on which it is to remain entire.

The Gerunds of the Verbs in OW, accented on the last save two, suffer an Elision of the O that precedes the W ; as *Foll'wing*, *Wall'wing*.

The Particle *It* admits of an Elision of its Vowel before *Is*, *Was*, *Were*, *Will*, *Would* ; as *'Tis*, *'Twas*, *'Twere*, *'Twill*, *'Twould*, for *It is*, *It was*, &c.

It likewise sometimes suffers the like Elision when plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel ; as *By't* for *By it*, *Do't* for *Do it* : Or that ends in a Consonant after which the Letter *T* can be pronounc'd ; as *Was't* for *Was it*, *In't* for *In it*, and the like : But this is not so frequent in heroick Verse.

The Particle *Is* may lose its *I* after any Word that ends in a Vowel, or in any of the Consonants after which the Letter *S* may be sounded ; as *she's* for *she is* : The *Air's* for the *Air is*, &c.

To (Sign of the Infinitive Mood) may lose its *O* before any Verb that begins with a Vowel ; as *t'amaze*, *t'undo*, &c.

To (Sign of the Dative Case) may likewise lose its *O* before any Noun that begins with a Vowel ; as *t'Air*, *t'every*, &c. But this Elision is not so allowable as the former.

Are may lose its *A* after the Pronouns Personal, *We*, *You*, *They* ; as *We're*, *You're*, *They're* : And thus it is that this Elision ought to be made, and not, as some do, by cutting off the final Vowels of the Pronouns Personal, *W'are*, *Y'are*, *Th'are*.

Will and *Would* may lose all their first Letters, and retain only their final one, after any of the Pronouns Personal ; as *I'll* for *I will*, *He'd* for *He would* ; or after *Who*, *who'll* for *who will*, *who'd* for *who would*.

Have may lose its two first Letters after *I*, *You*, *We*, *They* ; as *I've*, *You've*, *We've*, *They've*.

Not, its Two first Letters after *can* ; as *Can't* for *Can not*. *Am*, its *A* after *I* ; *I'm* for *I am*.

Us, its *U* after *Let* : *Let's* for *Let us*.

Taken, its *K*, *Ta'en* : For so it ought to be written, not *ta'ne*.

Heaven, *Seven*, *Even*, *Eleven*, and the Participles *Driven*, *Given*, *Thriven*, and their Compounds, may lose their last Vowel ; as *Hear'n*, *Forgiv'n*, &c. See the foregoing Section, p. 13.

To these may be added *Bow'r*, *Pow'r*, *Flow'r*, *Tow'r*, *Show'r* for *Bower*, *Tower*, &c.

Never, *Ever*, *Over*, may lose their *V*, and are contracted thus, *Ne'er*, *E'er*, *O'er*.

Some Words admit of an Elision of their first Syllable ; as *'Tween*, *'Twixt*, *'Mong*, *'Mongst*, *'Gainst*, *'Bove*, *'Cause*, *'Fore*, for *Between*, *Betwixt*, *Among*, *Amongst*, *Against*, *Above*, *Because*, *Before*. And some others, that may be observ'd in reading our Poets.

I have already, in the 3^d Section of this Chapter, spoken of the Elision of the *E* of the Particle *The* before Vowels : But it

is requisite likewise to take Notice, that it sometimes loses its Vowel before a Word that begins with a Consonant, and then its two remaining Letters are joyn'd to the preceding Word; as *To th'Wall* for *To the Wall*; *By th'Wall* for *By the Wall*, &c. But this is scarce allowable in Heroick Poetry.

The Particles *In*, *Of*, and *On*, sometimes lose their Consonants, and are joyn'd to the Particle *The* in like manner; as *i'th'*, *o'th'*, for *in thee*, *of the*.

In some of our Poets we find the Pronoun *His* loses its two first Letters after any Word that ends in a Vowel; as *to's*, *by's*, &c. for *to his*, *by his*, &c. Or after many Words that end in a Consonant, after which the Letter *S* can be pronounc'd; as *in's*, *for's*, for *in his*, *for his*, &c. This is frequent in *Cowley*, who often takes too great Liberty in his Contractions; as *i'your* for *to your*, *i'which* for *to which*, and many others; in which we must be cautious in following his Example: But the contracting of the Pronoun *His* in the Manner I mention'd, is not wholly to be condemn'd.

We sometimes find the Word *Who* contracted before Words that begin with a Vowel; as,

Wh'expose to Scorn and Hate both them and it. Cowl.

And the Proposition *By* in like Manner; as,

B' unequal Fate and Providence's Crime. Dryd.
Well did he know how Palms b' Oppression speed. Cowl.

And the Pronouns Personal, *He*, *She*, *They*, *We*; as,

Timely h'obeys her wise Advice, and strait Cowl.
To unjust Force sh'opposes just Deceit. Cowl.
Themselves at first against themselves th'excite. Cowl.
Shame and Woe to us, if w'our Wealth obey. Cowl.

But these and the like Contractions are very rare in our most correct Poets, and indeed ought wholly to be avoided: For 'tis a general Rule, that no Vowel can be cut off before another, when it cannot be sunk in the Pronunciation of it: And therefore we ought to take Care never to place a Word that begins with a Vowel, after a Word that ends in one, (mute *E* only excepted) unless the final Vowel of the former can be lost in its Pronunciation: For, to leave two Vowels opening on each other, causes a very disagreeable *Hiatus*. Whenever therefore a Vowel ends a Word, the next ought to begin

begin with a Consonant, or what is equivalent to it; as our W, and H Aspirate, plainly are.

For which Reason 'tis a Fault in some of our Poets to cut off the *e* of the Particle *The*; for Example, before a Word that begins by an H Aspirate; as,

And th'hasty Troops march'd loud and chearful down. Cowl.

But if the H Aspirate be follow'd by another E, that of the particle *The* may be cut off; as,

Th'Heroick Prince's Courage or his Love.

Wall.

Th'Hesperian Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep.

Wall.

CHAP. II.

Of Rhyme.

SECT. I.

What Rhyme is, and the several Sorts of it.

RHYME is a Likeness or Uniformity of Sound in the Terminations of two Words; I say of Sound, not of Letters; for the Office of Rhyme being to content and please the Ear, and not the Eye, the Sound only is to be regarded, not the Writing: Thus *Maid* and *Persuade*, *Laugh* and *Quaff*, though they differ in Writing, rhyme very well: But *Plough* and *Cough*, tho' their Terminations are written alike, rhyme not at all.

In our Versification we may observe three several Sorts of Rhyme; Single, Double, and Treble.

The single Rhyme is of two Sorts: One of the Words that are accented on the last Syllable: Another, of those that have their Accent on the last save two.

The Words accented on the last Syllable, if they end in a Consonant, or mute E, oblige the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel that precedes their last Consonant, and to continue to the End of the Word: In a Consonant; as,

*Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit.*

Dryd.

In mute E; as,

*A Spark of Virtue, by the deepest Shade
Of sad Adversity, is fairer made.*

Wall.

But if a Diphthong precede the last Consonant, the Rhyme must begin at that Vowel of it whose Sound most prevails; as,

*Next to the Pow'r of making Tempest cease,
Was in that Storm to have so calm a Peace.*

Wall.

If the Words accented on the last Syllable end in any of the Vowels, except mute E, or in a Diphthong, the Rhyme is made only to that Vowel or Diphthong. To the Vowel; as,

*So wing'd with Praise we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly.*

Wall.

To the Diphthong; as,

*So hungry Wolves, tho' greedy of their Prey,
Stop when they find a Lion in the Way.*

Wall.

The other Sort of single Rhyme is of the Words that have their Accent on the last Syllable save two. And these rhyme to the other in the same Manner as the former; that is to say, if they end in any of the Vowels, except mute E, the Rhyme is made only to that Vowel; as,

*So seems to speak the youthful Deity;
Voice, Colour, Hair, and all like Mercury.*

Wall.

But if they end in a Consonant or mute E, the Rhyme must begin at the Vowel that precedes that Consonant, and continue to the End of the Word; as has been shewn by the former Examples.

But we must take Notice, that all the Words that are accented on the last save two, will rhyme not only to one another, but also to all the Words whose Terminations have the same Sound, tho' they are accented on the last Syllable. Thus *Tenderness* rhymes not only to *Poetess*, *Wretchedness*, and the like, that are accented on the last save two, but also to *Confess*, *Excess*, &c. that are accented on the last; as,

Thou

*Thou art my Father now these Words confess
That Name, and that indulgent Tendernefs.*

Dryd.

S E C T. III.

Of Double and Treble Rhyme.

ALL Words that are accented on the last save one, require Rhyme to begin at the Vowel of that Syllable, and to continue to the End of the Word; and this is what we call double Rhyme; as,

*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.*

Dryd.

But it is convenient to take Notice, that the ancient Poets did not always observe this Rule, and took Care only that the last Syllables of the Words should be alike in Sound without any Regard to the Seat of the Accent. Thus *Nation* and *Affection*, *Tendernefs* and *Hapless*, *Villany* and *Gentry*, *Follow* and *Willow*, and the like, were allow'd as Rhymes to each other, in the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of the Ancients; but this is now become a Fault in our Versification; and these two Verses of *Cowley* rhyme not at all.

*A clear and lively Brown was Merab's Dye;
Such as the proudest Colours might envy.*

Nor these of *Dryden*.

*Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unstable;
And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable.*

Because we may not place an Accent on the last Syllable of *Envy*, nor on the last save one of *unnavigable*; which nevertheless we must be oblig'd to do, if we make the first of them rhyme to *Dye*, the last to *Unstable*.

But we may observe, that in Burlesque Poetry it is permitted to place an Accent upon a Syllable that naturally has none; as,

*When Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick.*

B. 3.

Where

where, unless we pronounce the Particle *A* with a strong Accent upon it, and make it sound like the Vowel *a* in the last Syllable but one of *Ecclesiastick*, the Verse will lose all its Beauty and Rhyme. But this is allowable in Burlesque Poetry only.

Observe that these double Rhymes may be compos'd of two several Words, provided the Accent be on the last Syllable of the first of them; as these Verses of *Cowley*, speaking of Gold;

*A Curse on him who did refine it,
A Curse on him who first did coin it.*

Or some of the Verses may end in an entire Word, and the Rhyme to it be compos'd of several; as,

*Tho' stor'd with Deletery Med'cines,
Which whosoever took is dead since.*

Hud.

The Treble Rhyme is, when in Words accented on the last save two, we begin the Rhyme at the Vowel of that Syllable, and continue it to the End of the Word: Thus *Charity* and *Parity*, *Tenderness* and *Slenderness*, &c. are Treble Rhymes; and these too, as well as the Double, may be compos'd of several Words; as,

*There was an ancient sage Philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over.*

The Treble Rhyme is very seldom us'd, and ought wholly to be exploded from serious Subjects; for it has a certain Flatness unworthy the Gravity requir'd in Heroick Verse. In which *Dryden* was of Opinion, that even the Double Rhymes ought very cautiously to find Place; and in all his Translations of *Virgil* he has made Use of none, except only in such Words as admit of a Contraction, and therefore cannot properly be said to be Double Rhymes; as *Giv'n*, *Driv'n*, *Tow'r*, *Pow'r*, and the like. And indeed, considering their Measure is indifferent from that of an Heroick Verse, which consists but of ten Syllables, they ought not to be too frequently us'd in Heroick Poems; but they are very graceful in the Lyrick, to which, as well as to the Burlesque, those Rhymes more properly belong.

S E C T. III.

Farther Instructions concerning Rhyme.

THE Consonants that precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must be different in Sound, and not the same; for then the Rhyme will be too perfect; as *Light, Delight; Vice, Advice*, and the like; for tho' such Rhymes were allowable in the Days of *Spencer*, and the other old Poets, they are not so now, nor can there be any Musick in one single Note. *Cowley* himself owns, that they ought not to be allow'd except in *Pindarick Odes*, which is a Sort of free Poetry, and there too, very sparingly, and not without a Third Rhyme to answer to both; as,

*In barren Age wild and inglorious lye,
And boast of past Fertility,
The poor Relief of present Poverty.*

Cowl. }

Where the Words *Fertility* and *Poverty* rhyme very well to the last Word of the first Verse, *Lye*; but cannot rhyme to each other, because the Consonants that precede the last Vowels are the same, both in Writing and Sound.

But this is yet less allowable, if the Accent be on the last Syllable of the Rhyme; as,

*Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Light'ning wrests.* Blac.

From hence it follows, that a Word cannot rhyme to itself, tho' the Signification be different; as, *He leaves to the Leaves*, &c.

Nor the Words that differ both in Writing and Sense, if they have the same Sound, as *Maid* and *made*, *Prey* and *pray*, *to bow* and *a Bough*; as,

*How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,
And creep insensible by Touch or Scent.*

Oldh.

Nor a Compound to its Simple; as *Move* to *Remove*, *Taught* to *Untaught*, &c.

Nor the Compounds of the same Words to one another, as *Disprove* to *Approve*, and the like. All which proceeds from what I said before, viz. That the Consonants that precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must not be the same

in Sound, but different. In all which we vary from our Neighbours; for neither the *French, Italians,* nor *Spaniards,* will allow, that a Rhyme can be too perfect: And we meet with frequent Examples in their Poetry, where not only the Compounds rhyme to their Simples, and to themselves; but even where Words written and pronounc'd exactly alike, provided they have a different Signification, are made Use of as Rhymes to another: But this is not permitted in our Poetry.

We must take Care not to place a Word at the Middle of a Verse that rhymes to the last Word of it; as,

So young in show, as if he still should grow.

But this Fault is still more inexcusable, if the Second Verse rhyme to the Middle and End of the First; as,

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,

As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.

Here Passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise

Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.

Cowl.

Wall.

Or both the Middle and End of the Second to the last Word of the First; as,

Farewell, she cry'd, my Sister, thou dear Part,

Thou sweetest Part of my divided Heart.

Dryd.

Where the Tenderness of Expression will not atone for the Jingle.

CH A P. III.

Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Composition in Verse.

ALL our Poems may be divided into two Sorts; the First are those compos'd in Couplers; the Second, those that are compos'd in Stanza's, consisting of several Verses.

SECT. I.

Of the Poems compos'd in Couplets.

IN the Poems compos'd in Couplets, the Rhymes follow one another, and end at each Couplet; that is to say, the 2^d Verse rhymes to the 1st, the 4th to the 3^d, the 6th to the 5th, and in like Manner to the End of the Poem.

The Verses employ'd in this Sort of Poems, are either Verses of 10 Syllables; as,

*Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme;
Tho' dark yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without Rage; without o'erflowing full.* Denh.

Or of 8; as,

*O fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Why urge you thus your haughty Birth?
The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born:
I can describe the shady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove;
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name:
Thy matchless Form will credit bring,
To all the Wonders I shall sing.* Wall.

Or of 7; as,

*Phillis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the Day?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love has Wings, and will away.
Love has swifter Wings than Time.*

But the second Verse of the Couplet does not always contain a like Number of Syllables with the First; as,

*What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?
I shall like Beasts and common People die,
Unless you write my Elegy.*

S E C T. II.

Of the Poems compos'd in Stanzas: And first of the Stanzas consisting of three, and of four Verses.

IN the Poems compos'd of Stanzas, each Stanza contains a certain Number of Verses, consisting for the most Part of a different Number of Syllables: And a Poem that consists of several Stanzas, we generally call an Ode; and this is Lyrick Poetry.

But we must not forget to observe, that our ancient Poets frequently made Use of intermix'd Rhyme in their Heroick Poems, which they dispos'd into Stanzas and Cantos. Thus the *Troilus* and *Cressida* of *Chaucer* is compos'd in Stanzas consisting of 7 Verses; the *Fairy-Queen* of *Spencer* in Stanzas of 9. &c. And this they took from the *Italians*, whose Heroick Poems generally consist in Stanzas of 8. But this is now wholly laid aside, and *Davenant*, who compos'd his *Gondibert* in Stanzas of 4 Verses in alternate Rhyme, was the last that follow'd their Example of intermingling Rhymes in Heroick Poetry.

The Stanzas employ'd in our Poetry, cannot consist of less than three, and are seldom of more than 12 Verses, except in Pindarick Odes, where the Stanzas are different from one another in Number of Verses, as shall be shewn.

But to treat of all the different Stanzas that are employ'd or may be admitted in our Poetry, would be a Labour no less tedious than useles; it being easy to demonstrate, that they may be vary'd almost to an Infinity, that would be different from one another, either in the Number of the Verses of each Stanza, or in the Number of the Syllables of each Verse; or lastly, in the various intermingling of the Rhyme. I shall therefore confine my self to mention only such as are most

most frequently us'd by the best of our modern Poets. And first of the Stanzas consisting of three Verses.

In the Stanzas of three Verses, or Triplets, the Verses of each Stanza rhyme to one another, and are either Heroick; as,

*Nothing, thou elder Brother even to Shade!
Thou hadst a Being ere the World was made.
And (well-fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.*

Roch.

Or else they consist of 8 Syllables; as these of Waller, Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

*Strange that such Horrour and such Grace
Should dwell together in one Place,
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.*

Nor do the Verses of these Stanzas always contain a like Number of Syllables; for the First and Third may have Ten, the Second but Eight: as,

*Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown,
But none who had it, ever seem'd to have none.*

*Love's of a strangely open, simple Kind,
Can no Arts or Disguises find;
But thinks none sees it, 'cause it self is blind.*

Cowl.

In the Stanzas of four Verses, the Rhyme may be intermix'd in two different Manners; for either the 1st and 3^d Verse may rhyme to each other, and by consequence the 2^d and 4th, and this is call'd Alternate Rhyme; or the 1st and 4th may rhyme, and by Consequence the 2^d and 3^d.

But there are some Poems in Stanzas of four Verses, where the Rhymes follow one another, and the Verses differ in Number of Syllables only; as in Cowley's Hymn to the Light, which begins thus,

*First-born of Chaos! who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome Womb:
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Mafs put on kind Looks and smil'd.*

But these Stanzas are generally in Alternate Rhyme, and the Verses consist either of 10 Syllables; as,

She.

She ne'r saw Courts, but Courts could have undone

With untaught Looks and an unpractis'd Heart:

Her Nets the most prepar'd could never shun;

For Nature spread them in the Scorn of Art.

Day,

Or of 8; as,

Had Echo with so sweet a Grace,

Narcissus' loud Complaints return'd:

Not for Reflexion of his Face,

But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.

Wall,

Or of 10 and 8, that is to say, the 1st and 3^d of 10; the 2^d and 4th of 8; as,

Love from Time's Wings has stol'n the Feathers sure,

He has, and put them to his own:

For Hours of late as long as Days endure,

And very Minutes Hours are grown.

Cowl,

Or of 8 and 6 in the like Manner; as,

Then ask not Bodies doom'd to die,

To what Abode they go:

Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,

'Tis better not to know.

Day.

Or of 7; as,

Not the Silver Doves that fly,

Toak'd in Cytherea's Car;

Nor the Wings that lift so high,

And convey her Son so far,

Are so lovely sweet and fair,

Or do more ennoble Love;

Are so choicely match'd a Pair,

Or with more Consent do move.

Wall.

Note, That it is absolutely necessary, that both the Construction and Sense should end with the Stanza, and not fall into the Beginning of the following one, as it does in the last Example, which is a Fault wholly to be avoided.

S E C T. III.

Of the Stanzas of six Verses.

THE Stanzas of six Verses, are generally only one of the before-mention'd Quadrans or Stanzas of Four Verses, with Two Verses at the End, that rhyme to one another; as,

*A rural Judge dispos'd of Beauty's Prize,
A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to Jove;
Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies,
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was so justly giv'n,
To the bright Carlisle of the Courts of Heav'n.*

Where the four first Verses are only a Quadran, and consist of 10 Syllables each in Alternate Rhyme.

The following Stanza in like Manner, is compos'd of a Quadran, whose Verses consist of 8 Syllables; and to which two Verses that rhyme to one another, are added to the End; as,

*Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime,
And Summer, tho' it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a Time
Of Declination and Decay;
For with a full Hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.*

Wall.

Sometimes the Quadran ends the Stanza, and the two Lines of the same Rhyme begin it; as,

*Here's to thee, Dick; this whining Love despise:
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou be'st wise.
It sparkles brighter far than she;
'Tis pure and right without Deceit;
And such no Woman e'er can be;
No; they are all sophisticate.*

Cowl.

Or as in these, where the first and last Verses of the Stanza consist of 10 Syllables;

*When Chance or cruel Business parts us two,
What do our Souls, I wonder, do?
While Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,
Methinks at Home they should not stay,
Content with Dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the Way.*

Cowl.
Or.

Or as in the following Stanza, where the 4th and 5th Verses rhyme to each other, and the 3^d and 6th;

*While what I write I do not see,
I dare thus ev'n to you write Poetry.
Ah! foolish Muse! that dost so high aspire,
And know'st her Judgment well,
How much it does thy Pow'r excel;
Yet dar'st be read by thy just Doom the Fire.* Cowl.
(Written in Juice of Lemon.

But in some of these Stanzas the Rhymes follow one another; as,

*Take Heed, take Heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd:
Thy self for Money! Oh! let no Man know
The Price of Beauty fall'n so low.
What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When Love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?* Cowl.

Lastly, some of these Stanzas are compos'd of 2 Triplets;
as,

*The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble Furzes of the Plain.
She being so high, and I so low,
Her Pow'r, by this, does greater show,
Who at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.* Cowl.

S E C T. IV.

Of the Stanzas of eight Verses.

I Have already said, that the *Italians* compose their Heroick Poems in Stanzas of 8 Verses, where the Rhyme is dispos'd as follows: The 1st, 3^d, and 5th Verses rhyme to one another, and the 2^d, 4th, and 6th; the two last always rhyme to each other. Now our Translators of their Heroick Poems have observ'd the same Stanza and Disposition of Rhyme; of which, take the following Example from *Fairfax's* Translation of *Tasso's Goffredo*, Cant. 1. Stan. 3.

Thi-

*Thither thou know'st the World is best inclin'd,
Where luring Parnassus most his Beams imparts;
And Truth, convey'd in Verse of gentlest Kind,
To read sometimes will move the dullest Hearts;
So we, if Children young diseas'd we find,
Anoint with Sweets the Vessel's foremost Parts,
To make them taste the Potions sharp we give;
They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.*

But our Poets seldom employ this Stanza in Compositions of their own; where the following Stanzas of 8 Verses are most frequent.

*Some others may with Safety tell
The mod'rate Flames which in them dwell;
And either find some Med'cine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by Despair:
My Love's so great, that it might prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love.
So tender is my Wound, it cannot bear
Any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air.*

Cowl.

Where the Rhymes follow one another, and the 6 first Verses consist of 8 Syllables each, the two last of 10.

We have another Sort of Stanza of 8 Verses, where the 4th rhymes to the 1st, the 3^d to the 2^d, and the 4th last are two Couplets; and where the 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th, are of 10 Syllables each, the 4 others but of 8; as,

*I've often wish'd to love: What shall I do?
Me still the cruel Boy does spare;
And I a double Task must bear,
First to woo him, and then a Mistress too.
Come at last, and strike for shame,
If thou art any Thing besides a Name;
I'll think thee else no God to be,
But Poets rather Gods, who first created thee.*

Cowl.

Another, when the two first and two last Verses consist of 10 Syllables each, and rhyme to one another, the 4 other but of 8 in Alternate Rhyme,

*Tho' you be absent hence, I needs must say,
The Trees as beautiful are, and Flow'rs as gay,*

A

*As ever they were wont to be:
 Nay, the Birds rural Musick too
 Is as melodious and free,
 As if they sung to pleasure you.
 I saw a Rose-bud open this Morn; I'll swear
 The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.* Cowl.

Another, where the 4 first Verses are two Couplets, the 4. last in Alternate Rhyme; as in Cowley's Ode Of a Lady that made Posies for Rings.

*I little thought the Time would ever be,
 That I should Wit in dwarfish Posies see.
 As all Words in few Letters live,
 Thou too few Words all Sense dost give.
 'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,
 In such a Little, Much to shew;
 Who all the Good she did impart
 To Womankind, epitomiz'd in you.*

S E C T. V.

Of the Stanzas of ten and of twelve Verses.

THE Stanzas of 10 and 12 Verses are seldom employ'd in our Poetry, it being very difficult to confine our selves to a certain Disposition of Rhyme, and Measure of Verse, for so many Lines together; for which Reason those of 4, 6, and 8 Verses are the most frequent. However we sometimes find some of 10 and 12; as in Cowley's Ode, which he calls *Verses lost upon a Wager*, where the Rhymes follow one another; but the Verses differ in number of Syllables.

*As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay
 'Gainst what an Oracle shall say;
 Fool that I was to venture to deny
 A Tongue so us'd to Victory;
 A Tongue so blest by Nature and by Art,
 That never yet it spoke, but gain'd a Heart.
 Tho' what you said had not been true,
 If spoke by any else but you;
 Your Speech will govern Destiny,
 And Fate will change rather than you shall lye.*

Cowl.
 The.

The same Poet furnishes us with an Example of a Stanza of 12 Verses in the Ode he calls *The Prophet*, where the Rhymes are observ'd in the same Manner as in the former Examples.

*Teach me to love! Go teach thy self Wit:
 I chief Professor am of it,
 Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews,
 Teach Boldness to the Stews.
 In Tyrants Courts teach supple Flattery,
 Teach Jesuits that have travell'd far too lie,
 Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
 Teach restless Fountains how to flow,
 Teach the dull Earth fixt to abide,
 Teach Womankind Inconstancy and Pride.
 See if your Diligence there will useful prove;
 But prithee teach not me to love.*

S E C T. VI.

Of the Stanzas that consist of an odd Number of Verses.

WE have also Stanzas that consist of odd Numbers of Verses, as of 5, 7, 9, and 11; in all which it of necessity follows, that three Verses of the Stanza rhyme to one another, or that one of them be a blank Verse.

In the Stanzas of 5 Verses the 1st and 3^d may rhyme, and the 2^d and two last; as,

*Sees not my Love how Time resumes
 The Beauty which he lent these Flow'rs:
 Tho' none should taste of their Perfumes,
 Yet they must live but some few Hours:
 Time what we forbear devours.* Wall:

Which is only a Stanza of 4 Verses in Alternate Rhyme, to which a 5th Verse is added, that rhymes to the 2^d and 4th.

See also an Instance of a Stanza of 5 Verses, where the Rhymes are intermix'd in the same Manner as the former; but the 1st and 3^d Verses are compos'd but of 4 Syllables each.

*Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.*

Wall.

In the following Example the two first Verses rhyme, and the three last.

*'Tis well, 'tis well with them, said I,
Whose short-liv'd Passions with themselves can die.
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midst all his Ills a Time does know,
Tho' ne'er so long, when he shall not be so.*

Cowl. }

In this Stanza the two first and the last, and the 3^d and 4th rhyme to one another.

*It is enough, enough of Time and Pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley, leave,
Thy self with Shadows to deceive.
Think that already lost which thou must never gain.*

Cowl.

The Stanzas of 7 Verses are frequent enough in our Poetry, especially among the Antients, who compos'd many of their Poems in this Sort of Stanza: See the Example of one of them taken from *Spencer* in *The Ruins of Time*, where the 1st and 3^d Verses rhyme to one another, the 2^d, 4th, and 5th, and the two last.

*But Fame with golden Wings aloft does fly
Above the Reach of ruinous Decay,
And with brave Plumes does beat the Azure Sky,
Admir'd of base-born Men from far away:
Then who so will with virtuous Deeds assay,
To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And in sweet Poets Verse be glorify'd.*

I have rather chosen to take Notice of this Stanza, because that Poet and *Chaucer* have made Use of it in many of their Poems, tho' they have not been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns, whose Stanzas of 7 Verses are generally compos'd as follows.

Either the four first Verses are a Quadran in Alternate Rhyme, and the three last rhyme to one another; as,

Now

*Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I;
I do not ask your Love for this,
But for Heaven's sake believe me or I die.
No servant sure but did deserve
His Master should believe that he did serve;
And I'll ask no more Wages tho' I starve.*

Or the four first are two Couplets, and the three last a Triplet; as,

*Indeed I must confess
When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
But not compleat 'till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together join.
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,
'Till by Love in Heav'n at last
Their Bodies too are plac'd.*

Or, on the contrary, the three first may rhyme, and the four last be in Rhymes that follow one another; as,

*From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the Passions else that be,
In vain I boast of Liberty:
In vain this State a Freedom call,
Since I have Love; and Love is all.
Sot that I am! who think it fit to brag
That I have no Disease besides the Plague.*

Cowl.

Or the 1st may rhyme to the two last, the 2^d to the 5th, and the 3^d and 4th to one another; as,

*In vain thou drowsy God I thee invoke,
For thou who dost from Fumes arise.
Thou who Man's Soul dost overshadow
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,
Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,
Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoak.*

Cowl.

Or lastly, the four first and two last may be in the following Rhyme, and the 5th a Blank Verse; as,

Thou

RULES for making

*Thou robb'st my Days of Business and Delights,
Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights.*

Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?

What, rob me of Heav'n too!

Thou ev'n my Prayers dost from me steal,

And I with wild Idolatry

Begin to God, and end them all in thee.

Cowl.

The Stanzas of 9 and of 11 Syllables are not so frequent as those of 5 and of 7. *Spencer* has compos'd his *Fairy Queen* in Stanzas of 9 Verses, where the first rhymes to the 3^d, the 2^d to the 4th, 5th, and 7th, and the 6th to the two last: But this Stanza is very difficult to maintain, and the unlucky Choice of it reduc'd him often to the Necessity of making Use of many exploded Words: Nor has he, I think, been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns, whose 6 first Verses of the Stanzas that consist of 9, are generally in Rhymes that follow one another, and the three last a Triplet; as,

*Beauty, Love's Scene and Masquerade,
So well by well plac'd Lights, and Distance made;
False Coin! with which th' Impostor cheats us still,
The Stamp and Colour good, but Metal ill:
Which light or base we find, when we
Weigh by Enjoyment, and examine thee.*

*For tho' thy Being be but Show,
'Tis chiefly Night which Men to thee allow,
And chuse t'enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.*

Cowl.

In the following Example the like Rhyme is observ'd, but the Verses differ in Measure from the former.

*Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll spend this Voice in Cries;
In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,
By Love so vainly fed:
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
Ah wretched Youth! said I;
Ah wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah wretched Youth! the Fields and Floods reply.*

Cowl.

The

The Stanzas consisting of 11 Verses are yet less frequent than those of 9, and have nothing particular to be observ'd in them. Take an Example of one of them, where the 6 first are 3 Couplets, the three next a Triplet, the two last a Couplet; and where the 4th, the 7th, and the last Verses are of 10 Syllables each, the others of 8.

*No, to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched Heart, swell till you break:
She cannot love me if she would,
And, to say Truth, 'twere Pity that she should.
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there;
Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,
So handsomely the Thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live:
So perish, that her killing thee
May a Chance-Medley, and no Murder be.* Cowl.

S E C T. VII.

Of Pindarick Odes, and Poems in Blank Verse.

THE Stanzas of Pindarick Odes are neither confin'd to a certain Number of Verses, nor the Verses to a certain Number of Syllables, nor the Rhymes to a certain Distance. Some Stanzas contain 50 Verses or more, others not above 10, and sometimes not so many: Some Verses 14, may, 16 Syllables, others not above 4: Sometimes the Rhymes follow one another for several Couplets together, sometimes they are remov'd 6 Verses from each other; and all this in the same Stanza. Cowley was the first who introduc'd this Sort of Poetry into our Language: Nor can the Nature of it be better describ'd than as he himself has done it, in one of the Stanzas of his Ode upon *Liberty*, which I will transcribe, not as an Example, for none can properly be given where no Rule can be prescrib'd, but to give an Idea of the Nature of this Sort of Poetry.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,
 In which he only hits the White,
 Who joins true Profit with the best Delight;
 The more heroick Strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make:
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free;
 It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time,
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme.
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
 And yet shall manage all without Offence,
 Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the Sense.
 Nor shall it ever from one Subject start,
 Nor seek Transitions to depart;
 Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
 Nor thro' Lanes a compass take,
 As if it fear'd some Trespass to commit,
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay
 'Till the whole Carcass be devour,
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r,
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,
 That he can never want Plenty of Food;
 He only sucks the tasteful Blood,
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away,
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

This Sort of Poetry is employ'd in all Manner of Subjects; in Pleasant, in Grave, in Amorous, in Heroick, in Philosophical, in Moral, and in Divine.

Blank Verse is where the Measure is exactly kept without Rhyme; *Shakespeare*, to avoid the troublesome Constraint of Rhyme, was the first who invented it; our Poets since him have made Use of it in many of their Tragedies and Comedies: But the most celebrated Poem in this Kind of Verse is *Milton's Paradise lost*; from the 5th Book of which I have taken the following Lines for an Example of Blank Verse.

These

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
 Almighty! thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair! thy self how wond'rous then!
 Speak you, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
 Angels! for you behold him, and with Songs,
 And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night
 Circle his Throne rejoicing, you in Heaven.
 On Earth, join all ye Creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without End!
 Fairest of Stars! last in the Train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
 Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With the bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,
 While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime!
 Thou Son! of this great World both Eye and Soul,
 Acknowledge him thy Creator, sound his Praise
 In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon! that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring Fires! that move
 In Mystlick Dance, not without Song, resound
 His Praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
 Air! and ye Elements! the eldest Birth
 Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle multiform and mix
 And nourish all Things; let your ceaseless Change
 Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations! that now rise
 From Hill or standing Lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
 In Honour to the World's great Author rise;
 Whether to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs,
 Rising or falling, still advance his Praise.
 His Praise, ye Winds! that from four Quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines!
 With ev'ry Plant, in Sign of Worship, wave.
 Fountains! and ye that warble as you flow
 Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
 Join Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds!
 That singing, up to Heav'n's high Gate ascend,
 Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.
 Ye that in Waters glide! and ye that walk

The

*The Earth! and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, Ev'n or Morn,
 To Hill or Valley, Fountain, or fresh Shade,
 Made Vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.*

Thus I have given a short Account of all the Sorts of Poems that are most us'd in our Language. The Acrosticks, Anagrams, &c. deserve not to be mention'd, and we may say of them what an antient Poet said long ago.

*Stultum est difficiles habere nugas,
 Et stultius labor est ineptiarum.*

F I N I S.



A

COLLECTION

OF THE

Most Natural and Sublime

THOUGHTS;

VIZ.

Allusions, Similes, Descriptions and
Characters, of *Persons* and *Things*, that
are in the best *English* POETS.

Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis Odores. Virg.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXV.

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Cleaveland	Cleav.	Ratcliff	Rat.
Mr. Congreve	Cong.	Late Earl of Rochester	Roch.
Cowley	Cowl.	Late Earl of Roscommon	Rose.
Creech	Cr.	Mr. Rowe	Row.
Sir William Davenant	Dav.	Sir Cha. Sedley	Sed.
Sir John Denham	Denh.	Shakespear	Shak.
Mr. Dennis	Den.	Mr. Southern	South.
Late Earl of Dorset	Dorf.	Dr. Sprat, late Bish. of Roch.	Sprat.
Dryden	Dryd.		Staff.
Mr. Duke	Duke.	Mr. Stafford	Staff.
Sir Samuel Garth	Gar.	Mr. Stepney	Step.
Late Earl of Halifax	Hal.	Sir John Suckling	Suckl.
Mr. Harvey	Harv.	Mr. Tate	Tate.
Sir Robert Howard	How.	Walsh	Wal.
Hudibras	Hud.	Waller	Wall.
Ben Johnson	Joh.	Mr. Wycherly	Wych.
Lee	Lee.	Mr. Yalden	Yald.

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plinius ac melius Chrysippus et Crassus dicunt.* Hor.



A
COLLECTION
OF THE
Most Natural and Sublime THOUGHTS
of the best ENGLISH POETS.

A.

A B S E N C E. See Parting.

I Mourn in Absence, Love's eternal Night. *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*
It was not kind,

To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop, and mourn the Absence of my Mate.

When thou art from me, ev'ry Place is desert,

And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.

Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest'd,

Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul. *Otw. Orph.*

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years;

And ev'ry little Absence is an Age. *Dryd. Amphit.*

The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,
 And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Night must involve the World till she appear;
 The Flow'rs in painted Meadows hang their Heads;
 The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs,
 Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour:
 Ev'n Nature seems to slumber till her Call,
 Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day. *Rome Ulyss.*

Winds murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,
 And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your Stay:
 But, with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn! (*Inn.*)
 And Walks wear fresher Green at your Return. *Dryd. State of*

The Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence,
 Else who could bear it? —

When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,
 Then will I own I ought not to complain, (*Tam.*)
 Since that sweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. *Row.*

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me;
 Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage, I burn;
 For every tedious Minute how I mourn!
 Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay, (*Ulyss.*)
 And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay! *Row.*

Fly swift, ye Hours, you measure Time for me in vain,
 Till you bring back *Leonidas* again:
 Be swifter now; and, to redeem that Wrong,
 When he and I are met, be twice as long. *Dr. Mar. A-la-mode.*

While in divine *Panthea's* charming Eyes,
 I view the naked Boy that basking lies,
 I grow a God! so blest, so blest am I,
 With sacred Rapture, and immortal Joy!

But, absent, if she shines no more,
 And hides the Sun that I adore,
 Strait, like a Wretch despairing, I
 Sigh, languish in the Shade, and die.
 Oh! I were lost in endless Night,
 If her bright Presence brought not Light;
 Then I revive, blest as before,

The Gods themselves cannot be more! *Roeh.*

For Passion by long Absence does improve,
 And makes that Rapture which before was Love. *Step.*

A D V I C E.

When Things go ill, each Fool presumes t'advise,
 And, if more happy, thinks himself more wise:

Ægeon. Æolus.

5

All wretchedly deplore the present State, (C^{leop.}
And that Advice seems best which comes too late. Sedl. Ant.
Take sound Advice proceeding from a Heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent Art. Dryd. Virg.

Æ G E O N.

Ægeon, when with Heav'n he strove,
Stood opposite in Arms to mighty *Jove*;
Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,
Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,
And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires:
In his right Hand as many Swords he wields,
And takes the Thunder on as many Shields. Dryd. Virg.

The Monster *Titan* came:

Thro' wand'ring Skies enormous stalk'd along,
Not he that shakes the solid Earth so strong:
With Giant Pride at *Jove's* high Throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred Hands. Pope Hom.

Briareus call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below
By his terrestrial Name *Ægeon* know. Dryd. Hom.

Æ O L U S. See *Winds, Storm.*

The God who does in Caves constrain the Winds,
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,
They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas.

Yet once indulg'd, they sweep the Main,
Deaf to the Call, or hearing, hear in vain.
They, bent on Mischiefe, bear the Waves before,
And, not content with Seas, insult the Shore;
When Ocean, Air and Earth, at once engage,
And rooted Forests fly before their Rage,
At once the clashing Clouds to Battel move,
And Lightnings run across the Fields above.
In times of Tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the Throne. Dryd. Ovid.

Æolus, to whom the King of Heav'n,
The Power of Tempests and of Winds has giv'n;
Whose Force alone their Fury can restrain,
And smoothe the Waves, or swell their troubled Main. Dryd. Virg.

His Pow'r to hollow Caverns is confin'd;
There let him rage the Jailor of the Wind;
With hoarse Command his breathing Subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty Hall. Dryd. Virg.

Æ T N A

6 *Ætna. The four Ages of the World.*

Æ T N A.

Mount *Ætna* thence we spy,
 Known by the smoaky Flames which cloud the Sky:
 By turns a pitchy Cloud she rowls on high;
 By turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly,
 And Flakes of Mounting Flames that lick the Sky.
 Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown,
 And, shiver'd by the Force, come piecemeal down:
 Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
 Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by *Jove*,
 With blasted Wings came tumbling from above;
 And where he fell th' avenging Father drew
 This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:
 As often as he turns his weary Sides, (Virg.
 He shakes the solid Isle, and Smoke the Heavens hides. Dryd.

Here press'd *Enceladus*, with mighty Loads,
 Vomits Revenge in Flames against the Gods:
 Thro' *Ætna's* Jaws he impudently threatens,
 And thund'ring Heaven with equal Thunder beats. Cr. Lucr.

So Contraries on *Ætna's* Top conspire,
 Here hoary Frosts, and by them breaks out Fire.
 A Peace secure the faithful Neighbours keep;
 Th' imbolden'd Snow next to the Flame does sleep. Cowl,

As when the Force
 Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill,
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd Side
 Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fuel'd Entrails thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with min'ral Fury, aid the Winds,
 And leave a singed Bottom all involv'd
 With Stench and Smoke. Milt.

The Four AGES of the World.

GOLDEN AGE.

The *Golden Age* was first, when Man, yet new,
 No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew;
 And with a native Bent did Good pursue.
 Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,
 His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere:
 Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd;
 The Law of Man was written in his Breast.

No

No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard;
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
The Mountain Trees in distant Prospect please,
E'er yet the Pine descended to the Seas;
E'er Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their Wishes to their native Shore.
No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound;
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;
Nor Swords were forg'd: But, void of Care and Crime,
The soft Creation slept away their Time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.
Content with Food which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed;
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.
The Flow'rs unfown in Fields and Meadows reign'd,
And *Western* Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following Years the bearded Corn ensu'd
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd,
From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke,
And Honey sweated thro' the Pores of Oak.

SILVER AGE.

But when good *Saturn*, banish'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*:
Succeeding Times a *Silver Age* behold,
Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold:
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear,
And Spring was but a Season of the Year.
The Sun his annual Course, obliquely, made,
Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the Bad.
The Air with sultry Heats began to glow;
The Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow:
And shiv'ring Mortals, into Houses driv'n,
Sought Shelter from th'Inclemency of Heav'n.
Their Houses then were Caves, or homely Steds,
With twining Oziers fenc'd, and Moss their Beds.
Then Ploughs for Seed the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in Course the *Brazen Age*;
A warlike Offspring prompt to bloody Rage,
Not impious yet.

IRON AGE.

Hard Steel succeeded then,
And stubborn as the Metal were the Men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook;
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took:
Then Sails were spread to ev'ry Wind that blew;
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.
Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves sustain,
E'er Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Main.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right;
For all before was common as the Light:
Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share:
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Dig'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore;
(Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid.)
And that alluring Ill to Sight display'd:
Thus curst Steel, and more accursed Gold,
Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold;
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands,
Mankind is broken loose from mortal Bands.
No Rights of Hospitality remain;
The Guest, by him that harbour'd him, is slain:
The Son-in-Law pursues the Father's Life;
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife:
The Stepdame Poison for the Son prepares;
The Son enquires into his Father's Years:
Faith flies, and *Piety* in Exile mourns:
And *Justice*, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns. *Dryd. Ovid.*

SILVER AGE.

E'er this no *Peasant* vex'd the peaceful Ground,
Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:
No Fences parted Fields; nor Marks, nor Bounds
Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds:

But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
Was free to give her unexacted Birth.
Jove added Venom to the Viper's Brood,
And swell'd with raging Storms the peaceful Flood;
Commision'd hungry Wolves t'infest the Fold,
And shook from oaken Leafs the liquid Gold:
Remov'd from human Reach the chearful Fire,
And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire;
That studious Need might useful Arts explore
From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store,
And force the Veins of clashing Flints t'expire
The lurking Seeds of their celestial Fire.
Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam:
Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
For ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wand'ring Star,
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the *Northern Car*.
Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forest-Walks surround;
And Casting-Nets were spread in hollow Brooks,
Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks;
Then Saws were tooth'd. and sounding Axes made,
And various Arts in Order did succeed. *Dryd. Virg.*

Future GOLDEN AGE.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs, the Promises of Spring:
The Goats with strutting Duggs shall homeward speed,
And lowing Herds secure from Lions feed.
The Serpent's Brood shall die: the sacred Ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear:
Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on ev'ry Thorn.
The knotted Oak shall Show'rs of Honey weep,
And thro' the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.
The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;
No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware,
For ev'ry Soil shall ev'ry Product bear.
The lab'ring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,
No Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Vine,
Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine:
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,

Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat,
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.

Dryd. Virg.

ALECTO.

The Virgin Daughter of eternal Night:
She still delights in War and human Woes.
Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own mis-shapen Race,
Her Sister *Furies* fly her hideous Face,
So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes,
So fierce the Hissing of her speckled Snakes.
'Tis hers, to ruin Realms, o'erturn a State,
Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate,
And kindle kindred Blood to mutual Hate.
Her Hand o'er Towns the fun'ral Torch displays,
And forms a thousand Ills ten thousand Ways.
She shakes from out her fruitful Breast the Seeds
Of Envy, Discord, and of cruel Deeds:
Confounds establish'd Peace, and does prepare
Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War.

Dryd. Virg.

The Fates infernal Minister!

War, Death, Destruction, in her Hand she bears;
Her curling Snakes with Hissings fill the Place,
And open all the Furies of her Face.
Her Chain she rattles, and her Whips she shakes,
Churning her bloody Foam.

Dryd. Virg.

ALPS.

So, pleas'd at first, the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky:
Th'eternal Snows appear already past,
And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way:
Th'encreasing Prospect tires our wandering Eyes;
Hills peep o'er Hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise.

Pope.

AMAZON.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,
When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows rould:
Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,
When *Theseus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen,
Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,
From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled:
With such return'd triumphant from the War;
Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car:

They

They clash with manly Force their moony Shields;
With female Shouts resound the Phrygian Fields. Dryd. Virg.

Resistless thro' the War Camilla rode,
In Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.
One side was bare for her exerted Breast,
One Shoulder with her painted Quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal Jav'lins play;
Now with her Ax's Edge she hews her way.

Diana's Arms upon her Shoulders sound;
And when too closely press'd, she quits the Ground, (Virg.
From her bent Bow she sends a backward Wound. Dryd. }

Penthesilea there, with haughty Grace,
Leads to the War an Amazonian Race:
In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;
Their left, for Ward, sustains the lunar Shield.

Athwart her Breast a golden Belt she throws;
Amidst the Press, alone, provokes a thousand Foes, (Virg.
And dares her maiden Arms to manly Force oppose. Dryd. }

The little Amazon could hardly go,
He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow,
And, that she might her staggering Steps command,
He with a slender Jav'lin fills her Hand:
Her flowing Hair no golden Fillets bound,
Nor sweep her trailing Robe the dusty Ground.
Instead of these a Tiger's Hide o'erspread
Her Back and Shoulders, fasten'd to her Head.
The flying Dart she first attempts to fling,
And round her tender Temples toss'd the Sling.
Then, as her Strength with Years increas'd began
To pierce aloft in Air the soaring Swan,
And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane. }

Dryd. Virg.

A M B I T I O N. See Greatness.

Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd, (Cai. Mar.
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by Enjoyment. Otway,

Ambition is at Distance

A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View:
The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n;
But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation, (Ven. Pres.
What Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us! Otway.

At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay
Contented, then how happy was the Day!

But oh! the Curse of aiming to be great!
 Dazled with Hope we cannot see the Cheat:
 When wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
 Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind:
 For glitt'ring Clouds we leave the solid Shore,
 And wonted Happiness returns no more. *Har. Juv.*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
 And Fortune's Ice prefers to Vertue's Land. *Dr. Abs. & Ach.*

Yet true Renown is still with Vertue join'd,
 But Lust of Pow'r lets loose th'unbridled Mind. *Dryd. Auren.*

Ambition! the Desire of active Souls,
 That pushes them beyond the Bounds of Nature,
 And elevates the Hero to the Gods. *Row. Amb. Step.*

O Energy divine of great Ambition!
 That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
 And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature. *Row. Amb. Step.*

Ambition is like Love, impatient
 Both of Delays and Rivals. *Denb. Soph.*

Ambition's never safe, till Pow'r be past:
 As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste. *Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.*

Ambition is the Dropsy of the Soul,
 Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul. *Sedl. Ant.*

If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
 How then should Souls, ally'd to Sense, resist it? *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

One World suffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind,
 Coop'd up, he seem'd, in Earth and Seas confin'd:
 And, struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about
 The narrow Globe to find a Passage out:
 Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd
 The Tomb, and found the streight Dimensions wide.
 Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
 The mighty Soul how small a Body holds! *Dryd. Juv.*

The Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,
 See by how weak a Tenure it was held! *Dryd. Auren.*

Ambition's like a Circle on the Water
 Which never ceases to enlarge it self,
 Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought. *Shak. Hen. VI.*

For Kings oft lose the Conquests gain'd before,
 By vain Ambition still to make them more. *Pope.*

Vaulting Ambition still o'erleaps it self. *Shak. Macb.*

ANGEL.

Then *Gabriel*

Bodies and cloaths himself, with thicken'd Air,

All like a comely Youth in Life's fresh Bloom,
 Rare Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom;
 He took for Skin a Cloud most soft and bright,
 That e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd thro' with Light,
 Upon his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,
 Wash'd from the Morning Beauties deepest red.
 A harmless flaming Meteor shone for Hair,
 And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.
 He cut out a silk Mantle from the Skies,
 Where the most sprightly Azure please the Eyes:
 This he with starry Vapours spangles, all
 Ta'en in their Prime, e'er they grow ripe and fall,
 Of a new Rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,
 The choicest Piece ta'en out, a Scarf is made.
 Small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display;
 Nor virtuous Lovers sigh more soft than they:
 These he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest Rays,
 Caught gliding o'er pure Streams, on which he plays.

Thus dress'd he posts away,
 And carries with him his own glorious Day,
 Thro' the thick Woods: The gloomy Shades awhile
 Put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.
 The trembling Serpents close and silent lie;
 The Birds obscene far from his Passage fly.
 A sudden Spring waits on him as he goes,
 Suddain as that which by Creation rose.

Cowl.

Downa thither prone in Flight,
 He speeds, and thro' the vast ethereal Sky,
 Sails between Worlds and Worlds with steady Wings;
 Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
 Winnows the buxom Air.
 Of beaming sunny Rays a golden Tiar
 Circled his Head, nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders, fledg'd with Wings,
 Lay waving round.

Milk.

Six Wings he wore to shade
 His Liniments divine: The Pair that clad
 Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast
 With regal Ornament; the middle Pair
 Girt, like a starry Zone, his Waste, and round
 Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
 And Colours d'pt in Heaven: The third his Feet
 Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd Grain. Like Maia's Son he stood,

And

And shook his Plumes, that heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.

Milt.

A N G E R. See Rage.

Black Choler fill'd his Breast, that boil'd with Ire,
And from his Eyeballs flash'd the living Fire.

Pope Hom.

His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward Wound,
And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.
Enormous Rage distended ev'ry Vein,
And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.
Swoln with Revenge, his blood-shot Eyes did glare,
Like ruddy Meteors blazing in the Air.

Blas.

And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Looks,
He swells with Wrath, he makes outrageous Moan, (e^c Arc.
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground. Dry. Pal.
Rage flash'd like Lightning from his livid Eyes. Blas.

Talgol had long suppress'd
Enflamed Rage in glowing Breast;
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably, as Flame in Furnace

He trembled and look'd pale with Ire,
Like Ashes first, then red as Fire.

At this the Knight grew high in Wrath,
And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,

Three times he smote on Stomach stout.

Hud.

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.
He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing Aëna,
In Sounds scarce human.

Dryd. All for Love.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage;
It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction.

Row. Fair. Pen.

Oh! I burn inward; my Blood's all o'fire:

Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt sat closest,

Had but an Ague Fit to this my Fever.

Dryd. Oedip.

Mad with her Anguish, impotent to bear

The mighty Grief, she loaths the vital Air;

She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,

And tears with both her Hands her purple Vest.

Dryd. Virg.

Anger is like

A full-hot Horse; allow him but his way,

Self-Mettle tires him.

Shak. Hen. VIII.

Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest.

How. Ind. Queen.

A N T. See Creation.

Thus in Battalia march embodied Ants,
Fearful of Winter and of future Wants,
T'invade the Corn; and to their Cells convey
The plunder'd Forage of their yellow Prey.
The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracts,
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:
Some set their Shoulders to the pondrous Grain,
Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train:
All ply their sev'ral Tasks, and equal Toil sustain. *Dryd. Virg.*
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor will he strait devour all he can get:
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home;
A Stock for Winter, which he knows must come. *Cowl. Hor.*

ANTIQUARY and ANTIQUITY.

It was a Question whether he
Or's Horse were of a Family
More worshipful; till Antiquaries
(After they'd almost por'd out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The Bus'ness on the Horse's Side;
And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:
For Beasts, when Man was but a Piece
Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess. *Hud.*
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
That makes Truth Truth, altho' Time's Daughter,
'Twas he that put her in the Pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it.
And as he eats his Sons, just so
He feeds upon his Daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald
Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,
To be descended from a Race
Of ancient Kings, in a small Space:
That we should all Opinions hold
Authentick, that we can make old. *Hud.*

A P O L L O.

Like fair *Apollo* when he leaves the Frost
Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coast;

When

16 *F. Apollo. Apothecary and his Shop.*

When to his native *Delos* he resorts,
 Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:
 Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,
 Before the joyful Altar join their Hands;
 Himself, on *Cynthus* walking, sees below
 The merry Madness of the sacred Show,
 Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair inclose,
 A golden Fillet binds his awful Brows;
 His Quiver sounds.

Dryd. Virg.

Me *Claros*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey.
 These Hands the *Patereian* Sceptre sway;
 The King of Gods begot me: What shall be,
 Or is, or ever was in Fate I see.
 Mine is th'Invention of the charming Lyre,
 Sweet Notes and heav'nly Numbers I inspire:
 Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart:
 Med'cine is mine; what Herbs and Simples grow
 In Fields or Forests all their Powers I know;
 And am the *Great Physician* call'd below.

Dryd. Ovid.

O Source of sacred Light,
 God with the silver Bow, and golden Hair;
 Whom *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,
 And whose broad Eye their happy Soils surveys! *Dryd. Hom.*

A P O T H E C A R Y and his Shop.

I do remember an Apothecary,
 In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
 Culling of Simples: meagre were his Looks,
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;
 And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
 An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins
 Of ill shap'd Fishes, and about his Shelves
 A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,
 Green earthen Pots, Bladders and musty Seeds,
 Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses,
 Were thinly scattered to make up a Show. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
 With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys:
 Here Mummies lay, most reverendly stale,
 And there the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail,
 Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head,
 The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread;
 Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,
 And near a scaly Alligator hung:

In

In this Place Drugs, in musty Heaps, decay'd;
In that, dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth are laid. *Gar.*

APPARITION.

Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which in it many winged Warriors bears:
Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense: *(of Imm.*
Thou, stronger, may'st endure the Flood of Light. *Dryd. State*

The broken Cloud pours out pure Floods of Light,
Show'rs of celestial Rays, transcendent bright:
And Storms of Splendour, dazzling mortal Sight,
Th' illustrious Tempest does on *Hoel* beat,
Who falls astonish'd headlong from his Seat;
Confounded with unsufferable Day,
Gro'ling in Glory on the shining Way,
And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd he lay. *Black.*

APPLAUSE. See Popular.

The Monarch spoke, and strait a Murmur rose,
Loud as the Surges when the Tempest blows,
That, dash'd on broken Rocks, tumultous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony Shore. *Pope Hom.*

His Army's just Applauses rise,
And the loud Shout runs echoing thro' the Skies. *Pop. Hom.*
The Heav'n's around with Acclamations rung,
And loud Applauses of the shouting Throng. *Blac.*

Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro' the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*
Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Skies. *Shak. Haml.*

The shouting Cries
Of the pleas'd People rend the vaulted Skies.
The Fields around with *Io Peans* ring,
And Peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King. *Dryd. Virg.*

Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude arise,
Applauding *Echo* to the Shouts replies: *(Dryd. Virg.)*
Soouts, Wishes, and Applause run rattling thro' the Skies. *}*

The hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell
With deaf'ning Shout return them loud Acclaim. *Mik.*

Such Murmur fill'd
Th' Assembly, as, when hollow Rocks retain
The Sound of bluff'ring Winds, which all Night long
Had rowz'd the Sea, now with hoarse Cadence lull
Seafaring Men o'er-watch'd; whose Bark by Chance

Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest: Such Applause was heard. *Milt.*

Such a Noise arose

As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud, and to as many Tunes: Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their Faces
Been loose, this Day they had been lost. *Shak. Hen. VIII.*

As the Sound of Waters deep,
Hoarse Murmur echo'd to his Words Applause. *Milt.*

ARCHER. See Arrow, Bow.

A flutt'ring Dove to the Mast's Top they tie:
The living Mark at which their Arrows fly:
The rival Archers in a Line advance;
Then all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,
And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first; with forceful Sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid Way.
Fix'd in the Mast, the feather'd Weapon stands;
The fearful Pigeon flutters in her Bands,
And the Tree trembled.
Then *Mnestheus* to the Head his Arrow drove,
With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above;
But made a glancing Shot, and miss'd the Dove:
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord,
Which fasten'd by the Foot the sitting Bird.
The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
His Bow already bent, *Euryalus* stood;
His winged Shaft with eager Haste he sped;
The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground,
And renders back the Weapon in the Wound,
Acestes, grudging at his Lot, remains
Without a Prize to gratify his Pains;
Yet, shooting upwards, sends his Shaft to show
An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.
Chaf'd by the Speed, it fir'd, and as it flew,
A Trail of foll'wing Flames ascending drew.
Kindling they mount; and mark the shiny Way;
Across the Sky, as falling Meteors play,
And vanish into Wind, or in a Blaze decay. *Dryd. Virg.*

ARGUS.

ARGUS.

The Head of *Argus*, as with Stars the Skies,
Was compass'd round, and wore a hundred Eyes:
But two by Turns their Lids in Slumber sleep;
The rest, on Duty still, their Station keep:
Nor could the total Constellation sleep.
Him *Hermes* flew;
And all his hundred Eyes, with all their Light,
Are clos'd at once in one perpetual Night.
These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ARMOUR. See *Battel, Fighting, General, Soldier, War.*

He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms, a temper'd Mass
Of Golden Metal those, and Mountain Brass.

He admires

The crested Helm that vomits radiant Fires:
His Hands the fatal Sword and Corset hold;
One keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold,
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright;
So shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

Refulgent Arms appear

Redd'ning the Skies, and glitt'ring all around;
The temper'd Metals clash, and yield a silver Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Panther's speckled Hide

Flow'd o'er his Armour with an easy Pride. *Pop. Hom.*

High on his Helm celestial Lightnings play;

His beamy Shield emits a living Ray:
Th' unweary'd Blaze incessant Streams supplies,
Like the red Star, that fires th' autumnal Skies,
When, fresh, he tears his radiant Orb to Sight,
And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener Light:
Such from his Arms the bright Effulgence flow'd. *Pope Hom.*

The *Briton's* Arms thus shone excessive bright,

Darted keen Glances, and uneasy Light;
And tho' their Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight. *Blac.*

All arm'd in Brass, the richest Dress of War;

A frightful glorious Sight he shone from far. *Cowl.*

His solid Arms, refulgent, flame with Gold:

No mortal Shoulders suit the glorious Load;
Celestial Panoply, to grace a God! *Pope Hom.*

A Wolf grinn'd horribly upon his Head,
And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread.

He

He girt his mighty Fauchion to his Side,
Which hung across his Thigh with fearful Pride.

Shields, Arms and Spears flash horribly from far,
And the Fields glitter with a waving War.

Spears, Helmets, Muskets with the Sunbeams play,
Their flashing Glances thro' the Field convey,
And bandy to and fro reverberated Day.

Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes shot Flame.

He on the Plain in radiant Armour shone;
His polish'd Helm oppress'd the dazzled Sight,
And shone on high like a huge Globe of Light.
His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,
And golden Cuirasses his vast Thighs encas'd.
The Pieces round his Legs Gold Buttons ty'd,
And his broad Sword hung dreadful by his Side;
Which, when drawn out, like a destructive Flame
Of Lightning from the ample Scabbard came.

Like a huge Beacon lighted in the Air,
His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War.
In his right Hand he shakes his pond'rous Lance.

His Back and Breast

Well temper'd Steel and scaly Brass invest.
The Cuirasses which his brawny Thighs infold,
Were mingled Metal damask'd o'er with Gold.
His faithful Fauchion sits upon his Side,
Nor Casque nor Crest his manly Features hide.

O'er his broad Breast an Ox's Hide was thrown,
His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread
A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grin'd around his Head.
He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong,
And tow'rd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng.

Himself before the rest

His mighty Limbs in radiant Armour dress:
And first he cas'd his manly Legs around
In shining Greaves, with Silver Buckles bound:
The beaming Cuirass next adorn'd his Breast.
Ten Rows of azure Steel the Work infold,
Twice ten of Tin, and twelve of ductile Gold:
Three glitt'ring Dragons to the Gorget rise,
Whose imitated Scales against the Skies,
Reflected various Light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd Rainbows o'er a show'ry Cloud.
A radiant Bauldrick, o'er his Shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the Sword, that glitter'd at his Side;

Blac.

Dryd. Virg.

Blac.

(Creech Luc.

Blac.

Blac.

Dryd. Virg.

(Virg.

Dryd.

Gold

Gold was the Hilt; a silver Sheath encas'd
The shining Blade, and golden Hangers grac'd:
His Buckler's mighty Orb was next display'd,
That round the Warrior cast a dreadful Shade:
Ten Zones of Brass its ample Brims surround,
And twice ten Bosses the bright Convex crown'd;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its Field,
And circling Terrors fill'd th' expressive Shield:
Within its Concave hung a silver Thong,
On which a mimic Serpent creeps along,
His azure Length in easy Waves extends,
Till in three Heads th' embroider'd Monster ends.
Last, o'er his Brows his fourfold Helm he plac'd,
With nodding Horse-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his Hands two steely Jav'lins wields,
That blaze to Heav'n, and lighten all the Fields. *Pope Hom.*

A Lion's Hide he wears,
About his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin;
The Teeth and gaping Jaws severely grin. *Dryd. Virg.*

Some march before the Troops in dreadful Pride,
Arm'd with a rav'ning Lyon's grisly Hide:
The shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread,
With formidable Grace; and on their Head
The tawny Terror grinn'd with open Jaws,
And cross the Breast were lapp'd the hideous Paws.
The Teeth and savage Beard the Heroe's Face
Did with becoming martial Horror grace. *Blas.*

Some wore Coat-Armour, imitating Scale,
And next their Skin were stubborn Shirts of Mail;
Some wore a Breast-plate, and a light Jupon;
Their Horses cloath'd with rich Caparison.
Some for Defence would leathern Buckles use,
Of folded Hides; and other Shields of Puce.
One hung a Pole-ax at his Saddle-bow,
And one a heavy Mace to stun the Foe.
One for his Legs and Knees provided well,
With Jambeux arm'd, and double Plates of Steel.
This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove.

And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
And pleasing was the Terror of the Field. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

ARROW.

Gold

22 *Arrow. Art. Ash. Aspick. Astonishment.*

ARROW. See *Archer. Bow.*

Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempests fly;
Darts hiss at Darts encount'ring in the Sky.
Sounded at once the Bow, and swiftly flies
The feather'd Death, and hisses thro' the Skies.

Blac.
Dryd. Virg.

By far more slow
Springs the swift Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow,
Or *Cydon* Eugh, when, traversing the Skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous Juice, the sure Destruction flies.

(Dryd. Virg.)

A R T. See *Nature.*

A S H. See *Trees.*

Rent like a mountain Ash that dar'd the Winds,
And stood the sturdy Strokes of lab'ring Hinds.
About the Root the cruel Ax resounds;
The Stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated Wounds:
The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown
Now threatens a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down,
To their united Force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal Groans th' approaching Fate.
The Roots no more their upper Head sustain,
But down she falls, and spreads a Ruin thro' the Plain.

(Dryd. Virg.)

Like a Mountain Ash, whose Roots are spread
Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head. *Dryd. Virg.*

A S P I C K.

Welcome thou kind Deceiver,
Thou best of Thieves! who with an easy Key
Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves; discharging so
Death's dreadful Office better than himself;
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Dryd. All for Love.

ASTONISHMENT.

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood;
Make thy two-Eyes, like Stars, start from their Spheres;
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand an End,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

Shak. Hamlet.
Prepare

Astonishment. Astrologer.

23

Prepare to hear

A Story that shall turn thee into Stone:

Could there be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,

A Flaw made thro' the Centre by some God,

Thro' which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,

They would not wound thee as this Story will. *Lee Oedip.*

My Heart sinks in me,

And ev'ry slacken'd Fibre drops its Hold,

Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life. *Dryd. Spa. Fry.*

My Soul runs back;

The Wards of Reason roul into their Spring. *Lee D. of Guise.*

It drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,

And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning Limb to Marble.

Rhw. Ulyss.

His curdling Blood forgot to glide;

Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,

And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.

Gar.

Not the last Sounding could surprize me more,

That summons drowsy Mortals to their Doom;

When call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,

And tremble unprovided for their Charge. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

She thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung,

And, fault'ring, dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,

Or vanish'd into Sighs; with long Delay

Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted Way. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,

With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:

The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,

And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.

(Dryd. Theod. and Hon.)

O *Sigismonda*! he began to say;

Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,

Till Words with often trying found their Way.

(Dryd. Sig. and Guisc.)

ASTROLOGER. See Conjuror.

They'll search a Planet's House to know

Who broke and robb'd a House below.

Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,

Who stole a Thimble, who a Spoon!

And tho' they nothing will confess,

Yet by their very Looks can guess,

And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,

Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.

They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars.

To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs:

And

And tell that *Crisis* does divine
 The Rot in Sheep, the Mange in Swine:
 In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
 What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes Men great, what Fools, what Knaves;
 But not what wise: For only of those
 The Stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians;
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*:
 Some Towns and Cities, some, for Brevity,
 Have cast the 'versal World's Nativity,
 And made the Infant Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden Fates,
 Of Monkeys, Puppy-dogs, and Cats;
 Some running Nags, and fighting Cocks:
 Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox,
 Some take a Measure of the Lives
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives:
 Make Opposition, trine and quartile,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile.
 As if the Planet's first Aspect
 The tender Infant did infect:
 No sooner had he peep'd into
 The World, but he has done his Do;
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick;
 That cures or kills a Man, that is sick;
 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a Star
 Between a Man of Peace and War;
 A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,
 A huffing Officer and a Slave;
 A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,
 A great Philosopher and a Blockhead;
 A formal Preacher and a Player,
 A learn'd Physician and Manslayer:
 As if Men from the Stars did suck
 Old Age, Diseases, and ill Luck;
 Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
 Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice:
 And draw with the first Air they breathe
 Battel and Murther, sudden Death.

Professor in Astrology and Physick.

25

As Wind i'th' Hypochondries pent,
Is but a Blast if downward sent;
But if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their just and useful End,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of Things far set,
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,
Why on a Sign no Painter draws
The Full-Moon ever, but the Half,
Resolve that with your *Jacob's Staff*;
Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
Or Dogs howl when she shines in Water;
And I shall freely give my Vote,
You may know something more remote.

Hud.

PROFESSOR in Astrology and Physick.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools:
Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
And planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage in Velvet Chair here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks, how soon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage-Fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.
Some by what Means they may redress the Wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
And some would know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can solder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave;
And *Portia*, old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son:
Whilst *Iris* his cosmetic Wish would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lover die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose,

B

Young

Young *Hylas* blotch'd with Stains too foul to name;
 In Cradle here renews his youthful Flame:
 Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
 A Hot-house he prefers to *Julin's* Arms,
 And old *Lucullus* would th' *Arcanum* prove!
 Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Gar.

A T L A S.

And now behold majestick *Atlas* rise,
 And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies;
 His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempest know,
 While Lightning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Gar.

Atlas, whose Head sustains the starry Frame;
 Whose brawny Back supports the Skies;
 Whose Head with piny Forests crown'd,
 Is beaten by the Winds, with foggy Vapours bound.
 Snows hide his Shoulders; from beneath his Chin,
 The Fount of rolling Streams their Race begin:
 A Beard of Ice on his large Breast depends.

Dryd. Virg.

Atlas, who turns the rolling Heavens round,
 And whose broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.

Dryd. Virg.

A T T E N T I O N.

Let all be hush'd; each softest Motion cease;
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace;
 And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath
 Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come;
 And let all sawcy Praise be dumb:
 And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,
 Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
 Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
 Thou busy idle thing to heave:
 Stir not a Pulse; and let my Blood,
 That turbulent unruly Flood,

Be softly stay'd:

Let me be all but my Attention dead.
 Go rest, y'unnecessary Springs of Life,
 Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
 For I would hear her Voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

Cong.

How all things listen while thy Muse complains!
 Such Silence waits on *Philomela's* Strains,

In

Avernus. Autumn.

27

In some still Ev'ning, when the whisp'ring Breeze
Pants on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees.

Pope.

The Air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm;
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as *Jove* himself were talking.

Lee Oed.

As I listen'd to thee,
The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd:
So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment!

Rowe Tamerl.

His Looks
Drew Audience and Attention still as Night;
Or Summer Noon-tide Air.
Attention held them mute.

Milt.

Milt.

AVERNUS.

Deep was the Cave, and downward, as it went
From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent.
And here th'Access a gloomy Grove extends,
And there th'un navigable Lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy Waters void of Light,
No Bird presumes to steer his airy Flight:
Such deadly Stenches from the Depth arise,
And steaming Sulphur that infects the Skies.
From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,
And give the Name *Avernus* to the Lake.

Dryd. Virg.

AUTUMN. See Year.

When yellow Autumn weighs
The Year, and adds to Nights and shortens Days;
And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays.

Dryd. Virg.

The Evening of the Year;
When Woods with Juniper and Chestnuts crown'd,
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strews her Stores around.

Dryd. Virg.

When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring;
When Fountains open; when impetuous Rain
Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain:
When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,
And hollow Places spew their wat'ry Store.

Dryd. Virg.

B 2

B. B A B E.

B.

B A B E. See Man.

Thus, like a Sailor by the Tempest hurl'd
 'Ashore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World;
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
 Helpless of all that human Wants require:
 Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,
 From the first Moment of his hapless Birth,
 Strait with foreboding Cries he fills the Room;
 (To sure Prefages of his future Doom.)

But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry savage Beast,
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
 They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,
 No Nurse to reconcile them to their Food
 With broken Words; nor Winter Blasts they fear;
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year;
 Nor for their Safety Citadels prepare;
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:
 Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants, (Lucr.
 And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common Wants. Dryd.

If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay
 Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate:
 The painful Passage they would dread, and shew
 Reluctance to a World they do not know:
 They in their Prisons still would chuse to lie,
 As backward to be born as we to die.

Blac.

B A C C H A N A L S.

She flies the Towns, and, mixing with a Throng
 Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along.
 Wand'ring thro' Woods, and Wiles, and devious Ways,
 She feign'd the Rites of *Bacchus*, cry'd aloud,
 And to the buxom God the Virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O *Bacchus*! thus began the Song;
 And *Evoe*, answer'd all the female Throng:
 O Virgin, worthy thee alone! she cry'd;
 O worthy thee alone! the Crew reply'd.
 For thee she feeds her Hair, she leads thy Dance,
 And with thy winding Ivy wreaths her Lance.
 Like Fury seiz'd the rest; the Progress known,
 All seek the Mountains, and forsake the Town.
 All clad in Skins of Beasts the Jav'lin bear,

Unbind

Unbind their Fillets,
Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair;
And Shrieks and Shoutings rend the suffring Air;
Rouling their haggard Eyes, inspir'd with Rage divine,
Shake high above their Heads a flaming Pine;
And Orgies and nocturnal Rites prepare.

Dryd. Virg.

Less wild the *Bacchanalian* Dames appear,
When from afar their nightly God they hear,
And howl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear.

Dryd. Virg.

B A C C H U S. See *Musick*.

Great Father *Bacchus* to my Song repair,
For clust'ring Vines are thy peculiar Care:
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine;
And the last Blessings of the Year are thine:
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owns,
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my God; come drench all o'er
Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.

Dryd. Virg.

See *Bacchus* turning from the *Indian* War,
By Tigers drawn triumphant in his Car;
From *Nisus'* Top descending on the Plains,
With curling Vines around his purple Reins.

Dryd. Virg.

So *Bacchus* thro' the conquer'd *Indies* rode,
And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest God.

Dryd.
(*Pal. & Arc.*)

B A S T A R D.

Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?
E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble, who was born most free:
Each of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call their Slav'ry Safety and Defence.
Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Because I came not in the common Road;
But born obscure, and so more like a God?

Osw. Don. Carl.

He's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!
She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;
His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery Ore,
His Image bless'd, and cry'd, It is my own.

B 3

Yet

Yet more! a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought,
That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,
Than Heav'n for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest too!
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy. *Lee. Cas. Borg.*

BATTLE. See Fight. Foughts. War.

O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms! *Lee Alex.*

All the Plain

Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds,
Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, first met his View;
From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region stretch'd
In battailous Aspect,
Bristled with upright Beams, innumerable,
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boasted Arguments, pourtray'd;
The banded Pow'rs of *Satan*.

The Powers militant

That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate join'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In Silence their bright Legions, to the Sound
Of instrumental Harmony that breath'd
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,
Under their God-like Leaders. On they move
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,
Nor straitning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Their perfect Ranks, for high above the Ground
Their March was, and the passive Air upbore
Their nimble Tread.

The Shout

Of Battel now began, and rushing Sound
Of Onset ended soon each milder Thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' Apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot fate,
Idol of Majesty divine, enclos'd
With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne: For now
'Twixt Host and Host, but narrow Space was left,
A dreadful Interval! and Front to Front
Presented stood in terrible Array
Of hideous Length: Before the cloudy Van,
On the rough Edge of Battle, e're it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,

Came

Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.

A noble Stroke *Abdiel* lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with Tempest fell
On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no Sight,
No Motion of quick Thought, less cou'd his Shield
Such Ruin intercept: Ten Paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended Knee
His massy Spear upstay'd. As if on Earth
Winds under Ground, or Waters, forcing Way
Sidelong, had push'd a Mountain from his Seat,
Half sunk with all his Pines. Nor stood in Gaze
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid Shock: Now storming Fury rose.

Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd
Horrible Discord, and the madding Wheels
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the Noise
Of Conflict: Over-head the dismal Hiss
Of fiery Darts, in flaming Vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with Fire;
So under fiery Cope together rush'd
Both Battels main, with ruinous Assault,
And inextinguishable Rage: All Heaven
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her Center shook. Deeds of eternal Fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
The War and various: Sometimes on firm Ground
A standing Fight; then soaring on main Wing,
Tormented all the Air: All Air seem'd then
Conflicting Fire.

Their Arms away some threw, and to the Hills
Swift as the Lightning Glimpse they ran, they flew:
From the Foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated Hills with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy Tops
Up-lifting, bore them in their Hands:

Then on their Heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,
Their Armour help'd their Harm, crush'd in and bruis'd,
Into their Substance pent, which wrought them Pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous Groan:
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such Prison.

The rest, in Imitation, to like Arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring Hills uptore:
 So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with Jaculation dire,
 That under Ground they fought in dismal Shade.
 Infernal Noise! War seem'd a civil Game
 To this Uproar; horrid Confusion heap'd
 Upon Confusion rose. Long time in even Scale
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed Sway
 Brandish'd aloft the horr'd Edge came down
 Wide-wasting: Such Destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
 Of ten fold Adamant, his ample Shield:
 A vast Circumfrence! Then both address'd for Fight
 Unspeakable: For like two Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they, or mov'd; in Stature, Motion, Arms,
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heaven.
 Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air
 Made horrid Circles: Two broad Suns, their Shields
 Blaz'd opposite; while Expectation stood
 In Horrour. From each Hand with Speed retired
 Th' angelick Throng, unsafe within the Wind
 Of such Commotion: But the Sword of *Michael* met
 The Sword of *Satan* in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
 But with swift Wheel reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right Side: Then *Satan* first knew Pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The grinding Sword with discontinuous Wound
 Pass'd thro' him.

And now, their Mightiest quell'd, the Battel swerv'd,
 With many an Inrode gor'd: Deformed Rout
 Enter'd, and foul Disorder: All the Ground
 With shiver'd Armour strewn; and on a Heap
 Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery foaming Steeds: What stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied, or with pale Fear surpriz'd,
 Fled ignominious.

Now Night her Course began,
 And grateful Truth impos'd,
 And Silence on the odious Din of War.

Milk.

BEAR

B E A R. See Deformity.

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear:
Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as she herself receives. *Dryd. Ovid.*

B E A U T Y. See Eyes. Fair. Looks. Love.

Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who do'st in ev'ry Country change thy Shape:
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white:
Thou Flatt'rer, who comply'st with ev'ry Sight:
Who hast no certain What, nor Where;
But vary'st still, and do'st thyself declare
Inconstant as thy She-Professors are. *Cowl. }*

The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
Beauty is seldom fortunate when great;
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt. *Dryd. Auren.*

Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray:
Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry Way?
Pleas'd with the Passage we slide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun. *Dryd. Auren.*
For Beauty, like white Powder, makes a Noise,
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys. *Clear.*

Beauty with a bloodless Conquest finds
A welcome Sov'reignty in rudest Minds. *Wall.*

Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading Flow'r,
The tender Prey of ev'ry coming Hour:
In Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone:
Unpunish'd thou to few wert ever giv'n,
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heav'n. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*

Merab the first, *Michal* the younger nam'd,
Both equally for different Glories fam'd:
Merab with spacious Beauty fill'd the Sight;
But too much Awe chastiz'd the bold Delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th' enlarged View
Gives Pleasure, but gives Fear and Rey'ence too:
Michal's sweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,
And no less strong, tho' much more gentle, Love:
Like virtuous Kings, whom Men rejoice to obey;
Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.

Merab appear'd like some fair princely Tow'r:
Michal, some Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r.
 All Beauties strove in little and in great,
 But the contracted Brows shot fiercest Heat.
 From *Merab's* Eyes, fierce and quick Lightnings came;
 From *Michal's*, the Sun's mild, yet active, Flame.
Merab, with comely Majesty and State,
 Bore high th' Advantage of her Worth and Fate:
 Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michal* shew,
 That none, who reach so high, e'er stoop so low.
Merab rejoic'd in her rack'd Lover's Pain;
 And fortify'd her Virtue with Disdain:
 The Grief she gave, gave gentle *Michal* Grief;
 She wish'd her Beauties less, for their Relief.

Cowl.

Cleopatra in her Galley.

Her Galley down the Silver *Cydno* row'd,
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold:
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,
 Where she, another sea-born *Venus* lay:
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
 And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
 As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
 Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
 Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds
 That play'd about her Face: But if she smil'd,
 A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
 That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
 The Silver Oars kept Time; and, while they play'd,
 The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
 And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat more!
 For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crouds
 Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
 To give their welcome Voice.

(*Dryd. All for Love, and Shak. Ant. & Cleop.*)

Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms
 To draw the Moon from Heav'n: For Eloquence,
 The Sea-green *Syrens* taught her Voice their Flattery.
 And while she speaks Night steals upon the Day,
 Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
 Age buds at Sight of her, and swells to Youth.

The

The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I, who hate her,
With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

(Spoken of Cleopatra, by Ventidius,
Is she not

As harmless as a Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer Beauty of the Fields
As op'ning Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense? *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

The Bloom of op'ning Flow'rs unsully'd Beauty,
Softness, and sweetest Innocence she wears;
And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring. *Row. Tamerl.*

Is she not more than Painting can express,
Or youthful Poets fancy when they love? *Row. Fair. Pen.*

A lavish Planet reign'd when she was born,
And made her of such kindred Mould to Heaven,
She seems more Heaven's than ours. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heav'n is streak'd with dappled Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes, like a riss'd Maid? *Lee. D. of Guise.*

Belinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
United, cast so fierce a Light,

As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.

Love is all Gentleness, all Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace.

Her Cupid is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face. *Dorf.*

Mark her majestic Fabric! She's a Temple,
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine:
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there;
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Oh she has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown
At Random, to be scuffled for by Slaves. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

Oh she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at Odds. *Otw. Orph.*

Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant Vows
Of fighting Kings; and at her Feet werelaid
The Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,

To chuse where she would reign. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Behold her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,
 With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber;
 The Summer's Heat had to her nat'ral Blush
 Added a more brighter and more tempting Red:
 The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd t'embrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love,
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
 Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs,
 As Artists would in polish'd Marble give
 The wanton Goddess, when, supinely laid,
 She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment. *Lee Mithra.*

But oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection?
 Not sea-born *Venus* in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her coral Lips,
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
 So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,
 Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
 Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
 With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty. *Lee Theod.*

No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
 Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
 Can be so lovely. *Orph.*

Not purple Violets in the early Spring,
 Such grateful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;
 The orient Blush, which does her Cheeks adorn,
 Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn:
Cupid has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes
 Whene'er she smiles in lambent Fire he fries,
 And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies. *Lee Nero.*

Those heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
 And Face, tho' all the World surprize,
 Do dazzle all that look upon ye,
 And scorch all other Ladies tawny. *Hud.*

B E E. See Creation.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone
 The Bees have common Cities of their own;

And

And common Sons; beneath one Law they live,
 And with one common Stock their Traffic drive:
 Each has a certain Home, a sev'ral Stall:
 All is the State's, the State provides for all:
 Mindful of coming cold, they share the Pain,
 And hoard for Winter's Use, the Summer's Gain.
 Some o'er the public Magazines preside,
 And some are sent new Forage to provide.
 These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home
 Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb.
 With Dew, *Narcissus*' Leafs, and clammy Gum.
 To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive;
 Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:
 Sweet Honey some condense; some purge the Grout;
 The rest in Cells apart the liquid Nectar shut.
 All, with united Force, combine to drive
 The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive:
 With Envy stung, they view each other's Deeds;
 With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.
 Studious of Honey, each in his Degree,
 The youthful Swain, the grave, experienc'd Bee;
 That in the Field; this, in Affairs of State
 Employ'd at Home, abides within the Gate,
 To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,
 To prop the Ruins, lest the Fabric fall.
 But late at Night, with weary Pinions, come
 The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home.
 Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the Day he plies;
 The Gleans of yellow Thyme distend his Thighs:
 He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs; he sips the Blues
 Of V'lets, Wilding-Bloom, and Willows-Dews.
 Their Toil is common, common is their Sleep;
 They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;
 Rush thro' the City-Gates without Delay,
 Nor ends their Work but with declining Day.
 Thus, having spent the last Remains of Light,
 They give their Bodies due Repose at Night:
 When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells,
 Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll them to their Cells.
 When once in Bed their weary Limbs they steep,
 No buzzing Sounds disturb their golden Sleep;
 'Tis sacred Silence all: Nor dare they stray
 When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day;

But

But near the City-Walls their Wat'ring take,
 Nor forrage far, but short Excursions make.
 And as, when empty Barks on Billows float,
 With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat;
 So Bees bear Gravel-Stones, whose poising Weight
 Steers thro' the whistling Winds their steady Flight.
 But what's more strange; their modest Appetites,
 Averse from *Venus*, fly the nuptial Rites.
 No Lust enervates their heroic Mind;
 Nor wastes their Strength on wanton Womankind;
 But in their Mouths reside their genial Pow'rs;
 They gather Children from the Leafs and Flow'rs.
 And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the Burthen which they bear:
 Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats,
 And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets!
 Thus tho' the Race of Life they quickly run,
 Which in the Space of sev'n short Years is done,
 Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,
 The Fortune of the Family remains,
 And Grandfires Grandsons the long List contains.

But if intestine Broils alarm the Hive;
 (For two Pretenders oft for Empire strive)
 The Vulgar in divided Factions jar,
 And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the civil War.
 Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,
 Scarce can their Limbs their mighty Souls contain.
 With Shouts the Coward's Courage they excite,
 And martial Clangors call them out to fight.
 With hoarse Alarms the hollow Camp rebounds,
 That imitate the Trumpet's angry Sounds,
 Then to their common Standard they repair,
 The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air;
 In form of Battel drawn, they issue forth,
 And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.
 Press'd for their Country's Honour, and their King's,
 On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings,
 And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.
 Full in the Midst the haughty Monarchs ride,
 The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side:
 With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defy'd.
 Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,
 To War they follow their undaunted King;
 Croud thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light
 The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight.

Head

Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound;
 And Heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the Ground.
 Hard Hail-stones lie not thicker on the Plain,
 Nor shaken Oaks such Show'rs of Acorns rain.
 With gorgeous Wings, the Marks of sov'reign Sway,
 The two contending Princes make their Way;
 Intrepid thro' the Midst of Dangers go,
 Their Friends encourage, and amaze the Foe!
 With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies press'd,
 They challenge and encounter Breast to Breast.
 So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or dye;
 That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,
 Till one prevails, for one can only reign.
 Yet all these dreadful Deeds, this deadly Fray
 A Cast of scatter'd Dust will soon allay,
 And undecided leave the Fortune of the Day.
 With Ease distinguish'd is the regal Race;
 One Monarch wears an open honest Face,
 Shap'd to his Size, and God-like to behold;
 His royal Body shines with Specks of Gold,
 And ruddy Scales: For Empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler Kind.
 That other looks like Nature in Disgrace,
 Gaunt are his Sides, and sullen is his Face:
 And like their grisly Prince appears his gloomy Race:
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty Train,
 That long have travel'd thro' a desert Plain,
 And spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd Dust again.
 The better Brood, unlike the Bastard Crew,
 Are mark'd with royal Streaks of shining Hiew,
 Glitt'ring and ardent, tho' in Body less.

Besides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more
 With servile Love their idol King adore:
 While he survives, in Concord and Content
 The Commons live, by no Divisions rent,
 But the great Monarch's Death dissolves the Government.
 All goes to Ruin; they themselves contrive
 To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.
 Then since they share with Man one common Fate,
 In Health and Sickness, and in Turns of State,
 Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,
 And languish with insensible Decay:
 They change their Hue, with haggard Eyes they stare,
 Lean are their Looks, and shagged is their Hair;

And

And Crouds of Dead, that never must return
 To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born:
 Their Friends attend the Herse, the next Relations mourn.
 The Sick for Air before the Portal gasp,
 Their feeble Legs within each other clasp;
 Or idle in their empty Hives remain,
 Benumb'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain:
 Such Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,
 As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stirr'd;
 Such stifled Noise as the close Furnace hides,
 Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.

Dryd. Virg.

Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,
 When once provok'd, assault th' Oppressor's Face:
 And thro' the purple Veins a Passage find,
 There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.

Dryd. Virg.

When Golden Suns appear,
 And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year;
 The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies;
 And o'er the Plains and shady Forest flies:
 Then stooping on the Meads and leafy Bow'rs,
 They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow'rs:
 Then work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
 And labour Honey to sustain their Lives.

Dryd. Virg.

But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies;
 The Motions of their hasty Flight attend,
 And know to Floods or Woods their airy March they bend.

(Dryd. Virg.)

Th' assembling Swarms,
 Dark as a Cloud, then make a wheeling Flight,
 And on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light:
 Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,
 And make a long Dependance from the Bough.

Dryd. Virg.

About the Boughs an airy Nation flew,
 Of humming Bees, that haunt the Golden Dew,
 In Summer's Heat, on Tops of Lilies feed,
 And creep within their Bells to suck the balmy Seed.
 The winged Army roams the Fields around;
 The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the Sound.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,
 Invades the Bees with suffocating Smoke;
 They run around, or labour on their Wings,
 Difus'd to Flight, and shoot their sleepy Stings:
 To shun the bitter Fumes in vain they try;
 Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky.

*(Virg.)**Dryd.*

B E L

B E L L O N A.

There stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave
Of troubled *Styx*, where in a gloomy Cave,
Flowing with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells;
And, bound with adamantine Fetters, yells:
Around stands Heaps of mossy Skulls and Bones,
Whence issue loud Laments and dreadful Groans:
Torn Limbs and mangled Bodies are her Food;
Her Drink whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall and Blood,
Long curling Snakes her Head with Horrour crown,
And on her squabild Back hang lolling down,
This gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand
Grasps of infernal Fire a flaming Brand.
Treason and *Usurpation* near ally'd,
Haughty *Ambition*, elevated *Pride*,
And *Cruelty* with bloody Garlands crown'd,
Rapine and *Desolation* stand around.
With these *Injustice*, *Vilence*, *Rage* remain,
And ghastly *Famine* with her meagre Train.

Blas.

B I R D S. See *Country-Life*, *Grove*, *Creation*, *Muse*.

The Birds, great Nature's Commoners,
That haunt in Woods, and Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,
Rifle the Sweets, and taste the choicest Fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly Owner's Leave. *Row. Fair Pen.*

B L A S T, or B L I G H T.

The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose,
And shrivel'd Fruit drops from the wither'd Boughs:
Flow'rs in their Virgin Blushes smother'd die,
And round the Trees their scatter'd Beauties lie:
Infection taints the Air, sick Nature fades;
And sudden Autumn all the Place invades.
So when the Fields their flow'ry Pomp display,
Sooth'd by the Spring's sweet Breath and chearing Ray;
If *Boreas* then, designing envious War,
Musters his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air,
And then for sure Destruction marches forth,
With the cold Forces of the snowy North:
Th'op'ning Buds, and sprouting Herbs, and all
The tender First-born of the Spring must fall:
The blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed,
And on their blasted Hopes the mournful Gard'ners tread.

Blas.
B L I N D.

B L I N D N E S S. See *Light*.

All dark and comfortless!

Where are those various Objects that but now
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where are those Eyes?
Dead are their piercing Rays that lately shot
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,
And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in.
These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And Feeling all my Sight.
Shut from the living while among the living!
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World!
At once from Bus'ness and from Pleasure barr'd!
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring!
Nor see the Face of Kindred or of Friend!

Tate K. Let.

O first created Beam! and thou great Word,
Let there be Light! and Light was over all:
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime Decree?

Why was the Sight
To such a tender Ball as th'Eye confin'd,
So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling thro' all Parts diffus'd?
That she might look at will thro' ev'ry Pore?

Milt.

O Happiness of Blindness! Now no Beauty
Inflames my Lust; no other's Good my Envy,
Or Misery my Pity: No Man's Wealth
Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn.
Yet still I see enough! Man to himself
Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level
Of his low creeping Thoughts.

Denh. Soph.

B L U S H.

A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'erspread,
Varying her Cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving Colours, never at a Stay,
Run here and there, and flush and fade away.
Delightful Change! thus *Indian* Iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows;
Or Lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose.

Dryd. Virg.

In rising Blushes still fresh Beauties rose,
The sunny side of Fruit such Blushes shows,
And such the Moon, when all her silver White
Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light.

Add. Ovid.

Such

Such lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,
 When Light's first Blushes paint the bashful Morn:
 So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
 When mingled with the Lilies neighb'ring Snow. *Oldh.*

See, my *Palmyra* comes, the frighted Blood
 Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks;
 Like the first Streaks of Light broke loose from Darkness,
 And dawning into Blushes. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.*

Let me for ever gaze,
 And bless the new-born Glories that adorn thee:
 From ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,
 Ten thousand little Loves and Graces spring,
 To revel in the Roses. *Row. Tamerl.*

BOAR. See *Duel. Enjoyment. Hunting.*

As a savage Boar, on Mountains bred,
 With Forest Mast and fatt'ning Marshes fed;
 When once he sees himself in Toils enclos'd,
 By Huntsmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd,
 He whets his Tusks, and turns and dares the War;
 Th'Invaders dart their Jav'lines from afar;
 All keep aloof, and safely shoot around,
 But none presume to give a nearer Wound:
 He frets and froths, erects his bristled Hide,
 And shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

His Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with Blood,
 His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood:
 His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
 And stands erected like a Field of Spears.
 Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground,
 For Tusks, with *Indian* Elephants he strove;
 And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
 He suffers not the Corn its yellow Beards to rear,
 But tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
 In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
 Nor Barns at home, nor Ricks are heap'd abroad.
 In vain the Hinds the Threshing-floor prepare,
 And exercise their Arms in empty Air.
 With Olives ever green the Ground is strew'd,
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
 Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.

Dryd. Ovid.
 Forth

Forth from the Thicket rush'd another Boar,
 So large he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
 With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
 They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back.
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
 As he already had me for his Prey:
 Till brandishing my well-pois'd Jav'lin high,
 With this bold executing Arm I struck
 The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

Osw. Orp.

So when fierce Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround,
 A mighty Boar, in neighb'ring Mountains found;
 His Bristles high erected on his Back,
 The raging Beast withstands the Foes Attack:
 He whets his dreadful Tusks, and from afar
 He foams, and flourishes the iv'ry War.
 The cautious Huntsmen at a Distance rage,
 Cast all their Darts, but dare not close engage.

Blat.

So two wild Boars spring furious from their Den,
 Rowz'd with the Cries of Dogs, and Voice of Men:
 On ev'ry Side the crackling Trees they tear,
 And root the Shrubs, and lay the Forest bare:
 They gnash their Tusks, with Fire their Eyeballs roul,
 Till some wide Wound lets out their mighty Soul.

Pope Hom.

So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r
 Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar,
 The grisly Beast, provok'd with ev'ry Wound,
 Rages, and casts his threat'ning Looks around.
 High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,
 And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes:
 He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air,
 And, brandishing his Fangs, invites the War.

Blat.

So fares a Boar, whom all the Troop surrounds,
 Of shouting Huntsmen, and of clam'rous Hounds.
 He grinds his Iv'ry Tusks, he foams with Ire,
 His sanguine Eyeballs glare with living Fire:
 By these, by those, on ev'ry Part is ply'd,
 And the red Slaughter spreads on ev'ry Side.

*Pope Hom.***B O A S T I N G.**

My Arm a nobler Victory ne'er gain'd,
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
 Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain.
 Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,

When

Boasting. Bow.

45

When *Glory*, like the dazzling Eagle, stood,
Perch'd on my Beaver, in the *Granick* Flood;
When *Fortune's* Self my Standard trembling bore,
And the pale *Fates* stood frighted on the Shore.
When all th' Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God.

Luc. Alex.

Send Danger from the *East* unto the *West*,
So Honour cross in from the *North* to *South*,
And let 'em grapple: The Blood more stirs
To rowze a Lion than to start a Hare.

By Heav'n, methinks it were an easy Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fathom-Line could never touch the Ground, (*Part I.*
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks. *Shak. Hen. IV.*

B O W. See *Archers*, and *Arrow*.

Well skill'd to throw

The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow. *Dryd. Virg.*
His polish'd Bow

Was form'd of Horn, and smooth'd with artful Toil;
A Mountain-Goat resign'd the shining Spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his Arrows bled;
And sixteen Palms his Brows large Honours spread:
The Workman join'd and shap'd the bended Horns;
And beaten Gold each taper Point adorns:
He meditates the Mark; and, couching low,
Fits the sharp Arrow to the well-strung Bow:
Now with full Force the yielding Horn he bends,
Drawn to an Arch, and joins the doubling Ends,
Close to his Breast he strains the Nerve below,
Till the barb'd Point approach the circling Bow;
Th' impatient Weapon whizzes on the Wing;
Sounds the tough Horn, and twangs the quiv'ring String.

(*Pope Hom.*)

She said, and from her Quiver chose with Speed
The winged Shaft, predestin'd for the Deed:
Then to the stubborn Eugh her Strength apply'd,
Till the far-distant Horns approach on either Side:
The Bow-string touch'd her Breast: so strong she drew!
Whizzing in Air, the fatal Arrow flew:
At once the twanging Bow, and sounding Dart,
The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart.

(*Dryd. Virg.*
He

He fell,
 Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War;
 Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,
 And stop'd his Breath, and drank the vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

B O W E R.

A sylvan Lodge, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd,
 With Flowers deck'd, and fragrant Smells. The Roof
 Of thickest Covert was inwoven Shade,
 Laurel and Myrtle; and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant Leaf: On either side,
 Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy Shrub,
 Fenc'd up the verdant Wall: Each beauteous Flower,
 Iris, Allhues, Roses and Jessamin,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd Heads between, and wrought
 Mosaick: Under Foot the Violet,
 Crocus, and Hyacinth, with rich Inlay
 Broider'd the Ground; more colour'd than with Stone
 Of costliest Emblem. In shady Bower
 More sacred or sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor *Faunus* haunted.

*Milt.*B O W L. See *Drinking*.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl!
 Large as my capacious Soul!
 Vast as my Thirst is! Let it have
 Depth enough to be my Grave!
 I mean, the Grave of all my Care,
 For I intend to bury't there.
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me:
 Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,
 No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
 Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
 Nor any other martial Toy:
 For what do I vain Armour prize,
 Who mind not such rough Exercise?
 But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,
 Fights that cause no Wounds nor Scars.
 I'll have no Battels on my Plate,
 Lest Sight of them should Broils create:
 Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,
 Which Wine itself enough can do.

Draw

T
The
Bene

Draw me no Constellations there,
 No *Ram*, nor *Bull*, nor *Dog*, nor *Bear*;
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry
 Of Animals that stock the Sky;
 For what are Stars to my Design?
 Stars, which I, when drunk, outshine.
 I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,
 To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
 But would for ever there be tofs'd,
 And wish no Haven, seek no Coast.
 Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try
 Thy Skill; then draw me, (let me see)
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine
 With kind Embraces, such as I
 Twist about my loving She.
 Let its Boughs o'erspread above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
 Draw *Bacchus* and soft *Cupid* by:
 Draw them both in toping Shapes,
 Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:
 Make them lean against the Cup,
 As 'twere to keep their Figures up:
 And when their reeling Forms I view,
 I'll think them drunk, and be so too.

Vulcan, contrive me such a Cup,

As *Nestor* us'd of old;

Shew all thy Care to trim it up,

Damask it round with Gold:

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack,

Up to the swelling Brim,

Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,

Like Ships at Sea, may swim:

And carve thereon a spreading Vine,

Then add two lovely Boys;

Their Limbs in am'rous Folds entwine,

The Types of future Joys.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,

May Love and Drink still reign:

With Wine I wash away my Care,

And then to Love again.

Two Bowls I have well turn'd of Beechen Wood;

The Lids are Ivy: Grapes in Clusters lurk

Beneath the Carving of the curious Work:

Oldb.

Rock.

Two

Two Figures on the Sides emboss'd appear,
Conon, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,
 And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year.
 The kimbo Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd,
 Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,
 With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove.

Dryd. Virg.

The Goblet was emboss'd with Studs of Gold;
 Two Feet support it, and two Handles hold:
 On each bright Handle, bending o'er the Brink,
 In sculptur'd Gold two Turtles seem to drink.

Pop. Hom.

Around the Bowl the wanton Ivy twines,
 And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines:
 Four Figures rising from the Work appear,
 The various Seasons of the rolling Year;
 And what is that which binds the radiant Sky,
 Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lie.

Pope.

BOXING.

Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.

Hud.

At first both Parties in Reproaches jar,
 And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
 They clutch their horny Fists, exchange such furious Blows;
 Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.
 Some stand their Ground with half their Visage gone,
 But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
 One Eye remaining for the other spies,
 Which now on Earth a trampled Jelly lies.

Tat. Juv.

Nor, tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
 Hang by a String, in Bumps his Forehead rise,
 Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
 Or beg Amends for his demolish'd Face.

Dryd. Juv.

As, on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
 Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds;
 They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield
 One Foot, one Inch of the contended Field.

Pope Hom.

Thus often at the *Temple Stairs* we've seen
 Two *Trisons*, of a rough athletic Mien,
 Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood
 With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;
 But, at the first Appearance of a Fare,
 Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

Gar.

BRAVE,

Brave. See Courage.

The Brave do never shun the Light,
Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers.
Freely without Disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair Face of Day, (Pen.
And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions. Row. Fair
On Valour's Side the Odds of Combate lye;
The Brave live glorious, or lamented die:
The Wretch, who trembles in the Field of Fame,
Meets Death, or, worse than Death, eternal Shame. Pope Hom.
The Brave meets Danger, and the Coward flies. Pope Hom.

B R E A S T S.

With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell!
Plump as ripe Clusters rose each glowing Breast,
Courting the Hand, and suing to be press'd. Duke.
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast. Wall.
Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shov'd up and down, and heav'd like dying Birds. Otway. Orph.

B R I D E.

The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
To see the End of all her Wishes near,
When, blushing, from the Light and publick Eyes
To the kind Covert of the Night she flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves;
Melts in his Arms, and with a Loose she loves. Row. Fair Pen.
What strange Disorders youthful Brides express,
Impatient Longings for the Happiness!
Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole. Otway. Don. Carl.

B R O O K. See *Country-Life. River. Stream.*

See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either Side:
While in their chrystal Streams at once they show,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Race
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires:
Cool as they are, they feel Love's powerful Fires:
And with such Passion, that if any Force
Stop or molest them in their am'rous Course,

C

They

They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before. *Denb.*

As when some simple Swain his Cot forsakes,
And wide thro' Fens an unknown Journey takes;
If chance a swelling Brook his Passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the Wanderer's Way,
Confus'd he stops, a Length of Country past,
Eyes the rough Waves, and tir'd returns at last. *Pope Hom.*

B R U T U S. See Liberty.

Excellent *Brutus*! of all human Race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace :
From thy strict Rule, some think that thou didst swerve,
(Mistaken honest Men) in *Cesar's* Blood.
What Mercy could the Tyrant's Life deserve
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve ?
Th' Heroick Exaltations of Good

Are so far from understood,
We count them Vice: Alas! our Sight's so ill,
That things which swiftest move, seem to stand still ;
We look not upon Virtue in her Height,
On her supreme Idea, brave and bright,

In the original Light;
But as her Beams, reflected, pass
Thro' our own Nature, or ill Custom's Glass ;

And 'tis no Wonder so,
If with dejected Eye,
In standing Pools we seek the Sky,
That Stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by, and see
Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be ;
Yet not to her Assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher ?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before

The cancel'd Name of Friend he bore?
Ingrateful *Brutus* do they call ?
Ingrateful *Cesar*, who could *Rome* enthrall!
An Act more barbarous and unnatural,
(In th' exact Balance of true Virtue try'd)
Than his Successor *Nero's* Parricide.

There's none but *Brutus* could deserve
That all Men else would wish to serve,
And *Cesar's* usurp'd Place to him should proffer ;
None can deserve't but he who would refuse the Offer.

Brutus. Bull.

31

Ill Fate assum'd a Body thee t'affright,
And wrap'd it self i'th' Terrors of the Night ;
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the Spright :

I'll meet thee there, said'st thou,

With such a Voice, and such a Brow,
As put the trembling Ghost to suddain Flight.
What Joy can human Things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd Events,

Ill Men and wretched Accidents,
The best Cause, and best Man that ever drew a Sword ?

When we see
The false *Octavius* and wild *Anthony*,
God-like *Brutus* ! conquer thee ?

What can we say, but thy own tragick Word,
That Virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee,
As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,

By that fatal Proof became,
An Idol only, and a Name ?

Cowl.

BULL. See Enjoyment. General.

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's Sight,
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the Fight :
He tries his goring Horns against a Tree,
And meditates his absent Enemy :
He pushes at the Winds, he digs the Strand
With his black Hoofs, and spurns the yellow Sand. *Dry. Virg.*

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,
In *Sila's* Shades, or on *Taburnus'* Height :
With Horns adverse they meet ; the Keeper flies :
Mute stands the Herd ; the Heifers rowl their Eyes,
And wait th'Event, which Victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty Year.
With Rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,
And Push for Push, and Wound for Wound return.
Their Dewlaps gor'd, their Sides are lav'd in Blood ;
Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood. *Dr. Virg.*

Thus a strong Bull stands threat'ning furious War ;
He flourishes his Horns, looks sourly round,
And hoarsly bell'wing, traverses his Ground.
For want of Foes he does the Wood provoke,
Runs his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,
Wishing a nobler Object of his Stroke.

B.ac.

So when a Bull, nodding his brindled Head,
And softly bell'wing, traverses the Mead ;

52 *Bull baiting. Bullet. Business.*

If then he finds th' invading Hornet cling
Close to his Flank, and feels the poison'd Sting;
The wounded Beast, enrag'd and roaring out,
Whisks round his Tail, and flings and flies about;
Mad with th' adhering Plague's tormenting Pain,
He scares the Herds, and raving scours the Plain.

Blac.

Thus as a Bull encompass'd with a Guard,
Amid the *Circus* roars; provok'd from far
By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War:
They quit their Ground; his bending Horns elude,
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Dryd. Ovid.

BULL-BAITING.

So when a gen'rous Bull for Clowns Delight,
Stands with his Line restrain'd prepar'd for Fight;
Hearing the Youths loud Clamour, and the Rage
Of barking Mastiffs eager to engage;
He snuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,
Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round:
Defiance low'ring on his brindled Brows,
Around, disdainful Looks the grisly Warriour throws:
His haughty Head inclin'd with easy Scorn,
Th' invading Foe high in the Air is borne,
Toft from the Combatant's victorious Horn.
Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastiffs fly,
And add new Monsters to the frighted Sky;
The clam'rous Youth to aid each other call,
On their broad Backs to break the Fav'rite's Fall:
Some stretch'd out in the Field lie dead, and some
Dragging their Entrails on, run howling home.
With disproportion'd Numbers press'd at length,
He breaks his Chain collecting all his Strength;
Then Dogs and Masters, scar'd, promiscuous fly,
And fall'n in Heaps the pale Spectators lie;
He walks in Triumph, nods his conqu'ring Head,
And proudly Views the Spoils about him spread.

Blac.

BULLET.

So the cold Bullet, that with Fury slung
From *Balearick* Engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the Sky.

Add. Ovid.

BUSINESS.

Thou Changling, thou bewitch'd with Noise and Show,
Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go; Would'st

Would'st see the World abroad, and have a Share
In all the Follies and the Tumults there;
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in the State,
And Bus'nefs thou would'st have, and would'st create

Bus'nefs; the frivolous Pretence
Of human Lust, to shake off Innocence.

Cowl.

Bus'nefs, which dares the Joys of Kings invade!

Dryd.

If there be Man, ye Gods, I ought to hate;
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate:

Still let him busy be, and in a Croud,

And very much a Slave, and very proud.

Cowl.

The Day was made

To number out the Hours of busy Men,

Let them be busy still, and still be wretched,

And take their Fill of anxious drudging Day. *Dryd. Amphit.*

The Tide of Bus'nefs, like the running Stream,

Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,

A quiet Ebb or a tempestuous Flow,

And always in Extream:

Now with a noiseless gentle Course;

It keeps within the middle Bed;

Anon it lifts aloft the Head,

And bears down all before it with impetuous Force:

And Trunks of Trees come rowling down,

Sheep and their Folds together drown;

Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,

And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,

And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Honours

(mourn. *Dryd. Hor.*

B U T C H E R.

A Wight,

With Gauntlet blue, and Bases white

And round blunt Dudgeon by his Side,

Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil;

And, like a Champion, shone with Oil:

No Engine or Device Polemick,

Disease, nor Doctor epidemick,

Tho' stor'd with delectery Med'cines,

(Which whosoever took is dead since)

E'er sent so vast a Colony

To both the Under-Worlds as he:

For he was of that nobler Trade,

That Demi-Gods and Heroes made:

C 3

Slaughter

Slaughter, and Knocking on the Head;
 The Trade to which they all were bred;
 And is, like others, glorious when
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean:
 The former rides in Triumph for it,
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot;
 For daring to prophane a Thing
 So sacred, with vile Bungling.

Hud.

C.

C A L M.

Now the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace. *Dryd. Ovid.*
 The Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,
 And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still,
 That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
 As when a gen'ral Darkneſs veils the Main,
 (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry Plain)
 The Waves scarce heave, the Face of Ocean ſleeps,
 And a ſtill Horreur ſaddens all the Deeps. *Pope Hom.*

We often ſee againſt ſome Storm
 A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack ſtand ſtill;
 The bold Winds ſpeechleſs, and the Orb below
 As huſh as Death. *Shak. Haml.*

Calm as the Breath which fans our Eaſtern Grove. *Dryd. Auren.*
 As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
 Are gently lifted up and down by Tides. *Rome Fair Pen.*
 Calm as deep Rivers in ſtill Ev'nings roll. *Blac.*

The Clouds diſperſe, the Winds their Breath reſtrain,
 And the huſh'd Waves lie flat on the Main. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Still as old Chaos before Motion's Birth. *Cowl.*

C A R E.

Care, that in Cloyſters only ſeals her Eyes;
 Which Youth thinks Folly, Age as Wiſdom owns:
 Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the Wiſe;
 She viſits Cities, but ſhe dwells in Thrones. *Dav. Gond.*

All Creatures elſe a Time of Love poſſeſs,
 Man only clogs with Cares his Happineſs;
 And while he ſhould enjoy his Part of Blifs, *(of Gran.*
 With Thoughts of what may be, deſtroys what is. *Dryd. Conq.*

What, in this Life which ſoon muſt end,
 Can all our vain Deſigns intend?

From

From Shore to Shore why should we run,
 When none his tirefome Self can shun?
 For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under Sail:
 'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,
 Out-run the Doe, out-fly the Wind.
 If then thy Soul rejoyce To-day
 Drive far To-morrow Cares away;
 In Laughter let them all be drown'd:
 No perfect Good is to be found.

Otw. Hor.

An angry Care did dwell
 In his dark Breast, and all gay Forms expel.

Cowl.

A thousand Cares his lab'ring Breast revolves;
 Inly he groans, while Glory and Despair
 Divide his Heart, and raise a doubtful War.

Pope Hom.

CAULDRON.

So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,
 The bubling Waters from the Bottom rise;
 Above the Brims they force their fiery Way,
 Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.

Dryd. Virg.

CENTAUR.

Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the Mountain's Height,
 With rapid Course, descending to the Fight,
 They rush along: The rattling Woods give way,
 The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway.
 The cloud-begotten Race, half Man, half Beast.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Ovid.

The Centaur Cyllarus.

Nor could thy Form, O Cyllarus, foreflow
 Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters we allow)
 Just bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden Hue,
 Thy Locks in golden Waves about thy Shoulders flew;
 Sprightly thy Look; thy Shapes in ev'ry Part
 So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art,
 As far as Man extended; where began
 The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.
 Add but a Horse's Head and Neck, and he,
 O Castor, was a Courser worthy thee.
 So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;
 So rose his brawny Chest, so swiftly mov'd his Feet:

Cole-black his Colour, but like Jet it shone;
His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.

Dryd. Ovid.

CERBERUS.

In his Den they found
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound,
Grim *Cerberus*; who soon began to rear
His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair;
Op'ning his greedy grinning Jaws, he gapes
With three enormous Mouths.

Dryd. Virg.

For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Of Heav'n, wears three Crowns of State;
So he, that keeps the Gates of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well;
And, if the World have any Troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.

Hud.

CHAOS.

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave!
Gloomy Deed! dreary Plain! forlorn and wild!
The Seat of Desolation! void of Light,
Save what the Glimm'ring of Hell's livid Flames
Casts pale and dreadful.

Milt.

Rude undigested Mass!
A lifeless Lump, untashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring Seeds, and justly *Chaos* nam'd.

Dryd. Ovid.

Before their Eyes in sudden View appear
The Secrets of the hoary Deep: A dark
Illimitable Ocean without Bound,
Without Dimension; where Length, Breadth, and Height,
And Time, and Place, are lost: Where eldest Night,
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchy, amidst the Noise
Of endless Wars, and by Confusion stand:
For *Hot*, *Cold*, *Moist*, and *Dry*, four Champions fierce,
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring
Their *Embryon* Atoms: They around the Flag
Of each his Faction, in their several Clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous: unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca*, or *Cyrene's* torrid Soil,
Levy'd to side with warring Winds, and poise
Their lighter Wings. To whom these most adhere,

He

He rules a Moment: *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by Decision more embroils the Fray,
By which he reigns; next him high Arbitrer
Chance governs all.

Mild.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps befriends.
Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps,
And, undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps:
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,
An awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy;
With sordid Age his Features are defac'd,
His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waste.
Upon a Couch of Jet, in these Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Consort, nods:
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Gars

As he profess'd,

He had *First Matter* seen undress'd
He took her naked, all alone:
Before one Rag of Form was on:
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd.

Hud.

Order, a banish'd Rebel, flies the Place,
And *Strife* and *Uproar* fill the noisy Space:
Tumult and *Misrule* please at *Chaos*' Court;
And everlasting Wars his Throne support;
Pleas'd with those Subjects most that least obey.
Here heavier Seeds rush on in num'rous Swarms,
And crush their lighter Foes with pond'rous Arms.
The lighter straight command with equal Pride,
And on mad Whirlings in wild Triumph ride:
None long submits to a superior Pow'r;
Each yields, and in his Turn is Conquerour.

Blac.

S A T A N's Passage thro' C H A O S.

The wary Fiend stood on the Brink of Hell,
And look'd a While into this wild Abyss,
Pond'ring his Voyage; for no narrow Frith
He had to cross: Nor was his Ear less peal'd
With Noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms.
With all her batt'ring Engines, bent to raze
Some Capital City; or less than if this Frame

Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In Mutiny had from her Axle torn
 The stediast Earth. At last his sail-broad Vans
 He spreads for Flight, and in the surging Smoke
 Uplifted spurns the Ground: Thence many a League,
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending, rides
 Audacious; but that Seat soon failing, meets
 A vast Vacuity: All unawares,
 Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand Fathom deep; and to this Hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance
 The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud,
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre, hurry'd him
 As many Miles aloft: That Fury staid
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither Sea
 Nor good dry Land. Nigh founder'd on he fares,
 Treading the crude Consistence; half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oar and Sail:
 As when a Gryphon, thro' the Wilderness
 With winged Course o'er Hill or moory Dale,
 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by Stealth
 Had from his wakeful Custody purloin'd
 The guarded Gold; so eagerly the Fiend
 O'er Bog or Steep, thro' straight, rough, dense, or rare,
 With Head, Hands, Wings, or Feet pursues his Way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
 At length a universal Hubbub wild
 Of stunning Sounds, and Voices all confus'd,
 Borne thro' the hollow Dark, assaults his Ear
 With loudest Vehemence: when strait behold the Throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful Deep: With him enthron'd
 Sate sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign: and by them stood
Orcus and *Hades*, and the dreaded Name
 Of *Demogorgon*: *Rumour* next, and *Chance*,
 And *Tumult* and *Confusion*, all embroil'd,
 And *Discord*, with a thousand various Mouths.
Satan thence
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire
 Into the wild Expanse; and thro' the Shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all Sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way.
 At last the sacred Influence

Of Light appears, and from the Walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the Bosom of dim Night
A glimm'ring Dawn: Here Nature first begins
Her farthest Verge, and *Chaos* to retire,
As from her outmost Works, a broken Foe,
With Tumult less, and with less hostile Din;
That *Satan* with less Toil, and now with Ease
Wafts on the calmer Wave by dubious Light;
And, like a Weather-beaten Vessel, holds
Gladly the Port, tho' Shrowds and Tackle torn.

Milt.

Satan thus

Voyag'd th'unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible Confusion;
And thro' the palpable Obscure toil'd out
His uncouth Passage, spreading his airy Flight;
Upborne with indefatigable Wings,
Over the vast Abrupt; compell'd to ride
Th'untractable Abyss, plung'd in the Womb
Of unoriginal Night, and *Chaos* wild.

Milt.

C H A P L A I N. See Priest.

C H A R I O T.

Bold *Erichthonius* was the first that join'd
Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd,
And o'er the dusty Wheels presiding late:
The *Lapithæ* to Chariots add the State
Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound,
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy Ground;
To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know,
To obey the Rider, and to dare the Foe.

Dryd. Virg.

C H A R I O T - R A C E.

Hast thou beheld when from the Goal they part?
The Youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,
Rush to the Race, and, panting, scarcely bear
Th' Extreams of fev'rish Hope and chilling Fear;
Stoop to the Reins, and lash with all their Force;
The flying Chariots kindle in the Course,
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,
As borne thro' Air, and seem to touch the Sky:
No Stop, no Stay; but Clouds of Sand arise,
Spurn'd, and cast backward in the Foll'wers Eyes:
The hindmost blows the Foam upon the first;
Such is the Love of Praise, and honourable Thirst!

Dryd. Virg.

60 *Charnel-House. Charon. Cheat.*

So four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,
Scour thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:
Nor Reins, nor Curb, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,
But force along the trembling Charioteer. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Driver whirls the lengthful Thong,
The Horses fly, the Chariot smokes along:
Clouds from their Nostrils the fierce Coursers blow,
And from their Sides the Foam descends in Snow. *Pope Hom.*

CHARNEL-HOUSE.

Behold a Charnel-House

O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls.
(Shak. Rom. & Jul.)

CHARON.

Upon the gloomy Banks of *Acheron*,
Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* lost,
Old *Charon* stands who rules the dreary Coast;
A fordid God down from his hoary Chin
A Length of Beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
His Eyes like hollow Furnaces, on Fire:
A Girdle, foul with Grease, binds his obscene Attire.
He spreads his Canvass; with his Pole he steers:
The Frights of sitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears:
He look'd in Years; yet in his Years were seen
A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green. *Dryd. Virg.*

CHEAT. See Coward.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As Lookers-on feel most Delight,
That least perceive the Juggler's Slight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th'admire the Slight of Hand. *Hud.*

For the dull World most Honour pay to those,
Who on their Understanding most impose.
First Man creates, and then he fears, the Elf:
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye,
Which no Existence has but in the Eye. *At*

At Distance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert Rocks and fleeting Air:
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Gar.

An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
But Idiots only will be couzen'd twice:

Once warn'd is well bewared. *Dryd. the Cock and the Fox.*

For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, was mine. *Pope Hom.*

CHIMÆRA.

A mingled Monster, of a mortal Kind;
Behind, a Dragon's fiery Tail was spread;
A Goat's rough Body bore a Lyon's Head:
Her pitchy Nostrils flaky Flames expire;
Her gaping Throat emits infernal Fire.

Pope Hom.

CITY.

There with like Haste to several Ways they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the other's Ruin and Increase:
As Rivers lost in Seas, some secret Vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

Denb.

CLIFF.

Behold a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep:
How fearful,
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low!
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the mid-way Air,
Shew scarce so gross as Beetles: Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers *Samphire*: Dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice; and yon tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock; her Cock a Buoy,
Almost too small for Sight. The murm'ring Surge
Cannot be heard so high.

Shake. K. Lear.

As from some steep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him:
If then some neighb'ring Shrub, how weak foe'er,
Peep up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,

And

And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

CLOUDS. See *Deluge. Storm. Tempest. Thunder. Wind.*

Not one kind Star was kindled in the Sky,
Nor could the Moon her borrow'd Light supply:
For misty Clouds involv'd the Firmament,
The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent. *Dryd. Virg.*

Mark what collected Night involves the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

O'erspreading Mists th'extinguish'd Sun-beams drown,
Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon frown,
And hang their deep hydropick Bellies down. *Blac.*

The w'ring Clouds, that dip themselves in Rain,
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Rack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,
And shews a Break of Sunshine. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

When on their March embattel'd Clouds appear,
What formidable Gloom their Faces wear!
How wide their Front! How deep and black their Rear!
How do their threat'ning Heads each other throng!
How slow the crouding Legions move along!
The Winds, with all their Wings, can scarcely bear,
Th'oppressive Burden of th'impending War. *Blac.*

C O C K. See *Creation. Sleep.*

Within this Homestead liv'd, without a Peer
For crowing loud, the noble *Chansicleer*.

So hight the Cock, whose Singing did surpass
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass:

More certain was the Crowing of this Cock

To number Hours, than is an Abbey-Clock;

And sooner than the Martin-Bell was rung,

He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost and sung.

High was his Comb, and coral-red withall,

In Dents imbattel'd, like a Castle-Wall:

His Bill was raven-black, and shone like Jet;

Blue were his Legs, and orient were his Feet;

White were his Nails, like Silver to behold;

His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,

Six Misses had, besides his lawful Wife:

Dame Partlet was the Sov'reign of his Heart;
 Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,
 He feather'd her a hundred times a Day;
 And she, that was not only passing fair,
 But was withal discreet and debonair;
 Resolv'd the passive Doctrine to fulfil,
 Tho' loth, and let him work his wicked Will:
 At Board and Bed was affable and kind,
 According as the Marriage-Vow did bind,
 And as the Church's Precept had enjoin'd.
 By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain;
 (What cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue, gain?)
 She was his only Joy, and he her Pride;
 She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his Side:
 If spurning up the Ground he sprung a Corn,
 The Tribute in his Bill to her was borne.
 But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing
 In Summer, when the Day began to spring!
 Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat,
Solus cum sola, was his only Note. *Dryd. Chau. The Cock and*
 The crowing Cock *(the Fox.*
 Salutes the Light, and struts before his feather'd Flock.
(Dryd. Theoc.

C O M E T.

Thus threat'ning Comets, when by Night they rise,
 Shoot sanguine Streams, and sadden all the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*
 He, like a Comet, burn'd,
 That fires the Length of *Ophiucus* huge
 In th' *Arctick* Sky; and from his horrid Hair
 Shakes Pestilence and War. *Milt.*

Portending Blood, like blazing Star,

The Beacon of approaching War. *Hud.*

As the red Comet, from *Saturnus* sent
 To fright the Nations with a dire Portent,
 (A fatal Sign to Armies on the Plain,
 Or trembling Sailors on the wint'ry Main)
 With sweeping Glories glides along in Air,
 And shakes the Sparkles from his blazing Hair. *Pope Hom.*

Hung be the Heav'ns with Black; yield Day to Night:
 Comets, importing Change to Times and States,
 Brandish your golden Tresses in the Skies,
 And with them scourge the bad revolted Stars,
 That have consented unto *Henry's* Death. *Shak. 1 Hen. 6.*

When

64 *Compassion. Conjuror and Almanack-maker.*

When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.
(Shak. Jul. Caf.

C O M P A S S I O N.

Compassion proper to Mankind appears.
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears.
Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative;
To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes,
How with a suff'ring Friend we sympathize.
Who can all Sense of other's Ills escape,
Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.
This natural Piety did first refine
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to Things divine:
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent:
To them, but Earth-born Life they did dispense;
To us, for mutual Aid, celestial Sense.

Tate juv.

C O N J U R E R and A L M A N A C K - M A K E R.

He had been long tow'rds Mathematicks,
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,
And was an old Dog at Phytology.
But as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same Place,
Where at his Setting-out he was:
So, in the Circle of the Arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral Parts:
Till falling back still for Retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant and cheat.
For as those Fowls, that live in Water,
Are never wet, he did but smatter.
Whate'er he labour'd to appear
His Understanding still was clear.
He'ad read *Dee's* Prefaces before
The *Devil*, and *Euclid* o'er and o'er.
He with the Moon was more familiar,
Than e'er was Almanack Well-willer:
Her Secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there:

Knew

Knew when she was in fittest Mood
 For cutting Corns, and letting Blood;
 When for anointing Scabs, or Itches,
 Or to the Bum applying Leeches;
 When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd;
 And in what Sign best Cyder's made;
 Whether the Wane be, or Increase,
 Best to set Garlick, or sow Pease.
 He made an Instrument to know,
 If the Moon shine at Full or no,
 That would, as soon as e'er it shone, strait,
 Whether 'twere Day or Night, demonstrate.
 Tell what her Diameter t' an Inch is,
 And prove she is not made of green Cheese.
 It would demonstrate that the Man in
 The Moon's a Sea *Mediterranean* :
 And that it is no Dog nor Bitch,
 That stands behind him at his Breech;
 But a huge *Caspian* Sea or Lake,
 With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake:
 How large a Gulph his Tail composes,
 And what a goodly Bay his Nose is,
 How many *German* Leagues by th' Scale,
 Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.
 He made a planetary Gin,
 Which Rats would run their own Heads in ;
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th' Expence of Cheese or Bacon.
 With Lute-strings he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on Dish of Meat.
 Quote Moles and Spots in any Place
 O'th' Body by the Index Face.
 Detect lost Maidenheads by Sneezing,
 Or breaking Wind of Dames, or pissing.
 Cure Warts or Corns with Application
 Of Med'cines to th' Imagination,
 Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare
 With Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh:
 He knew whatever's to be known;
 But, much more than he knew, would own. *Hud.*

C O N S C I E N C E.

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in Awe,
 But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?

Ev'n

Ev'n you your self to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell.

What Bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown?
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth should fail, I'll busy her with Cares;
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars;
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,
Spring back more strongly like a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murderer.
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care shall bring,
Known but by Discontent to be a King:
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit, and brood your Sorrows on a Throne. *Dryd. Auren.*

Nature has made Man's Breast no Windores
To publish what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash Folly blab it:
And a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none. *Hud.*

The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy self without thy self to find. *Dryd. Pers.*

My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom-War. *Lee Mithrid.*

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget my self, and this Day's Guilt.

Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee! *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well! *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Conscience, that of all Physick works the last! *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the Strong in Awe. *Shak. Rich. 3.*

C O N S P I R A C Y.

O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail,
The restiff Machine stops. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free? O then by Day

Where

Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek for none;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability;
For if thou put thy Native Semblance on,
Not Erebus it self were dim enough
To hide thee from Prevention.

Shak. Jul. Cas.

CONSTANCY. See Inconstancy. Protestations of
Love.

Constant as Courage to the Brave in Battel;
Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods. *Lee.*

There's no such thing as Constancy we call;
Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
First, Constancy in Love a Virtue made:
From Friendship they that Land-mark did remove, *(Gran.*
And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Conq. of*

The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy;
For 'twere to break the Laws herself has made.
Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade:
The most fix'd Being still does move and fly,
Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
T' imagine then that Love should never cease,
Love, which is but the Ornament of these,
Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
Beauty and Colour stay not when we die. *Cowk.*

C O N T E N T.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;
And happy he who can that Treasure find!
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold; and, griping still at more, *(Tale. }*
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's }*
Content alone can all their Wrongs redress,
Content, that other Name for Happiness,
Tis equal if our Fortunes should augment,
And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent
With our Desires; or those Desires abate,
Shrink and contract themselves to fit our State.
Th' unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,
By feeding it, foment the raging Fire:
His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,
With Plenty poor, and with Abundance curst.

Sour

Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate
May give fresh Smart, but not the old abate::
Th' uneasy Passion's disingenuous Wit,
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.

Secure and free from Bus'ness of the State;
And more secure of what the Vulgar prate;
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts, nor care
What Rot the Sheep for *Southern* Winds prepare:
Survey the neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine.
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow.

He laugh'd at all the Vulgar's Cares and Fears,
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd. *Dryd. Juv.*

Since all great Souls still make their own Content,
We to ourselves may all our Wishes grant;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

They cannot want who wish not to have more:
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor? *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind;
A Soul that can securely Death defy,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain;
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire;
That all Things weighs, and nothing can admire. *Dryd. Juv.*

Rest we contented with our present State;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate. *Dryd. K. Arth.*

Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well th' allotted Part;
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' Approaches of the last. *Cowl. Mart.*

C O R P S.

A Lump of senseless Clay! the Leavings of a Soul. *Dryd.*
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,
New cropt by Virgin-Hands to dress the Bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below: *(Dryd. Virg.)*
No more to Mother Earth, or the green Stem shall owe.

CORN.

Dryd. Virg.

The bearded Product of the golden Year.
As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain;
Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd
On the flat Field and on the naked Void:
The light unloaded Stem, from Tempest Freed,
Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head;
And, soon restor'd by native Vigour, bear
The timely Product of the bounteous Year.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Field
Of Ceres, ripe for Harvest, waving bends
Her bearded Grove of Ears, which Way the Wind
Sways them; the careful Plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the Threshing Floor his hopeful Sheaves
Prove Chaff.

Milt.

COUNSELLOR, and Justice of the Peace.

An old dull Sot, who'd told the Clock
For many Years at *Bridewell* Dock,
At *Westminster*, and *Hicks's* Hall;
And *Hicinus Doctius* play'd in all:
Where in all Governments and Times,
He'd been both Friend and Foe to Crimes;
And us'd two equal Ways of gaining,
By hind'ring Justice, or maintaining:
To many a Whore gave Privilege,
And whip'd for Want of Quarteridge:
Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,
For being behind a Fortnight's Rent;
And many a trusty Pimp and Crony,
To *Puddle Dock*, for Want of Money.
Engag'd the Constable to seize
All those who would not break the Peace;
Nor give him back his own foul Words,
Tho' sometimes Commoners or Lords:
And kept them Prisoners of Course,
For being sober at ill Hours?
That in the Morning he might free,
Or bind them over for his Fee.
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet Plays,
For leave to practise in their Ways.

Farm'd

Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share
 With th' Headborough and Scavenger,
 And made the Dirt i'th' Streets compound
 For taking up the publick Ground:
 The Kennel and the King's Highway,
 For being unmolested, pay.
 Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,
 And Cage, to those that gave him most.
 Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,
 And for false Weights on Chandelers.
 Made Victuallers and Vintners fine
 For arbitrary Ale and Wine:
 But was a kind and constant Friend
 To all that regularly offend:
 As Residentiary Bawds,
 And Brokers that receive stol'n Goods;
 That cheat in lawful Mysteries,
 And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees:
 But was implacable and awkward
 To such as interlop'd and hauser'd.
 To this brave Man the Knight repairs
 For Counsel in his Law-Affairs;
 And found him mounted in his Pew,
 With Books and Money, plac'd for Shew,
 Like Nest-Eggs, to make Clients lay,
 And for his false Opinion pay.
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,
 As th'other courteously strain'd:
 And, to assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.

*Hud.**C O U N T R Y - L I F E.*

Hail old Patrician Trees! so great and good!
 Hail ye Plebeian Underwood!
 Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,
 And, for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,
 Pay with their grateful Voice.
 Hail the poor Muses richest Manor-Seat!
 Ye Country-Houses and Retreat,
 Which all the happy Gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit
 Their bright and great Metropolis above.

Here

Here Nature does a House for me erect ;
Nature, the wisest Architect !

Who those fond Artists does despise,
That can the fair and living Trees neglect,
Yet the dead Timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtfully lying,
Hear the soft Winds, above me flying,
With all the wanton Boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying ;
Nor be my self too mute.

A silver Stream still rous his Waters near,
Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear

How prettily they talk, *Cowl.*

O Fountains ! when in you shall I
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy ?
O Fields ! O Woods ! when, when, shall I be made
The happy Tenant of your Shade ?

Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood,
Where all the Riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.
Pride and Ambition, here,

Only in far-fetch'd Metaphors appear.

Here nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,
And nought but *Echo* flatter.

The Gods, when they descended hither
From Heav'n, did always chuse this Way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the Way too thither. *Cowl.*

How happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty is he,
Who leads a quiet Country-Life,
Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scriv'ner free.

Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Dreams disturb his morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.

The Clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns ;
Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,
To servile Salutations runs.

But

But either to the clasping Vine
 Does the supporting Poplar wed,
 Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead.
 Or climbing to a hilly Steep,
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,
 Or sheers his over-burthen'd Sheep,
 Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares
 Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.
 Or in the new declining Year,
 When bounteous Autumn rears his Head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
 And clustering Grapes with purple spread.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
 Or on the matted Grass he lies:
 No God of Sleep he need invoke,
 The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,
 With gentler Slumber crowns his Eyes.
 The Wind that whistles thro' the Sprays,
 Maintains the Consort of the Song,
 And hidden Birds with native Lays
 The golden Sleep prolong.
 But when the Blast of Winter blows,
 And hoary Frost inverts the Year,
 Into the naked Woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from Sight,
 With twinkling Glasses to betray
 The Larks that in the Meshes light;
 Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
 Amidst his harmless easy Joys
 No anxious Cares invade his Health;
 Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.
 Thus, e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born;
 Who plough'd with Oxen of their own,
 Their small paternal Field of Corn.
 O let me in the Countrey range!
 'Tis there we breath, 'tis there we live:
 The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
 Smiling Vallies, murm'ring Fountains?

Dryd. Hor.

Lambs

Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,
 Echo our Complaints repeating;
 Bees with busie Sounds delighting,
 Groves to gentle Sleep inviting;
 Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars courting,
 Swains in rustick Circles sporting;
 Birds in chearful Notes expressing
 Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing:
 These afford a lasting Pleasure,
 Without Guilt, and without Measure.

Brown.

Happy the Man, whom bounteous Gods allow
 With his own Hands paternal Grounds to plow!
 Like the first golden Mortals happy he,
 From Bus'ness and the Cares of Money free!
 No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep.
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep:
 From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
 Nor does the Affronts of Palaces endure.
 Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join;
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound;
 Sometimes he shears his Flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the golden Treasures of the Bee,
 He sees the lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
 While neighb'ring Hills low back to them again:
 And when the Season, rich as well a gay,
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th'increasing Use to see
 Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree!
 Of which large Stores, on the glad sacred Days,
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
 With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,
 By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design!
 By him a River constantly complains;
 The Birds above rejoyce with various Strains;
 And in the solemn Scene their Orgies keep,
 Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep.
 Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,
 And nought within against it bars the Gate.
 Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
 Or sullen Jove, all Sports to him deny:

D

He

He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Confort rends the Air;
 Or, with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar.
 Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net
 To intercept the trav'ling Fowl is set;
 And all his Malice, all his Craft is shewn
 In inn'cent Wars on Birds and Beasts alone.
 This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
 From thee, the great one, Tyrant Love! from thee:
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely, Wife,
 Be added to the Blessings of this Life,
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still does bear,
 Who makes her Children and her House her Care,
 And joyfully the Work of Life does share;
 Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine,
 To pin the Sheepfold, or to milk the Kine:
 Who waits at Door against her Husband come
 From rural Duties, late and weary'd, home;
 Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,
 A chearful Fire and a more chearful Face;
 And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
 And with domestick Plenty loads the Board:
 Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,
 Nor Ortalans, nor Godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly Names that glorify a Feast,
 Are at a Prince's Table better Cheer,
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here. *Cowl. Hor.*

Ah Prince! hadst thou but known the Joys which dwell
 With humble Fortunes, thou would'st curse thy Royalty.
 Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
 Where, with Life's Necessaries blest alone,
 We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
 Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires bring;
 No wicked Statesmen would with impious Arts
 Have striv'n to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
 Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction. *Row. Amb. Scep.*

Oh Happy, if he knew his happy State,
 The Swain, who free from Bus'ness and Debate,
 Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
 And just Returns of cultivated Land,
 No Palace with a lofty Gate he wants,
 T'admit the Tides of early Visitants,

With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,
 The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Brass;
 No Statues threaten from high Pedestals;
 No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls
 With antick Vests, which thro' their shady Fold,
 Betray the Streaks of ill-dissembled Gold.
 He boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd
 With purple Poison of *Assyrian* Pride.
 No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile
 With foreign Scents the Sweetness of his Oil:
 But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,
 A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat,
 With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner bless,
 And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.
 Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
 The country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
 Cool Grotts and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride
 Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
 And shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,
 And after toilsome Days a soft Repose at Night.
 Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound;
 And Youth, of Labour patient plough the Ground,
 Inur'd to Hardship and to homely Fare;
 Nor venerable Age is wanting there,
 In great Examples to the youthful Train;
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites profane.
 From hence *Asiraa* took her Flight, and here
 The Prints of her departing Steps appear.
 Ye sacred Muses! with whose Beauty fir'd,
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd;
 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear,
 Would you your Poet's first Petition hear;
 Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know,
 The Depths of Heaven above and Earth below;
 Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun;
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
 And in what dark Recess they shrink again;
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light;

My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.
 A Country Cottage, near a crystal Flood,
 A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids;
 Or lift me high to *Hemus'* hilly Crown,
 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down;
 Or lead me to some solitary Place,
 And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,
 Thro' known Effects can trace their secret Cause:
 His Mind possessing in a quiet State,
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
 And happy too is he who decks the Bow'rs
 Of *Sylvans*, and adores the rural Pow'rs:
 Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see,
 Their glitt'ring Baits and purple Slavery;
 Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown;
 Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
 Will set up one or pull another down.
 Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
 Of Tumults, and Descents, and distant War:
 Nor with a superstitious Fear is aw'd
 For what befalls at home or what abroad;
 Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
 Nor his own Peace disturbs with Pity for the Poor.
 He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own Accord,
 The willing Ground and laden Trees afford.
 From his lov'd Home no Lucre can he draw:
 The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,
 Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.
 Some to the Seas, and some to Camps, resort;
 And some with Impudence invade the Court:
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown,
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own;
 And Houses burn, and Household-Gods deface,
 To drink in Bowls, which glitt'ring Gems enchase;
 To loll on Couches, rich with Citron Steds,
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.
 This Wretch in Earth intombs his golden Ore,
 Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.
 Some Patriot Fools to pop'lar Praise aspire,
 Or publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire;

While

While from both Benches, with redoubled Sounds,
 Th'Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.
 Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,
 Have slain their Brothers, or their Country sold;
 And, leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run
 To Lands that lie beneath another Sun.
 The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,
 With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills,
 And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
 From hence the Country Markets are supply'd;
 Enough remains for household Charge beside,
 His Wife and tender Children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train:
 Nor cease his Labours till the yellow Field
 A full Return of bearded Harvest yield;
 A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,
 O'ercome the crowded Barn, and lodge on Ricks abroad.
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd,
 Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.
 The yeaning Ews prevent the springing Year;
 The loaded Boughs their Fruit in Autumn bear;
 'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.
 The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast
 For greedy Swine provides a full Repast:
 Then Olives, ground in Mills their Fatness boast,
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss;
 His little Children, climbing for a Kiss,
 Welcome their Father's late Return at Night;
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight:
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's Hand.
 His wonton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
 Fight harmless Battels in his homely Yard.
 Himself in rustick Pomp on Holy-days,
 To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;
 And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.
 The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round
 The chearful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.
 He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize;
 The Groom his Fellow-Groom at Buts defies,
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes:

78 *Country-Bumkin. Country-Maiden.*

Or, stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,
 And watches, with a Trip, his Foe to foil.
 Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led;
 So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred;
 From whom th'austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose:
 And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth)
 Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
 And in that Compass all the World contains.
 Ere *Saturn's* rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice.
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoin'd her ancient Lord,
 Ere sounding Hammers forg'd th'inhuman Sword,
 Ere hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peal of Death;
 The good old God, his Hunger did assuage
 With Roots and Herbs; and gave the Golden-Age. *Dryd. Virg.*

C O U N T R Y - B U M K I N .

A clownish Mein, a Voice with rustick Sound,
 And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.
 The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
 Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's Despair;
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.
 His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,
 And his supreme Delight a Country Fair:
 His Quarter Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his Back;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought, *(and Iphig.*
 And whistled as he went for want of Thought. *Dryd. Cym.*

C O U N T R Y - M A I D E N .

How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
 Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
 But, like her Soul, preserve the native White.
 Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please;
 Not pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease.
 Who, free from Storms which on the Great ones fall,
 Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.
 No Care, but Love, can discompose her Breast,
 Love, of all Cares, and sweetest and the best!

While

While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
 One happy Lover feeds upon her Eye:
 Not one, whom on her Gods or Men impose,
 But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
 Under some Fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
 They speak their Passions with repeated Vows:
 And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.
 Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie:
 And, whilst they live, their Flames can never die.

Rafcom.

COUNTRY-SQUIRE.

In Easter-Term,

My younger Master's Worship comes to Town;
 From Pedagogue and Mother just set free,
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family;
 That with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools.
 And still with careful Prospect to maintain
 That Character, lest crossing of the Strain
 Should mend the Booby-Breed, his Friends provide
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.

And thus set out

With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life;
 Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

Roch.

COURAGE.

The greatest Proof of Courage we can give,
 Is then to die, when we have Pow'r to live. *How. Ind. Queen.*
 But when true Courage is of Force bereft,
 Patience, the only Fortitude, is left. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*
 Conquest pursues where Courage leads the way. *Gar.*
 To die, or conquer, proves a Heroe's Heart. *Pope Hom.*
 But ah! what use of Valour can be made,
 When Heav'n's propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid? *Dryd. Virg.*
 God-like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight
 Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright. *Wall.*

All desperate Hazards Courage do create,
 As he plays frankly, who has least Estate;
 Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,
 Are more than Armies to procure Success.

Dryd. Aurem.

Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd:
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battle shown.

Add.

Meer Courage is to Madness near ally'd,
A brutal Rage, which Prudence does not guide.

Blac.

Then *Hudibras*

Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt;
For Men will tremble and look paler
With too much or too little Valour.

Hud.

C O U R T. See *Flattery. Greatness.*

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
Upon whose magick Skirts a thousand Devils,
In crystal Forms, sit, tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.

Lee Nero.

Be careful to avoid both Courts and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

Otw. Orph.

Bertram has been taught the Art of Courts,
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.

Dryd Span.

Learn the cruel Arts of Courts,
Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
And suffer Crimes thou want'st the Pow'r to punish.
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;
Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways,
But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none;

(Fry.

This is the way,

This only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Row. Ulyss.

Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish,
Where the Deserving ought to rise, and Fools
Make Show. Why should I vex, and chafe my Spleen,
To see a gawdy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have Sense enough, to sooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I please?

Otw. Orph.

What Man of Sense would rack his gen'rous Mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of Business? Force a grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?

Scem

Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin?
Such things are done in Courts. *Otw. Orph.*

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment,
Too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

But Courtiers are to be accounted good,
When they are not the last and worst of Men. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
Farewell Court,

Where Vice not only has usurp'd the Place,
But the Reward, and ev'n the Name, of Virtue. *Denh. Soph.*

C O W.

The Mother Cow must wear a lowring Look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the Yoke:
Her double Dewlap from her Chin descends;
And at her Thighs the pondrous Burthen ends,
Long are her Sides and large, her Limbs are great,
Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet:
Her Colour shining black, but fleck'd with white,
She tosses from the Yoke, provokes the Fight:
She rises in her Gate, is free from Fears,
And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears;
Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd,
And with her Length of Tail she sweeps the Ground:
The Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain,
But after Ten from nuptial Rites refrain:
Six Seasons use, but then release the Cow,
Unfit for Love, or for the lab'ring Plough. *Dryd. Virg.*
The milky Mothers of the Plain. *Dryd. Virg.*

C O W A R D. See Fear.

The Good we act, the Ill that we endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make our selves secure:
Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst;
For all Men would be Cowards if they durst. *Roch.*

Let Fear upon the prosp'rous Hearts take hold:
Cowards themselves in Miseries grow bold. *How. Vest. Virg.*

As Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game;
So Cowards never use their Might,
But against such as will not fight. *Hud.*

C R A N E. See *Creation. Pygmy.*

CREATION of the WORLD. See *Death.*

They sung how God *spoke out* the World's vast Ball,
From *Nothing*, and from *No Where* call'd for *All*. Cowl,

I saw the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.
I saw when at his Word this formless Mass,
The World's material Mould, came to a Heap;
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinity confin'd;
Till at his second Bidding, Darkness fled,
Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung.
Swift to their sev'ral Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire,
And the ethereal Quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various Forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars.
Each had his Place appointed, each his Course.
Thus God the Heav'ns created, thus the Earth:
Matter unform'd and void, Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss; but on the wat'ry Calm
His brooding Wings the Spirit of God out-spread,
And vital Virtue infus'd, and vital Warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass; but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal Dregs,
Averse to Life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like Things to like; the rest to sev'ral Place
Disparted, and between spun out the Air;
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her Centre hung.

Light.

Let there be Light, said God; and forthwith Light
Etherial, first of Things, Quintessence pure,
Sprung from the Deep; and from her native East,
To journey thro' the airy Gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant Cloud. And then God made

Firmament.

The Firmament, Expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental Air, diffus'd
In Circuit to the uttermost Convex
Of this great Round.

Dry Land.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature, involv'd,
 Appear'd not: Over all the Face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
 Prolific Humour softning all her Globe,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial Moisture.
 Immediately the Mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
 Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky.

Sea and Rivers.

So as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep;
 Capacious Bed of Waters: Thither they
 Hasted with glad Precipitance, uproll'd,
 As Drops of Dust, conglobing from the Dry:
 Part rise in chrystal Wall, or Ridge direct;
 As Armies at a Call

Of Trumpet

Troop to their Standard; so the wat'ry Throng,
 Wave rolling after Wave, where way they found;
 If steep, with torrent Rapture; if thro' Plain,
 Soft ebbing; Nor withstood them Rock or Hill;
 But they or under Ground, or Circuit wide,
 With serpent Error wandering, found their Way,
 And on the washy Ooze deep Channels wore;
 Within whose Banks the Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid Train.

Herbs and Trees.

Next, the Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose Verdure clad
 Her universal Face with pleasant Green.
 Then Herbs of ev'ry Leaf, that suddain flow'r'd,
 Op'ning their various Colours, and made gay
 Her Bosom smelling sweet: And, these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring Vine, forth crept
 The smelling Gourd, upstood the corny Reed
 Embattel'd in her Field, and th' humble Shrub,
 And Bush with frizzled Hair implicit: Last
 Rose, as in a Dance, the stately Trees, and spread

Their Branches hung with copious Fruit, or gemm'd
 Their Blossoms: With high Woods the Hills were crown'd,
 With Tufts the Vallies; and each Fountain Side;
 With Borders long the Rivers.

Sun, Moon and Stars.

Then of celestial Bodies first the Sun,
 A mighty Sphere, he fram'd; unlightfom first,
 Tho' of ethereal Mould: He form'd the Moon
 Globose, and ev'ry Magnitude of Stars.
 Of Light by far the greater Part he took
 Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd
 In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive,
 And drink the liquid Light; firm to retain
 Her gather'd Beams: Great Palace now of Light;
 Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars
 Repairing, in their Golden Urns draw Light;
 And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns.
 First in his *East* the glorious Lamp was seen,
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rays; jocund to run
 His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high Road: The grey
Dawn and *Pleiades* before him dane'd,
 Shedding sweet Influence. Less the bright Moon,
 But opposite in level'd *West* was set,
 His Mirror, with full Face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other Light she needed none
 In that Aspect, and still that Distance keeps
 Till Night; then in the *East* her Turn she shines,
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle; and her Reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds;
 With thousand, thousand Stars that then appear'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere.

Fish.

Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay,
 With Fry innumerable swarm; and Shoals
 Of Fish, that with their Fins and shining Scales
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft
 Bank the Mid-Sea: Part single, or with Mate,
 Graze the Sea-Weed their Pasture, and thro' Groves
 Of coral stray; or sporting with quick Glance,
 Shew to the Sun their wav'd Coats drop'd with Gold,
 Or in their pearly Shells at Ease attend
 Moist Nutriment, or under Rocks their Food

In jointed Armour watch. On smooth the Seal
 And bended Dolphins play; part, huge of Bulk,
 Wall'wing, unwieldy, enormous in their Gate,
 Tempest the Ocean: There *Leviathan*,
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep,
 Stretch'd like a *Promontory*, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving Lake; and at his Gills
 Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.

Birds.

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens, and Shores,
 Their Brood as num'rous hatch from th' Egg, that soon
 Bursting with kindly Rapture, forth disclos'd
 Their callow Young: But, feather'd soon and fledg'd,
 They sum'd their Pens, and soaring th' Air sublime,
 With Clang despis'd the Ground, under a Cloud
 In Prospect: There the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar Tops that Eyries build.
 Part loofy wing the Region, part more wise,
 In common, rang'd in Figure, wedge their Way,
 Intelligent of Seasons; and set forth
 Their airy Caravan, high over Seas
 Flying, and over Lands, easing their Wings
 With mutual Flight: So steers the prudent Crane
 Her annual Voyage born on Winds: The Air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd Plumes.
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with Song
 Solac'd the Woods, and spread their painted Wings
 Till Ev'n; nor then the solemn Nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all Night tun'd her soft Lays.
 Others in Silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd
 Their downy Breast: The Swan with arched Neck,
 Between her white Wings mantling, proudly rows
 Her State with oary Feet; yet oft they quit
 The Dank, and, rising on stiff Penons, tow'r
 The mid aerial Sky. Others on Ground
 Walk'd firm: The crested Cock, whose Clarion sounds
 The silent Hours; and th' other, whose gay Train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid Hue
 Of Rainbows and starry Eyes.

Beasts.

Then the Earth,
 Op'ning her fertile Womb, teem'd at a Birth

Innu-

Innum'rous living Creatures, perfect Forms,
 Limb'd and full grown: Out from the Ground up-rose,
 As from his Lair, the wild Beast where he wons
 In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattle in the Fields and Meadows green:
 Those rare and solitary, these in Flocks,
 Past'ring at once, and in broad Herbs up-sprung.
 The grassy Clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
 The tawny Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder Parts; then springs as broke from Bonds;
 And rampant shakes his brinded Mane: The Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tiger, as the Moal
 Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks: The swift Stag from under Ground
 Bore up his branching Head. Scarce from his Mold
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd
 His Vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks, and bleating rose,
 As Plants: Ambiguous between Sea and Land,
 The River-Horse, and scaly Crocodile.

Creeping Things.

At once came forth whatever creeps the Ground,
 Insect or Worm: Those wav'd their limber Fans
 For Wings, and smallest Lineaments exact,
 In all the Liv'ries deck'd of Summer's Pride,
 With Spots of Gold and Purple, Azure and Green:
 These as a Line their long Dimension drew,
 Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace. Not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind,
 Wond'rous in Length and Corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky Folds, and added Wings. First crept
 The parcimonious Emment, provident
 Of Future; in small Room large Heart enclos'd;
 Pattern of just Equality——

Swarming next appear'd

The Female Bee, that feeds her Husband Drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells,
 With Honey stor'd.
 The Serpent, subtlest Beast of all the Field,
 Of huge Extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes,
 And hairy Main terrifick.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glories shone, and rowl'd
 Her Motions, as the great first Mover's Hand.

First wheel'd their Course, Earth in her rich Attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd: Air, Water, Earth,
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd;

Man.

There wanted yet the Master-Work, the End
 Of all yet done; a Creature, who not prone,
 And brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
 With Sanctity of Reason, might erect
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest, self knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n:

He form'd thee, *Adam*, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the Ground, and in thy Nostrils breath'd
 The Breath of Life.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold! all was entirely Good,
 Answering his great Idea! Up he rode
 Follow'd with Acclamations, and the Sound
 Symphonious of ten Thousand Harps, that tun'd
 Angelic Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
 Resounded;

The Heav'n's and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their Station, list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.

Mile.

Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair Creation,
 And then with wond'rous Joys beheld its Beauty,
 Well-pleas'd to see the Excellence he gave.

Row. Fair Pen.

He sung the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame,
 How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame
 Fell thro' the mighty Void, and in their Fall,
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball,
 The tender Soil, then stiff'ning by Degrees,
 Shut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas:
 Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose,
 And a new Sun to the new World arose.
 And Mists, condens'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,
 And Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply:
 The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace,
 The lofty Mountains feed the savage Race;
 Yet few, and Strangers in th' unpeopled Place.

Dryd. Virg.

C R I E S

88 *Cries. Crush'd to Pieces. Cucking-Stool.*

C R I E S or Shrieks.

Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War. *Dryd. Virg.*

The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,
And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry,
Old Feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:
A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky.
Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods,
Or Birds of diff'rent Kinds in hollow Woods. *Dryd. Virg.*

Not frantick Mothers, when their Infants die,
With louder Clamours rend the vaulted Sky.

Pope Chauc. Jan. and May.

First from the frightened Court the Yell began,
Redoubled thence from House to House it ran:
The Groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries,
Of mixing Women mount the vaulted Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Shout that struck the golden Stars ensu'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

C R U S H'D to Pieces.

The Overthrow,

Crushing, to Dust pounded the Crowd below:
Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons could know.
Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass did remain,
But a mash'd Heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain;
One vast Destruction; not the Soul alone,
But Bodies, like the Soul, invisibly are flown. *Dryd. Juuv.*

C U C K I N G-S T O O L.

As Ovation was allow'd
For Conquest, purchas'd without Blood;
So Men decree these lesser Shows
For Vict'ry gotten without Blows,
By Dint of sharp hard Words, which some
Give Battle with, and overcome.
These, mounted in a Chair Curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-Stool,
March proudly to the River's Side,
And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride;
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatick Sea to wed;
And have a gentler Wife than those
For whom the State decrees these Shows. *Hud.*

C U C K O L D.

Cuckold. Cunning-Man.

89

C U C K O L D. See *Jealousy.*

O Curse of Marriage!

That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keep a Corner in the thing I love
For others Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague of Great Ones:
Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base;
'Tis Destiny unshunnable like Death!

I had been happy if the gen'ral Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known.

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

What Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next Night well, was free and merry;

I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all. *Shak. Othello.*

Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow
Rather than not be-knowing, they will know,
What, being known, creates their certain Woe. *Roch.*

Ingrateful Wretch! that never thanks his Maker.

C U N N I N G - M A N and *Quack.*

He deals in Destiny's dark Councils,
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;
To whom all People, far and near,
On deep Importances repair:
When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,
And Linen slinks out of the way;
When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,
And Sows of Sucking-Pigs are chous'd;
When Cattle feel Indisposition,
And need th'Opinion of Physician;
When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,
And Chicken languish of the Pip;
When Yest and outward Means do fail,
And have no Power to work on Ale;
When Butter does refuse to come,
And Love proves cross and humourfome;

To

To him with Questions and with Urine,
They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

Hud,

C U R S E. See *Imprecations*.

I curse thee not:

For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are? That Curse be thine. *Dr. Dom. Seb.*

And let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Hear me, just Heavens!

Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head
With never ceasing Vengeance: Let Despair,
Dangers or Infamy, nay all, surround me.
Starve me with Wantings: Let my Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace:
But dash my Days with Sorrows, Nights with Horrors,
Wild as my own Thoughts are. *Osw. Ven. Pres.*

Let Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror:
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May ev'ry thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature. *Osw. Orph.*

Whip me, ye Devils,

Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur;
Wash me in steep down Gulphs of liquid Fire. *Shak. Othel.*

Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die;
And let the World no longer be a Stage
To see Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one Spirit of the first-born *Cain*
Reign in all Bosoms; that each Heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

(*Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2.*)

Now Hell's bluest Plagues

Receive her quick, with all her Crimes upon her:
Let her sink spotted down; let the dark Host
Make Room, and point and hiss her as she goes:
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoyce, and cry, *Here comes a blacker Fiend.*

(*Shak. Troil. and Cress.*)

O all tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
 And Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air;
 From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and Death be set before him.

Lee Oedip.

Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curfes
 Gall his old Age, Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones;
 And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart.
 Oh let him live till Life becomes a Burden;
 Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
 In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
 And find its Ease but late.

Osw. Ven. Pres.

But Curfes stick not: Could I kill with Cursing,
 By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
 Should not be blasted: Senators should rot
 Like Dogs on Dunghils; but their Wives and Daughters
 Die of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curse
 To kill with!

Osw. Ven. Pres.

C U S T O M.

Custom, that does still dispense
 An universal Influence;
 And makes Things right or wrong appear,
 Just as they do her Liv'ry wear.

Hud.

Custom, which often Wisdom over-rules,
 And only serves for Reason to the Fools.

Rock.

Ill Customs by Degrees to Habits rise,
 Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice.

Dryd. Ovid.

Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
 As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.

Dryd. Virg.

Habitual Evils change not on a suddain,
 But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows:
 Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
 To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
 And work a second Nature in the Soul,
 Ere Virtue can resume the Place she lost:
 'Tis else Dissimulation.

Row Ulys.

For Custom will a strong Impression leave:
 Hard Bodies, which the lightest Stroke receive,
 In length of Time, will moulder and decay;
 And Stones with Drops of Rain are wash'd away.

Dryd. Lucr.

C Y B E L E.

Hail thou Great Mother of the Deities!
 Whose tinkling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idaan* Woods,

Dryd. Virg.

Who

Who secret Rites and Ceremonies taught,
And to the Yoke the savage Lions brought.

Dryd. Virg.

Fierce Tigers reign'd and curb'd obey thy Will.

Dryd. Virg.

In Pomp she makes the *Phrygian* Round,
With golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:
A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply,
Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.

Dryd. Virg.

C Y C L O P S. See *Polypheme. Smith.*

Sacred to *Vulcan's* Name an Isle does lie,
Between *Sicilia's* Coast and *Lipare*.

Rais'd high on smoking Rocks, and deep below
In hollow Caves the Fires of *Ætna* glow.

The *Cyclops* hear their heavy Hammers deal;

Loud Strokes and Hissings of tormented Steel

Are heard around; the boiling Waters roar,

And smoking Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.

Hither the Father of the Fire, by Night,

Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight.

On their eternal Anvils here he found

The Brethren bleating, and the Blows go round.

A Load of Pointless Thunder now there lies

Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:

These Darts for angry *Jove* the daily cast,

Consum'd on Mortals with prodigious Waste.

Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more;

Of winged Southern Winds and cloudy Store

As many Parts, the dreadful Mixture frame;

And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.

Inferiour Ministers for *Mars* repair

His broken Axle-Trees and blunten War;

And send him forth again with furbish'd Arms,

To wake the lazy War with Trumpets loud Alarms.

The rest refresh the scaly Snakes that fold

The Shield of *Pallas*, and renew their Gold:

Full on the Crest the *Gorgon's* Head they place,

With Eyes that roll in Death, and with distorted Face. Dryd. Virg.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,

And their swol'n Sinews echoing Blows repeat;

From the *Vulcano* gross Eruptions rise,

And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

GAR.

DAPHNE

D.

DAPHNE chang'd into a Laurel.

Scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she found
Benumb'd with Cold, and fasten'd to the Ground:
A filmy Rind about her Body grows;
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:
The Nymph is all into a Laurel gone,
The Smoothness of her Skin remains alone:
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her Bole his Arms, some little Warmth he found:
The Tree still panted in th'unfinish'd Part,
Not wholly vegetive; and heav'd her Heart:
He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd;
To whom the God. — "Because thou canst not be
" My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree:
" Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown;
" The deathless Poet and the Poem crown.
" Thou shalt the Roman Festivals adorn,
" And after Poets be by Victors worn.
" Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumph grace,
" When Pomp shall in a long Procession pass:
" Wreath'd on his Posts before the Palace wait,
" And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate:
" Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,
" Unfading as th'immortal Pow'rs above.
" And as the Locks of *Phœbus* are unshorn,
" So shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.
The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady Honours of her Head. Dryd. Ovid.

The Story of Phœbus and DAPHNE apply'd.

Thirsis, a Youth of the inspired Train,
Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd but lov'd in vain.
Like *Phœbus* sung the no less am'rous Boy;
Like *Daphne* she as lovely and as coy.
With flying Numbers he the Nymph pursues,
With Numbers, such as *Phœbus*' self might use.
Such is the Chase when Love and Fancy leads
O'er craggy Mountains and thro' flow'ry Meads,
Invok'd to testify the Lover's Care,
Or form some Image of his cruel Fair:

Urg'd

Urg'd with his Fury, like a wounded Deer,
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his Charms could not incline to stay:
 Yet what he sung in his immortal Strain,
 Tho' unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All but the Nymph, who should redress his Wrong,
 Attend his Passion and approve his Song:
 Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unfought Praise,
 He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

D A R K N E S S.

Even Hell gap'd horrible,
 And thro' the Chasm let in prodigious Night;
 Night that extinguish'd the meridian Ray,
 And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.

Let Darkness to be felt,
 Impenetrable Darkness, such as dwelt
 On the Dun Visage of primeval Night,
 Shut every Star-beam out from mortal Sight,
 And close up every Pass and Road of Light.

Darkness, thou first kind Parent of us all,
 Thou art our great Original!
 Since from thy universal Womb,
 Does all thou shad'st below, thy num'rous Offspring, come,
 Thy wond'rous Birth is even to Time unknown,
 Or, like Eternity, thou'adst none;
 While Light did its first Being owe
 Unto that awful Shade it dares to rival now.
 Involv'd in thee we first receive our Breath:
 Thou art our Refuge too in Death!
 Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb!
 Where-e'er our Souls shall go, to thee our Bodies come.
 The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear
 When thy majestick Shades appear.
 Thou dost compose the Air and Sea;
 And Earth a Sabbath keeps sacred to Rest and Thee.
 In thy serener Shades our Ghosts delight,
 And court the Umbrage of the Night.
 In Vaults and gloomy Caves they stray,
 But fly the Morning Beams, and sicken at the Day.
 Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,
 And know'st no Diff'rence here below:

Darkness.

95

All things appear the same to thee;
Tho' Light Distinction makes, thou giv'st Equality.
In Caves of Night, the Oracles of old
Did all their Mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first Religion grace,
Gave Terrors to the God, and Reverence to the Place.
When the Almighty did on *Horeb* stand,
Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land:
In Clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darkness his Pavilion made.
When he appear'd arm'd in his Pow'r and Might,
He veil'd the beatifick Light;
When terrible with Majesty,
In Tempests he gave Laws, and clad himself with thee;
And fading Light its Empire must resign,
And Nature's Power submit to thine:
A universal Ruin shall erect thy Throne,
And Fate confirm thy Kingdom evermore thy own. *Yald.*
Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira's* Charms;
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no Advantage of the Eye,
Quit all that *Lilly's* Art can take,
And yet a thousand Captives make.
Her Speech is grac'd with sweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found.
And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.
As the bright Stars and milky Way,
Shewn by the Night, are hid by Day,
So we, in her accomplish'd Mind,
Help'd by the Night, new Graces find;
Which, by the Splendour of her View
Dazled before, we never knew.
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her shining Image is a Light
Fix'd in our Hearts, and conquers Night.
Like Jewels to Advantage set,
Her Beauty by the Shade does get.
There Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,
All that our Passion might restrain,
Is hid; and our indulgent Mind
Presents the fair Idea kind.

Yet,

Yet, friended by the Night, we dare,
 Only in Whispers tell our Care :
 He that on her his bold Hand lays,
 With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays :
 They, with a Touch, they are so keen,
 Wound us, unshot; and she, unseen.
 So we th' *Arabian* Coast do know
 At distance, when the Spices blow;
 By the rich Odour taught to steer,
 Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

Wall.

Oh she does teach the Torches to burn bright!
 Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
 Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,
 Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear;
 Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright, (*Rom. & Jul.*)
 That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking. (*Shak.*)
 Her Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkness,
 And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day. *Row. Fair Pen.*

D E A T H. See *Life. Futurity.*

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,
 Fear'd afar off
 By erring Nature: A mistaken Phantom!
 A harmless Lambent Fire! She kisses cold,
 But kind and soft, and sweet as my *Cleora*!

Dryd. *Cleom.*

If she be like my Love,

She is not dreadful sure.

Dryd. *All for Love.*

Oh could we know
 What Joy she brings, at least what Rest from Grief;
 How should we press into her friendly Arms,
 And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy!

Dryd. *Cleom.*

Death ends our Woes,

And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene. *Dryd. Sp. Fry.*

The Dead are only happy, and the Dying:
 The Dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em.
 He who is near his Death, but turns about,
 Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy,
 Then slips into his Shroud, and rests for ever.

Lee *Caf. Bor.*

Death is the Privilege of human Nature;
 And Life without it were not worth our taking:
 Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner
 Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

Row. *Fair Pen.*

Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.

Dryd. *Don. Seb.*

Death shuns the naked Throat, and proffer'd Breast;
He flies when call'd to be a welcome Guest. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*

I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure!
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.

Oh had I Courage but to meet my Fate,
That short dark Passage to a future State;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,

That Something or that Nothing after Death! *Dryd. Auren.*

Cowards die many times before their Death;

The Valiant never taste of Death but once, *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

But Men with Horrour Dissolution meet;

The Minutes ev'n of painful Life are sweet. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

Poor abject Creatures! How they fear to die!

Who never knew one happy Hour in Life,

Yet shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant?

Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,

That Men may dare to live?

Dryd. Don. Seb.

Many are the Shapes

Of Death, and many are the Ways that lead

To his grim Cave; all dismal! yet to Sense

More terrible at th' Entrance than within.

Milt.

Tho' we each Day with Cost repair,

Death mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;

Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong;

And he that lives the longest, dies but young.

And once depriv'd of Light,

We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.

One Morral feels Fate's sudden Blow,

Another's ling'ring Death comes slow:

And what of Life they take from thee,

The Gods may give to punish me.

Otw. Hor.

Fix'd is the Term to all the Race of Earth,

And such the hard Condition of our Birth,

No Force can then resist, no Flight can save;

All fall alike, the Fearful and the Brave.

Pope Hm.

The Cause and Spring of Motion from above

Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love.

Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,

When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.

Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound;

And Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd:

The Chain still holds; for tho' the Forms decay,

Eternal Matter never wears away.

For the First Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,

How long these perishable Forms shall last;

E

Nor

Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd
 By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
 Shorten their Hours they may, for Will is free,
 But never pass th'appointed Destiny.
 So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath,
 Throw off the Burden and suborn their Death.
 Then since these Forms begin, and have their End,
 On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend,
 Part of the Whole are we; but God the Whole,
 Who gives us Life, and animating Soul:
 For Nature cannot from a Part derive
 That Being which the Whole can only give.
 He perfect, stable, but imperfect We,
 Subject to Change, and different in Degree,
 Plants, Beasts, and Men; and as our Organs are,
 We more or less of his Perfection share.
 But by a long Descent th'ethereal Fire
 Corrupts, and Forms, the mortal Part, expire;
 As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,
 And the same Matter makes another Mass.
 This Law th'omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
 That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live:
 That Individuals die, his Will ordains;
 The propagated Species still remains.

Dryd. Pal. and Art.

What makes all this but *Jupiter*, the King,
 At whose Command we perish, and we spring?
 Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
 To make a Virtue of Necessity:
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
 The Bad grows better which we well sustain.
 And could we chuse the Time, and choose aright,
 'Tis best to die, our Honour at the Height,
 When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,
 But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;
 Then should we wish our happy Life to close,
 And leave no more for Fortune to dispose;
 So should we make our Death a glad Relief,
 From future Shame, from Sickness, and from Grief;
 Enjoying while we live the present Hour,
 And dying in our Excellence and Flow'r.
 Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend should run,
 And joy us of our Conquest early won:
 While the malicious World with envious Tears,
 Should grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs.

*(and Art.
 Dryd. Pal.
 When*

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die:

Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.

Gar.

'Tis to the Vulgar Death too harsh appears;

The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To die is landing on some silent Shore,

Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;

E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.

The Wise thro' Thought th' Insults of Death defy,

The Fools thro' blest Insensibility.

'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,

Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave:

It eases Lovers, sets the Captives free;

And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Gar.

Ay, but to dye, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot;

This sensible warm Motion to become

A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit

To bath in fiery Floods, or to reside

In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice:

To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,

Or blown with restless Violence about

The pendant World; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and uncertain Thought

Imagines howling; 'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,

That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment

Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise

To what we fear of Death.

Shak. Meas. for Meas.

The Thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful:

Oh! 'tis a fearful Thing to be no more;

Or if to be, to wander after Death;

To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,

And when the Darkness comes, to glide in Paths

That lead to Graves, and in the silent Vault

Where lies your own pale Shrowd, to hover o'er it,

Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,

And often, often vainly breath your Ghost

Into your lifeless Lips.

Then like a lone, benighted Traveller

Shut out from Lodgings, shall your Groans be answer'd

By whistling Winds, whose ev'ry Blast will shake

Your tender Form to Atoms.

Dryd. Oedip.

Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,

It seems as natural as to be born.

Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,

Art.

nd Art.

yd. Pal.

When

Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,
 Make Death a dreadful thing : The Pomp of Death
 Is far more terrible than Death it self. *Lee L. J. Brut.*

When the Sun sets, Shadows that shew'd at Noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible;
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
 Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds:
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death;
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her God-like Sons;
 Echoes, the very Leavings of a Voice,
 Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.
 Each Mole-Hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*;
 While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,
 And sweat with an Imagination's Weight. *Lee Oedip.*

Death's dark Shades

Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horror ;
 At near Approach the Monsters, form'd by Fear,
 Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.
 Amidst the gloomy Vale a pleasing Scene,
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
 Inviting stands to take the Wretched in.
 No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair,
 Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,
 But injur'd Lovers find *Elizium* there. *Row. Tamerl.*

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad :
 To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear dress'd
 To frighten Children ; Pull but off his Mask,
 And he'll appear a Friend. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Oh that I less could fear to lose this Being !
 Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward-hand,
 The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away. *Dryd. All for Love.*

From Death we rose to Life ; 'tis but the same,
 Thro' Life to pass again from whence we came.
 With Shame we see our Passions can prevail,
 Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue fail :
 Honour, that empty Name, can Death despise ;
 Scorn'd Love to Death, as to a Refuge, flies ;
 And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.
 Hope triumphs o'er the Thoughts of Death ; and Fate
 Cheats Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.
 We fear to lose what a small Time must waste,
 Till Life it self grows the Disease at last :
 Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay,
 And to be long a dying only pray. *How.*

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
 Beset with Dangers and maintain'd with Strife ? *A*

A Life which all our Care can never save;
 One Fate attends us, and one common Grave.
 Besides, we tread but a perpetual Round,
 We ne'er strike out, but beat the former Ground,
 And the same maukish Joys in the same Track are found.
 For still we think an absent Blessing best,
 Which cloyes, and is no Blessing when possess'd;
 A new-arising Wish expells it from the Breast.
 The sev'rish Thirst of Life increases still,
 We call for more, and more, and never have our Fill;
 Yet know not what To-morrow we shall try,
 What Dregs of Life in the last Draught may lie:
 Nor by the longest Life we can attain;
 One Moment from the Length of Death we gain;
 For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
 The Man as much to all intents is dead,
 Who dies To-Day, and will as long be so,
 As he who dy'd a thousand Years ago.

Dryd. Luc.

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
 If Souls can die as well as Bodies can?
 For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
 So, when our mortal Frame shall be disjoin'd,
 The lifeless Lump uncoupled from the Mind,
 From Sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free:
 We shall not feel, because we shall not BE!
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
 The Soul could feel in her divided State;
 What's that to us? For WE are only WE
 While Souls and Bodies in one Frame agree:
 Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by Chance;
 And Matter leap into the former Dance,
 What Gain to us would all this Bustle bring?
 The new-made Man would be another Thing.
 When once an interrupting Pause is made,
 That individual Being is decay'd;
 We who are dead and gone shall bear no Part
 In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart,
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew;
 Because a Pause of Life, a gaping Space,
 Has come betwixt, where Memory lies dead,
 And all the wand'ring Motions from the Sense are fled.

For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,
 Must BE when those Misfortunes shall arrive;
 And since the Man who IS not, feels not Woe,
 (For Death exempts him, and wards off the Blow,
 Which we, the Living only, feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in Death to fear?
 When once that Pause of Life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
 That after Death his mould'ring Limbs shall rot,
 Or Flames, or Jaws of Beasts, devour his Mass,
 Know he's an unsincere unthinking AS:
 The Fool is to his own cast Offals kind;
 He boasts no Sense can after Death remain,
 Yet makes himself a Part of Life again,
 As if some other HE could feel the Pain.
 If, while he lives, this Thought molest his Head,
 He wastes his Days in idle Grief, nor can
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man;
 But thinks himself can still himself survive,
 And what, when dead he feels not, feels alive.
 Then he repines that he was born to die,
 Nor knows in Death there is no other HE,
 No living HE remains his Grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household Joys,
 From thy chaste Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys!
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me!
 One woeful Day sweeps Children, Friends and Wife,
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
 Thy Want and Wish of them is vanish'd too:
 Which, well consider'd, were a quick Relief
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief:
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And, quitting Life, shalt quit thy living Pain;
 But we, thy Friends, shall all those Sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful Death thou leav'st behind,
 No Time shall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from our Mind.
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.
 Yet thus the Fools, who would be thought the Wits,
 Disturb their Mirth with melancholy Fits;
 When Healths go round, and kindly Brimmers flow,
 Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,

They

They whine and cry, "Let us make haste to live,
 " Short are the Joys which human Life can give.
 Eternal Preachers! who corrupt the Draught,
 And pall the God who never thinks, with Thought.
 Nay, ev'n in Sleep, the Body, wrapt in Ease,
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,
 And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave:
 Were that sound Sleep eternal, it were Death.
 Then Death to us, and Death's Anxiety,
 Is less than Nothing, if a Less could be;
 For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their Place,
 When once the Pause of Life has left an empty Space.
 And last suppose, great Nature's Voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
 Thou mortal Thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the bounteous Blessings I could give,
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And Pleasure not leak'd thro' thee, like a Sieve,
 Why do'st thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feast,
 Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and rise, and take thy Rest?
 But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away,
 If indigested Joys pass'd thro', and would not stay,
 Why do'st thou wish for more to squander still?
 If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
 And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
 Lay down thy Burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.
 To please thee I have empty'd all my Store,
 I can invent, and can supply no more,
 But run the Round again, the Round I ran before.
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,
 Yet still the self-same Scene of Things appears,
 And would be ever, could'st thou ever live;
 For Life is still but Life, there's nothing new to give.
 But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,
 Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date;
 She speaks aloud to him with more Disdain;
 Be still, thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
 But if an old decrepid Sot lament;
 What thou, she cries, who hast out-liv'd Content?

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store?
 Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 What can we plead against so just a Bill?
 We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.
 For Life is not confin'd to him or thee;
 'Tis giv'n to all for Use, to none for Property.

Therefore when Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head,
 Consider, *Ancus*, great and good, is dead:
Ancus, thy better far, was born to dye;
 And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality?
 So many Monarchs, with their mighty State,
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
 The Founders of invented Arts are lost,
 And Wits, who made who Eternity their Boast.
 Where now is *Homer*, possess'd the Throne?
 Th'immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
 Whose very Life is little more than Death?
 More than one Half by lazy Sleep possess'd,
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, (Dryd. Luc. }
 Day-Dreams, and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast. }

Ah! Why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to dye,
 Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find
 Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
 For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live
 Makes covetous of more than Life can give?
 Each has his Share of Good, and, when 'tis gone,
 The Guest, tho' hungry, cannot rise too soon. Dr. Sig. & Guise.

'Tis not the *Stoick's* Lesson, got by Rote,
 The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Dissertation,
 That can support thee in that Hour of Terroure:
 Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it;
 But when the Trial comes, they start and stand aghast.

Temple of Death.

(Row. Fair Pen,

In those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
 Unwillingly, and hides his Faces in Tears;
 A dreadful Vale lies in a desert Isle,
 On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.
 There a thick Grove of aged Cypress-Trees,
 Which none without an awful Horror sees,
 Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
 Whole Flocks of ill-prefaging Birds receives:

Poi-

Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Season there.
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field;
And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;
Whose Streams, oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,
Old as the World it self, which it commands:
Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind. By Order of the Fates,
There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
Old Age and Pains, which Mankind most deplores,
Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors ;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode ;
And Tapers, of a pitchy Substance made,
With Clouds of Smoak encrease the dismal Shade:

A Monster, void of Reason, and of Sight,
The Goddess is who sways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath,
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.

Norm.

Dying.

There Life gave Way, and the last rosy Breath
Went in that Sigh. Death like a brutal Victor,
Already enter'd, with rude Haste defaces
The lovely Frame he's master'd ; see how soon
Those starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre!

(Row. Amb. Step.)

He fell, and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his Soul, with gushing Blood effus'd. *Mile.*

Grov'ling in Death, he murmur'd on the Ground,
And pour'd his Life out from the gaping Wound. *Blac.*

He fell, and shiv'ring gasp'd his latest Breath,
And fainting sunk into the Arms of Death. *Blac.*

Biting the Ground he lies;
And Death's unwelcome Shade o'erspreads his Eyes. *Blac.*

Gasping he lay, and from the grisly Wound;
The crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground. *Blac.*

Shiv'ring Death crept cold along his Veins. *Blac.*

A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes;
And his disdainful Soul from his pale Bosom flies. *Blac.*

He staggers round, his Eye-balls roll in Death,
And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath. *Dryd. Virg.*

A hov'ring Mist came swimming o'er his Sight,
And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.

Dryd. Virg.

As full-blown Poppies, overcharg'd with Rain,
Decline the Head, and, drooping, kiss the plain;
So sinks the Youth; his beauteous Head, deprest
Beneath his Helmet, drops upon his Breast.

Pope Hom.

The Soul indignant seeks the Caves of Night,
And his seal'd Eyes for ever lose the Light.

Pope Hom.

With piercing Shrieks the Youth resigns his Breath,
His Eye-balls darken with the Shades of Death.

Pope Hom.

And Shades eternal settle o'er his Eyes.

Pope Hom.

The purple Hand of Death

Clos'd his dim Eye, and Fate suppress'd his Breath.

Pope Hom.

The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives, (*Virg.*
And murmur'ing with Disdain the beauteous Body leaves. *Staff.*

He fetch'd his Breath in Sobs and double Sighs,
And often strove, but strove in vain, to rise:

His Eyes, defrauded of their vital Ray,

Labour for Life, and catch the flying Day:

From the wide Wound a purple River flows,

And Life departs in strong convulsive Throes.

Blas.

Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping Head,

And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed;

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,

And having found it, sicken'd at the Sight;

And clos'd her Lids at last in endless Night. (*Dryd. Virg.* }

The struggling Soul was loos'd, and Life dissolv'd in Air.

A gath'ring Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes,

And from her Cheeks the rosy Colour flies:

He swims before her Sight,

Inexorable Death, and claims his Right.

She staggers in her Seat with agonizing Pains;

Dying, her open'd Hand forsakes the Reins.

Short and more short she pants; by slow Degrees

Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees:

She drops her Sword, she nods her plummy Crest,

Her drooping Head declining on her Breast:

In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires,

And murmur'ing with Disdain to *Stygian* Sounds retires. *Dr. Virg.*

And Life at length forsook her heaving Heart,
Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.

Dryd. Virg.

A deadly Cold has froze the Blood;

The pliant Limbs grow stiff, and lose their Use,

And all the animating Fire is quench'd.

Ev'n Beauty too is dead: An ashy Pale
Grows o'er the Roses; the red Lips have lost
Their fragrant Hue, for Want of that sweet Breath,
That bless'd 'em with its Odours, as it pass'd. *Row Tamerl*

This was his last: For Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below, his Iron Reign.

Then upward to the Seat of Life he goes;
Sense fled before him; what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,

Tho' less and less of *Emily* he saw,
So, speechless for a little Space he lay, ^h (*Pal. & Arc.*)
Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd is Soul away. *Dryd.*

More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt:
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Oh she is gone! the talking Soul is mute:
She's hush'd: No Voice, nor Musick now is heard:
The Bow'r of Beauty is more still than Death;
The Roses fade; and the melodious Bird,
That wak'd their Sweets, has left 'em now for ever. *Lee Alex.*

She's out! The Damp of Death has quench'd her quite;
Those spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,
Which never Gale of Life shall open more. *Lee Mithrid.*

He breaths short,

The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze. *Lee Cas. Borg.*

His snowy Neck reclines upon his Breast,
Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppress'd:
Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,
Whose heavy Head is over-charg'd with Rain. *Dryd. Virg.*

Dying of Old Age.

Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
But fell, like Autumn Fruit, that mellow'd long;
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more;
Till, like a Clock, worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still. *Lee Oedip.*

D E F O R M I T Y.

His livid Eyes, retreating from the Day,
Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay:
His Back-bone, starting out, drew in his Breast;
This Shoulder elevated, that depress'd:
And his foul Chin his odious Bosom press'd.

Long little Legs such has the stalking Crane,
His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain.

Blac.

Why, Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,
And for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size;
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,
Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
That carries no Impression like the Dam. *Shak. Hen. 6. P. 3.*

Nature herself start back when thou wert born,
And cry'd, The Work's not mine.
The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy Mountain-Back, and thy distorted Legs,
Thy Face it self
Half minted with the royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long
Whose Right in thee were more;
And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames
Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mold? Yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rump'd them
On Heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge
Her bungled Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair:
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods struck Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky; so she inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making less than Man, she made me more.

No! thou art all one Errour, Soul and Body!
The first young Trial of some unskill'd Pow'r,
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,
And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen.
Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou Blot of Nature!
Thou Enemy of Eyes! Excrescence of a Man!

Dryd. Oedip.

D E G E N E R A T E.

Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,
Or Fate's Decree, degenerate still to worse.

Dryd. Virg.
Time

Time sensibly all things impairs,
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
 And we than ours; next Age will see
 A Race more profligate than we,
 With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be. *Rosc. Hor.*
 The Wicked, when compar'd with the more Wicked,
 Look beautiful; and not to be the worst
 Stands in some Rank of Praise. *Shak. K. Lear.*

D E L U G E.

Mean while the South-Wind rose, and with black Wings,
 Wide-hov'ring, all the Clouds together drove
 From under Heav'n: The Hills, to their Supply,
 Vapour and Exhalation dusk and moist
 Sent up amain: And now the thicken'd Sky,
 Like a dark Cieling, stood. Down rush'd the Rain
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
 No more was seen: The floating Vessel swam,
 Up-lifted; and secure, with beaked Prow,
 Rode tilting o'er the Waves: All Dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their Pomp,
 Deep under Water rowl'd: Sea cover'd Sea:
 Sea without Shore! and in their Palaces,
 Where Luxury lately reign'd, Sea Monsters whelp'd,
 And stabled: Of Mankind, so num'rous late,
 All left, in one small Bottom swam imbarck'd. *Milto*

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain,
 They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain:
 Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy Sway,
 Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away:
 Nor safe their Dwellings were; for, sapp'd by Floods,
 Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.
 The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,
 High o'er their Heads, behold a wat'ry Wall.
 Now Seas and Earth were in Confusion lost;
 A World of Waters, and without a Coast.
 One climbs a Cliff, one in his Boat is born,
 And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.
 Others o'er Chimney-Tops and Turrets row,
 And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:
 Or downward driven, bruise the tender Vine;
 Or tost aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.
 And where of late the Kids had cropt the Grass,
 The Monsters of the Deep now take their Place. *Insulting*

Insulting *Nereids* on the Cities ride,
 And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide;
 On Leaves and Masts of mighty Oaks they browse,
 And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.
 The frighted Wolf now swims among the Sheep,
 The yellow Lion wanders in the Deep:
 His rapid Force no longer helps the Boar,
 The Stag swims faster than he ran before:
 The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,
 Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
 Now Hills and Vales no more Distinction know,
 And level'd Nature lies oppress'd below.

Dryd. Virg.

D E S P A I R.

Despair, whose Torments no Men sure
 But Lovers and the Damn'd endure.
 Despair of Life the Means of Living shews.

*Cowl.**Dryd. Virg.*

We, when our Fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest Course;
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best Defence, Despair.
 Despair, by which the gallant's Feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest Streights;
 And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously out-brav'd:
 As Wounds by other Wounds are heal'd,
 And Poisons by themselves expell'd.

Hud.

Despair, attended with her ghastly Train,
Anguish, Confusion, Horrour, howling Pain,
 Shall at her hideous Army's Head advance,
 And shake against his Breast her bloody Lance;
 Shall draw her Troops of Terroure in Array,
 Muster her Grievs, and horrid War display:
 As Kings for Fight their warlike Ranks dispose,
 So shall she range her thick embattl'd Woes.

Blac.

He makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair:
 He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use
 Of any thing but Thought; or if he talks
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
 Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
 Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth
 Into a scornful Smile.

Dryd. All for Love.

Now cold Despair
 To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red;

His

Despair.

111

His Blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins, (Arc.
Like Water which the freezing Wind constrains. Dryd. Pal. &c.

He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair;
Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,
For, wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears.
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bereft of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink;
He withers at the Heart, and looks as wan
As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man;
That Pale turns yellow, and his Face receives
The faded Hue of sapless boxen Leaves.
In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor, mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure shares,
But sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears.
His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd.
He hears as from afar, or in a Swoond;
Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound.
Uncomb'd his Locks, and squallid his Attires;
Unlike the Trim of Love, or gay Desire:
But full of museful Mopings, which presage
The Loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

I'm here! and thus the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart!
And I in Hell! Nay, surely, 'tis so with me;
For ev'ry Step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how desp'rate Wretches, like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks:
Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to attempt me. Otw. Ven. Pres.

Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll spend this Voice in Cries,
In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,
By Love so vainly fed:

So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
When Thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no Words but *Never* and *In vain*?
Never! Alas, that dreadful Name,
Which fuels the eternal Flame!

Never

Never my Time to come must waste!
In vain torments the Present and the Past!

Then down I laid my Head,
Down on cold Earth, and for a while was dead,
And my freed Soul to a strange Somewhere fled.

Ah! sottish Soul, said I,
When back to its Cage again I saw it fly:
Fool! to resume her broken Chain,
And row her Galley here again!

Fool to that Body to return,
Where it condemn'd, and destin'd is to burn!

Cowl,

My sad Soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy Scene;
Such a Retreat as I would wish to find:
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shade
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell:
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That, bubbling, winds among the Weeds: No Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there;
Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
Who had long since, like me by Love undone,
Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where Print of human Feet was never seen;
O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds:
Beneath whose ven'mous Shade I may have vent
For Horror, that would blast the barb'rous World. *Lee Oedip.*

There let me groan my Horrors on the Earth,
There bellow out my utmost Gall;
There sob my Sorrows till I burst with sighing;
There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul. *Lee Oedip.*

This Pomp of Horror
Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;
Here's Room for Meditation ev'n to Madness,
Till the Mind burst with Thinking. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature,
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:
Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene;
Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,
I lean my Hand upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it.
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,

Hang

Hang o'er my hoary Face: The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their Thirst while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,
A dismal fullen Stillness, that succeeds
The Storm of Rage and Grief, like silent Death
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life:
Would it were Death, (as sure 'tis wondrous like it)
For I am sick of Living; my Soul's pall'd:
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge;
Love was th'informing active Fire within:
Now that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth. *Row. Fair Pen.*

For cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death. *Lee Theod.*
There's nothing in this World can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice told Tale,
Vexing the dull Ear of a drowsy Man. *Shak. K. John.*

Oh! I have Cause to curse my Life, my Being;
To curse each Morn, each chearful Morn that dawns
With healing Comfort, on its balmy Wings,
To ev'ry wretched Creature but my self:
To me it brings more Pain and iterated Woes. *Row. Ulyss.*

My Life's a Load, encumber'd with the Charge,
I long to set th'imprison'd Soul at large. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

For I, the most forlorn of Human-kind
Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,
For my Reward must end it in Despair.
Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates,
That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates;
Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand, can ease my Grief:
Nothing but Death, the Wretch's last Relief.
Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell *(Arc.)*
With Youth and Life; and Life it self farewell. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes fixt on the silent Ground;
Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the mournful Image of Despair. *Gar.*

But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd:
With livid Spots distinguish'd was her Face;
Red were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace;

Ghastly

Ghastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath;
And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death.

Dryd. Virg.

Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me, and my Miseries together?

Oh *Belvidera*! I'm the wretched Creature

E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now, if thou'st Virtue, help me;

Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace

To my divided Soul that wars within me,

And raises ev'ry Sense to my Confusion.

By Heav'n, I'm tott'ring on the very Brink

Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left:

Do thou at least, with charitable Goodness,

Assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions.

Osw. Ven. Pres.

Could'st thou but think how I have spent the Night,

Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,

Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,

Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not

Talk to me thus; but, like a pitying Angel,

Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,

And hatch warm Comforts there, e'er Sorrows freeze it;

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner

Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?

On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along?

Gath'ring the grumbling Winds about thy Head,

To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes? *Osw. Ven. Pres.*

Let us embrace, and, from this very Moment,

Vow an eternal Misery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?

Never grow fond of cheerful Peace again?

Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,

And find out Ways how to increase Afflictions?

We'll institute new Arts, unknown before,

To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.

Then let's together,

Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,

Like the first wretched Pair, expell'd their Paradise:

Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,

Loathsome and venomous; where Poisons hang,

Like Gums, against the Walls: Where Witches meet

By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,

Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,

And live up to the Height of Desperation:

Desire shall languish, like a with'ring Flow'r;

And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of:

Horror

Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms;
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms;
But, when I'm dying, take me in thy Arms. *Otw. Orph.* }
All Hope of Succour but from thee is past.

As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rouling from afar,
The Land grow short, he mends his weary Pace;
While Death behind him covers all the Place:
So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,
Which on each other are like Waves renew'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

DEVIL. See Hell. Rage.

DEVOTION.

Devotion is the Love we pay to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*
Devotion! that oft binds th' Almighty's Arms,
And with her Prayers and Tears, her pow'rful Charms, }
Of all its Thunder his right Arm disarms.
She passes quick Heav'n's lofty crystal Walls,
And the high Gates fly open when she calls;
Her Pow'r can sentenc'd Criminals relieve,
Judgment arrest, and bid the Rebel live.
Her Voice did once the Sun's swift Chariot stay,
And, on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day:
She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife;
And, calls back to the Dead departed Life.
Charm'd by her Voice, Rivers have stop'd their Course,
And the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force. *Blac.*

Devotion in Distress

Is born, but vanishes in Happiness. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
Those, who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless. *Pope Hom.*

D I A N A.

Such on *Eurota's* Banks, or *Cynthus'* Height,
Diana seems, and so she charms the Sight,
When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads
The Choir of Nymphs, and over-tops their Heads:
Known by her Quiver and her lofty Mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their Queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast. *Dryd. Virg.*

Diana thus on *Cyntha's* shady Top,
Or by *Eurota's* Stream, leads to the Chace
Her Virgin Train: A thousand lovely Nymphs,
Of Form celestial all, troop by her Side;

Amidst

Amidst a thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands confest,
In Beauty, Majesty, and Port Divine,
Supream and eminent.

Row. *Ulyss.*

The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green:
About her Feet were little Beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward Eyes, the Motions of their Queen.
Her Legs were buskin'd, and the Left before,
In Act to shoot: A silver Bow she bore,
And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.
She trod a waxing Moon, that soon wou'd wane,
And, drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again.
With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

O Goddess, Haunter of the Wood-land Green,
To whom both Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas are seen;
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year
Thy silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy Sphere;
Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts:
Thy Vot'ress from my tender Years, I am,
And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan Game.
Thou Goddess, by thy triple Shape art seen *(& Art.)*
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen. *Dryd. Pal.*

DISCORD.

Far on th'Infernal Frontiers, near the Shore
On which th'insulting Waves of *Chaos* roar:
There stands a high and craggy Cliff, that braves
The neigh'ring Tempests and tumultuous Waves.
On this sharp Rock does the dire Fiend remain,
Bound with a vast, unwieldly, brazen Chain.
Her hideous Yells the gloomy Deep affright,
And interrupt the Peace of lonesome Night.
A thousand horrid Mouths the Monster shew'd,
And each had twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud:
Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,
And from her Wounds she drank the flowing Gore.
With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,
And from her Head pull'd off her snaky Hair.
The Breath she belch'd did with a fearful Sound
Make Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around.
Her glaring, fierce, misplac'd, distorted Eyes,
Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skies,
Their fiery Orbs against each other turn'd,
Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.

Round

Round her foul Waste a thousand Monsters rag'd,
A dreadful Sight! in endless Strife engag'd.
These all each other and their Parent tear,
And rend her Bowels with eternal War.

Raving and restless on the Rock she turn'd,
And with her Feet her massy Fetters spurn'd.

Blac.

Discord, dire Sister of the Slaught'ring Pow'r!
Small at her Birth, but rising ev'ry Hour:

While scarce the Skies her horrid Head can bound,
She stalks on Earth, and shakes the World around:

The Nations bleed where-e'er her Steps she turns,
The Groan still deepens, and the Combate burns.

Pope Horn.

Discord ever haunts with hideous Mien,
Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been.

Gar,

D I S D A I N. See *Scorn*.

Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,
She fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;
And what he says and swears regards no more
Than the deaf Rocks when the loud Billows roar:
But whirl'd away to shun his hateful Sight.

Dryd. Virg.

Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her Eyes,
Despising what they look on. *Shak. Much ado about Nothing.*

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath,
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to Death:

No Signs of Pity in his Face appear:

Cramm'd with his Pride, he leaves no Room within

For Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Still to weep and still complain,

Does but more provoke Disdain.

Disdain and Love succeed by Turns,

One freezes me, and t'other burns.

Away, fond Love, thou Foe to Rest!

Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.

Hate is the nobler Passion far,

When Love is ill repaid;

For at one Blow it ends the War,

And cures the Love-sick Maid. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

When Maids are coy, have manlier Aims in View;

Leave those that fly, but those that like pursue. *Garth Ovid.*

D I S E A S E. See *Infirmity*.

Nigh the Recess of *Chaos* and dull Night,

Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway,

In

In the close Covert of a *Cypress* Grove,
 Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove;
 Yawns a dark Cave most formidably wide,
 And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.
 Confus'd and wildly huddled to the Eye,
 The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye:
 Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow,
 Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'erflow;
 Old mould'ring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Distress
 Make up the frightful Horror of the Place.
 Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
Febris is first; the Hag relentless hears
 The Virgin's Sighs, and sees the Infant's Tears.
 In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign,
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.
 Then *Hydrops* next appears among the Throng,
 Bloated and big, she slowly sails along:
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.
 Now loathsome *Leprosy*, that offensive Spright,
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight:
 She's deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Pow'r,
 Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.
 Whilst meagre *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow,
 Her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow:
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shewn;
 She starves the Fortress first, then takes the Town.
 Behind stood Crowds of more inferior Fame;
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
 Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Gar.

When raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood:
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Before the curing of a strong Disease,
 Ev'n in the Instant of Repair and Health,
 The Fit is strongest: Evils that take Leave,
 On their Departure most of all shew Evil. *Shak. K. John.*

And where the greater Malady is fixt,
 The lesser is scarce felt: When the Mind's free,
 The Body's delicate. The Tempest in my Mind
 Does from my Senses take all Feeling else,

Save

Save what beats there.

Shak. K. Lear.

Disease, thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
Whose kind Indulgences we taste each Hour;
Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
To you such Might and Energy belong,
You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
And are to us Physicians only kind.
And in Return all Diligence we pay,
To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway.

Gar.

D I S P U T E.

'Tis strange how some Mens Tempers suit,
Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute;
That for their own Opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast.
That keep their Consciences in Cases,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases,
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they'r bent
To play a Fit for Argument.
Make true or false, unjust or just,
Of no Use but to be discuss'd:
Dispute, and set a Paradox,
Like a strait Boot, upon the Stocks;
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than *Helmet*, *Montaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
And when Disputes are wearied out,
'Tis Int'rest still resolves the Doubt.

Hud.

Disputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that spring from Sculls.

Hud.

D I S S E M B L E R. See *Women*.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry *Content* to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all Occasions. *Shak. Hen. VI. Par. 3.*

Now we must shew a Masterpiece indeed;
To meet the Man whom we would make an End of,
Ev'n at that Time when moral Wars within,
When the Blood boils and flushes to be at him;

Yet

Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to swear! *(of Par. Lee Mass.)*

Thou shalt not break yet, Heart, nor shall she know
My inward Torment by my outward Show:
To let her see my Weakness were too base;
Dissembled Quiet sits upon my Face:
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.
Falshood shall want its Triumph! I begin
To stagger, but I'll prop my self within;
The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes. *Dryd. Aurel.*

These Words he spoke, but spoke not from his Heart;
His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart. *Dryd. Virg.*

Dissembling Hope, her cloudy Front she clears,
And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears. *Dryd. Virg.*

In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,
And set the fairest Countenance to view;
Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,
And inward Languishing: That Oracle
Eats, like a subtle Worm, its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core;
Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely. *Lee Oedip.*

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with my Pain;
But now I feel the mighty Evil:
Ah! there's no fooling with the Devil:
So wanton Men, while they would others fright,
Themselves have met a real Spright.
Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,
I nam'd but for the Rhyme or the Conceit;
Nor meant my Verse should raised be,
To this sad Fame of Prophecy.

Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Style,
And all the Metaphors does spoil.
In things where Fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.
The Play at last a Truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go.
By this curst Art of Begging, I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.
My Lines of amorous Desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others Fire;

And 'twas a barbarous Delight,
My Fancy promis'd from the Sight:
But now, by Love, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My burning Bull the first to try. *Cow.*
Who dares think one Thing, and another tell,
My Heart detests him as the Gates of Hell. *Pope Hom.*

D I S S E N S I O N.

Diffensions, like small Streams, at first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin. *Ga.*

D O G. See Conjuror, Hounds, and Hunting.

So faithful Dogs their fleecy Charge maintain,
With Toil protected from the prowling Train;
When the gaunt Lioness, with Hunger bold,
Springs from the Mountains tow'rs the guarded Fold,
Thro' breaking Woods her rustling Course they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the Clamours strike their Ear
Of Hounds and Men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry Side, and turn to ev'ry Sound. *Pope Hom.*

D O L P H I N.

As when a Dolphin sports upon the Tide,
Displays his Beauties, and his scaly Pride;
His various-colour'd Arch adorns the Flood,
Like a bright Rainbow in a wat'ry Cloud:
He from the Billows leaps with gamesome Strife,
Wanton with Vigour and immoderate Life. *Blac.*
The Dolphins in the Deep each other chase *(Virg.)*
In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race. *Dryd.*

D O U B T.

Doubt's the worst Tyrant of a gen'rous Mind,
The Coward's ill, who dares not meet his Fate,
And ever doubting to be fortunate,
Falls to the Wretchedness his Fears create. *Behn.*
Oh how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
My Thoughts, like Birds, when frighted from their Rest,
Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter, and hardly settle any more. *Orw. Don. Carl.*
Floating in a Flood of Care,

This Way and that he turns his anxious Mind,
 Thinks and rejects the Counsel he design'd:
 Explores himself in vain in ev'ry Part,
 And gives no Rest to his distracted Heart.

Dryd. Virg.

For various Thoughts began to bustle,
 And with his inward Man to juggle,
 He stop'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious Forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said:
 Quoth he, in all my past Adventures
 I ne'er was set so on the Tenters,
 Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
 That ev'ry Way I turn does hem me,
 And with inextricable Doubt,
 Besets my puzzled Wits about.

Hud.

Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst. *Dryd. State*
(of Inn.

D O V E.

As when a Dove her rocky Hold forsakes;
 Rowz'd in a Fright her sounding Wings she shakes:
 The Cavern rings with Clatt'ring; out she flies;
 And leaves her callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;
 At first she flutters, but at length she springs
 To smoother Flight, and shoots upon her Wings. *Dryd. Virg.*

D R E A M S.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes:
 When Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimic wakes;
 Compounds a Medley of disjointed things,
 A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings:
 Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad;
 Both are the reasonable Soul run mad;
 And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten Things, long cast behind,
 Rush forward in the Brain; and come to mind;
 The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
 And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play.
 The Night restores our Actions done by Day:
 As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.
 In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece,
 Chimera's all, and more absurd or less. *Dryd. The Cock and the*

*(Fox.**All*

All Dreams

Are from Repletion and Complexion bred,
 From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
 And noxious Humours that infect the Blood.
 When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
 Of Flames, and all the Family of Red:
 Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view;
 For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.
 From hence we dream of War, and warlike Things,
 And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings,
 Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear,
 Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.
 In sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound;
 With Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers drown'd: (*the Fox.*
 The dominating Humour makes the Dream. *Dr. The Cock and*

When heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight,
 And sickly Fancy labours in the Night,
 We seem to run, and destitute of Force,
 Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course:
 In vain we heave for Breath, in vain we cry,
 The Nerves unbrac'd their usual Strength deny,
 And on the Tongue the fault'ring Accents die. *Dryd. Virg.* }

As one, who in some frightful Dream would shun
 His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;
 And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,
 With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans. *Dryd.*

His idle Feet (*Conq. of Gran.*
 Grow to the Ground; his struggling Voice dies inward. *Dryd.*
 As he, who in a Dream with Drought is curs'd, (*Troil. &*
 And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirst, *Cress.*
 Runs to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to steep,
 And vainly swills, and labours in his Sleep. *Dryd. Lucr.*

A Dream o'ertook me at my waking Hour
 This Morn; and Dreams they say are then divine,
 When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
 And some o'erpowering God continues Sleep. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

DRINKING. See Bowl. Silenus.

Crown high the Goblets with a cheerful Draught;
 Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought. *Dr. Virg.*
 They brim their ample Bowls,
 Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Indulge thy Genius, and o'er-flow thy Soul,
 Till thy Wit sparkle like the cheerful Bowl, *Dryd. Pers.*
 The

The flowing Bowl
With a full Tide enlarg'd his cheerful Soul.

Steph. Furr.

Make haste to meet the gen'rous Wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy Wreath is ready made,

And artful Hands prepare
The fragrant Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away:
Make haste, and leave thy Bus'ness and thy Care;
No mortal Int'rest can be worth thy Stay.

Dryd. Hor.

Here's to thee, *Dick*, this whining Love despise,
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise;

It sparkles brighter far than she;
'Tis pure, and right without Deceit.

And such no Woman e'er will be,
No! they are all sophisticate.

Here's to thee again, thy senseless Sorrow drown'd,
Glas walk till all things too go round:
Again: Till these two Lights are four:
No Errors here can dang'rous prove;
Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more:
None double see like Men in Love.

Cowl.

Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine:
Around our Temples roses twine,
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the Wine and Roses, smile.
Crown'd with Roses we contemn
Gyges' wealthy Diadem.

To-day is ours! what do we fear?

To-day is ours! we have it here!

Let's treat it kindly, that it may

Wish at least with us to stay:

Let's banish Bus'ness, banish Sorrow;

To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

Cowl. Anac.

Underneath this Myrtle Shade,
On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,
With od'rous Oils my Head o'er-flowing,
And around it Roses growing,
What should I do, but drink away
The Heat and Trouble of the Day?

In this more than kingly State,

Love himself shall on me wait:

Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up,

And mingled, cast into the Cup,

Wit

Wit, and Mirth, and noble Fires;
 Vig'rous Health, and gay Desires.
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay,
 In a smooth than rugged Way:
 Since it equally does flee,
 Let the Motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious Ointments show'r,
 Noble Wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread
 On the Monuments of the Dead?
 Nothing they but Dust can show,
 Or Bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live:
 Now your Wines and Ointments give;
 After Death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my Pleasures have;
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

Cowl. Anac.

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
 By constant drinking, fresh and fair:
 The Sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little Need of Drink,
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.
 The busy Sun, and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery Face no less,
 Drinks up the Sea, and when h'as done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
 They drink and dance by their own Light;
 They drink and revel all the Night.
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high:
 Fill all the Glasses there; for why
 Should ev'ry Creature drink but I?
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?

Cowl. Anac.

A thirsty Soul!

He took the Challenge, and embrac'd the Bowl;
 With Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw;
 Till he the Bottom of the Brimmer saw.

Dryd. Virg.

He crown'd a Bowl, unbid;
 The laughing Nectar over-look'd the Lid;
 The Reconciler-Bowl went round the Board,
 Which, empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.

The Feast continu'd till declining Light;
 They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas Night,
 Drunken at last, and drowsy, they depart
 Each to his House.

The thund'ring God,
 Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load;
 His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd,
 And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.

Dryd. Hom.

The Vapours to their swimming Brains advance,
 And double Tapers on the Tables dance.

Dryd. Juv.

Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth.
 The sprightly Bowl shall chearfully go round;
 None shall be grave, nor too severely wise:
 Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,
 The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn,
 In Wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
 Will be too soon to think and to be wretched.

Row. F. Pen.

Come to the Banquet all,
 And revel out the Day; 'tis my Command:
 Gay as the *Persian* God ourself will stand,
 With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand:
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
 While antic Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Belona* join to make us Musick.
 A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the *Sun*,
 White as his Beams. Speak the big Voice of War,
 Beat all our Drums, and blow our silver Trumpets,
 Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasures
 In Bowls of Nectar and replying Thunder.

Lee Alex.

Hard are the Laws of Love's despotick Rule,
 And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain.
 Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,
Bacchus, the jolly God of laughing Pleasures.
 Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake;
Apollo's Lyre, and *Hermes'* tuneful Shell.
 Let Wine and Music join to swell the Triumph,
 To smoothe uneasy Thought, and lull Desire.

Row. Ulyss.

D R U M.

It is the Trumpet and the Drum,
 That make the Warriour's Stomach come;

Whose

Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar:
For if a Trumpet found, or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?

Hud.

D U E L. See Gauntlets.

Now at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,
The Challenger and challeng'd, Face to Face,
Approach: Each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.
So stands the *Thracian* Herdsman with his Spear,
Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear;
And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees
His Course at Distance by the bending Trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal Enemy,
And either he must fall in Fight or I.
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart,
A gen'rous Chillness seizes ev'ry Part;
The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortify the Heart.
Thus pale they meet, their Eyes with Fury burn;
None greets, for none the Greeting will return;
But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care,
His Foe profess'd, as Brother of the War.
Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore.
Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood;
And wounded wound, till both were bath'd in Blood;
And not a Foot of Ground had either got,
As if the World depended on that Spot,
Fell *Arcite*, like an angry Tyger, far'd,
And like a Lyon *Palamon* appear'd;
Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,
With rising Bristles and with frothy Jaws,
Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound,
With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around:
So fought the Knights;
In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow;
Like Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful Gleam: So strong they strook,
There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak. *Dryd. Pal. &*
Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar (Arc.
They view, and rushing on begin the War:

They launch their Spears, then Hand to Hand they meet;
 The trembling Soil resounds beneath their Feet.
 Their Bucklers clash, thick Blows descend from high,
 And Flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.
 Such was the Combat in the list'd Ground,
 So clash their Swords, and so their Shields resound.
 Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnus* aims a Blow,
 Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe,
 But all in Pieces flies the Traitor Sword,
 And in the middle Stroke, deserts his Lord;
 The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand;
 The shiver'd Fragments shone amid the Sand.
 Surpriz'd with Fear, he fled along the Field,
 And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.
 Ten Times already round the list'd Place,
 One Chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the Chase.

Once more erect the rival Chiefs advance,
 One thrusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance:
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal Chance.

Turnus then trembling view'd the thund'ring Chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance:

Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conq'ring Foe,
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming Blow:
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with Fear,
 Aim'd at his Shield, he sees th' impending Spear.

The Heroe measur'd first with narrow View,
 The destin'd Mark; and rising as he threw,
 With its full Swing the fatal Weapon flew.
 Not with less Rage the rattling Thunder falls,
 Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls.
 Swift as a Whirlwind, from an Arm so strong,
 The Lance drove on, and bore the Death along.
 Nought could his seven-fold Shield the Prince avail,
 Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;
 It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly Wound
 Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to Ground:
 Thus low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid,
 With Eyes cast upward, and with Arms display'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

D U N G E O N .

Then to a Dungeon's Depth I sent, both bound,
 Where, stow'd with Snakes and Adders, now they lodge:
 Two Planks their Beds, slipp'ry with Ooze and Slime.
 The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tails,
 And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs. *Dr. K. Arth.*

EAGLE.

E A G L E. See Nature.

In the fiery Tracts above,
 Appears in Pomp th'imperial Bird of *Jove* :
 A Plump of Fowl he spies that swim the Lakes,
 And o'er their Heads his sounding Pinions shakes;
 Then, stooping on the fairest of the Train,
 In his strong Talons trufs'd a silver Swan:
 But, while he lags and labours in his Flight,
 Behold the dastard Fowl return anew,
 And, with united Force the Foe pursue:
 Clam'rous around the royal Hawk they fly,
 And, thick'ning in a Cloud, o'er-shade the Sky;
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy Course,
 Nor can th'incumber'd Bird sustain their Force;
 But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey,
 And, lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus on some silver Swan, or tim'rous Hare,
Jove's Bird comes sousing down from upper Air;
 Her crooked Talons trufs the fearful Prey,
 Then out of Sight she soars, and wings her Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

Jove's Bird on sounding Pinions beat the Skies;
 A bleeding Serpent of enormous Size
 His Talons trufs'd; alive, and curling round,
 He stung the Bird, whose Throat receiv'd the Wound:
 Mad with the Smart he drops the fatal Prey,
 In airy Circles wings his peaceful Way,
 Floats on the Winds and rends the Heav'ns with Cries;
 While on the Earth the fallen Serpent lies. *Pope Ham.*

So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,
 And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,
 Fast'ning his crooked Talons on the Prey,
 The Pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid Way;
 Resists the royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
 She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest:
 Turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,
 And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.
 Against the Victor all Defence is weak,
 Th'imperial Bird still plies her with his Beak;
 He tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores,
 Then claps his Pinions, and securely soars. *Dryd. Virg.*

So the Eagle,
 That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire *Jove's*
 With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring

Forſake the Neſt, to try his tender Pinions
 In the wide untrack'd Air; till bolder grown,
 Now, like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
 He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;
 Or fixing on ſome Dragon's ſcaly Hide,
 Eager of Combat, and his future Feaſt,
 Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
 Writhing his ſpiry Tail. [*poke by Ulyſſes.*]
 As the bold Bird her helpleſs Young attends,
 From Danger guards them, and from Want defends;
 In ſearch of Prey ſhe wings the ſpacious Air,
 And with th' untasted Food ſupplies her Care.

*Row. Ulyſſ.**Pope Hom.*

So the imperial Eagle does not ſtay
 Till the whole Carcaſs he devour,
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r;
 As if his gen'rous Hunger underſtood,
 That he can never want Plenty of Food:
 He only ſucks the taſteful Blood,
 And to freſh Game flies chearfully away;
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

*Cowl.**EARTH QUAKE.*

Earth felt the Wound, and Nature, from her Seat,
 Sighing, thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe.

Milt.

As when pent Vapours run their hollow Round,
 Earthquakes, which are Convulſions of the Ground,
 Break bell'wing forth, and no Confinement brook,
 Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook.

Dryd.

So the pent Vapours, with a rumbling Sound,
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground;
 A ſounding Flaw ſucceeds, and from on high
 The Gods with Hate behold the nether Sky,
 The Ghoſts repine at violated Night,
 And curſe th' invading Sun, and ficken at the Sight.

*Dr. Virg.**ECHO.*

Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Pray'r
 From that hard She whom I obey,
 I come, and find a Nymph much gentler here,
 That gives Conſent to all I ſay.
 Ah! gentle Nymph, who lik'ſt ſo well
 In hollow ſolitary Caves to dwell,
 Her Heart being ſuch, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me ſo.

Complaiſant

Complaisant Nymph! who dost thus kindly share
In Grievs whose Cause thou dost not know;
Had'st thou but Eyes as well as Tongue and Ear,
How much Compassion would'st thou shew!
Thy Flame, whilst living, or a Flow'r,
Was of less Beauty, and less ravishing Pow'r:
Alas I might as easily

Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.
By Repercussion Beams ingender Fire:
Shapes by Reflection Shapes beget;
The Voice itself, when stop'd, does back retire,
And a new Voice is made by it.

Thus Things by Opposition
The Gainers grow: My barren Love alone
Does from her stony Breast rebound,
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

Coml.

He forc'd the Vallies to repeat
The Accent of his sad Regret:
And *Echo* from the hollow Ground
His doleful Wailings did resound;
More wistfully by many Times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthless Stories,
To answer to Inter'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.

Hud.

Echo in others Words her Silence breaks,
Speechless herself but when another speaks.
She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound,
To catch his Voice, and to return the Sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter Tone,
With mimic Sounds, and Speeches not her own. *Add. Ovid.*

ECLIPSE.

The Silver Moon is all o'er Blood:
A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face;
A vast Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.
Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War,
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour. *Lee Oedip.*
Shorn of his Beams, the Sun
In dim Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds.

On half the Nations, and with fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs.

Milt.

Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day
On either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him. Dryd. Don Seb.

E D U C A T I O N. See Religion.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone. Dryd. Jun. Jun.

While thy moist Clay is pliant to Command,
Unwrought, and easy to the Potter's Hand;
Now take the Mold, now bend thy Mind to feel
The first sharp Motions of the forming Wheel. Dryd. Pers.
Soldierly Education.

Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,
We bear our new-born Infants to the Flood:
There, bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,
With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold:
They wake before the Day to range the Wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd Food.
No Sports but what belong to War they know,
To break the stubborn Colt to bend the Bow:
Our Youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread,
Always at work, with frugal Diet fed;
From Plows and Harrows sent to seek Renown,
They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town.
No Part of Life, from Toils of War is free;
No Change in Age, or Diff'rence in Degree:
We plough and till in Arms; our Oxen feel,
Instead of Goads, the Spur and pointed Steel.
Th'inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain:
Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey,
We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey. Dryd. Virg.

E L D E R B R O T H E R.

Is not the Elder

By Nature pointed out for Preference?
Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws
Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order?
Ask those thou nam'dst but now, what made them Lords?
What Titles had they had, if Merit only
Could have conferr'd a Right? if Nature had not
Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first.

And stamp the noble Mark of Eldership
Upon their baser Metal?

Row. Amb. Stepm.

Birthright's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway;
Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's Way.

Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne,

Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon:

Heav'n's Choice! a low, inglorious rightful Drone! *(Auren. } Dryd. }*

My Claim to her by eldership I prove.

Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit my Claim,

But will preserve the Birthright of my Passion. *Otm. Orph.*

E L E M E N T S.

For this eternal World is said of old,

But four prolific Principles to hold;

Four diff'rent Bodies: Two to Heav'n ascend,

And other two down to the Centre tend:

Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,

Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky:

Then Air, because unclog'd, in empty Space,

Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place;

But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,

Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth subsides;

All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,

And into these are all resolv'd again.

Earth rarifies to Dew; expanded more,

The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar,

Spreads as she flies, and, weary of her Name,

Extenuates still, and changes into Flame.

Thus having by Degrees Perfection won,

Restless, they soon untwist the Web they spun:

And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,

Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew;

And Dew condensing does her Form forego,

And sinks a heavy Lump of Earth below.

Dryd. Ovid.

The Force of Fire ascended first on high,

And took its Dwelling in the vaulted Sky;

Then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire,

Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire:

Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous Throng

Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along:

About her Coasts unruly Waters roar,

And, rising on a Ridge, insult the Shoar.

Dryd. Ovid.

ELEPHANT. See *Paradise*.

E L O Q U E N C E.

Whene'er he speaks, Heav'n! how the list'ning Throng,
Dwell on the melting Musick of his Tongue:
His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien;
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene:
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
Here Lightning strikes you, there soft Breezes sigh.

Gar.

When *Atræus*' Son harangu'd the list'ning Train,
Just was his Sense, and his Expression plain;
His Words succinct, yet full without a Fault,
He spake no more than just the Thing he ought:
But when *Ulysses* rose, in Thought profound,
His modest Eyes he fix'd upon the Ground:
As one unskill'd, or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his Head, nor stretch'd his sceptred Hand:
But when he speaks, what Elocution flows!
Soft as the Fleeces of descending Snows
The copious Accents fall with easy Art,
Melting they fall, and sink into the Heart:
Wond'ring we hear, and, fix'd in deep Surprise,
Our Ears refute the Censure of our Eyes.

Pope Hom.

His Tongue

Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better Reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: For his Thoughts were low,
To Vice industrious, but to nobler Deeds
Tim'rous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the Ear.

Milt.

Nectar divine flow'd from his heavenly Tongue,
And on his charming Lips Persuasion hung.

Blac.

Words, sweet as Honey, from his Lips distill'd.

Pope Hom.

He drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue.

Dryd. Juv.

Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Fools,
Or Knaves, who use them when they want good Sense:
But Honesty needs no Disguise nor Ornament.

Osw. Orph.

But here bright Eloquence does always smile
In such a Choice, yet unaffected Style,
As doth both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art:
Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in.
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man,

Norm.

E L R.

E L Y S I U M,

The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vie,
 With *Æther* vested, and a purple Sky.
 The blissful Seats of happy Souls below;
 Stars of their own, and their own Sun they know.
 Their airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,
 And on the Green contend the Wrestler's Prize.
 Some in heroic Verse divinely sing,
 Others in artful Measures lead the Ring:
 The Chiefs behold their Chariots from afar,
 Their shining Arms, and Coursers train'd to War:
 Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,
 Free from their Harness, graze the flow'ry Ground.
 The Love of Horses which they had alive,
 And Care of Chariots, after Death survive.
 Some chearful Souls were feasting on the Plain;
 Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain.
 Here Patriots live, who for their Countries Good,
 In fighting Fields were prodigal of Blood.
 Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode,
 And Poets worthy their inspiring God.
 And searching Wits of more mechanic Parts,
 Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.
 Those who to Worth their Bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that Bounty to commend:
 The Heads of these, which holy Fillets bound,
 And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.
 In no fix'd Place the happy Souls reside:
 In Groves they live, and lie on mossy Beds,
 By crystal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads. *Dryd. Virg.*
 There in the Lands of unexhausted Light,
 O'er which the God-like Sun's unweary'd Sight,
 Ne'er winks in Clouds, or sleeps in Night,
 An endless Spring of Age the Good enjoy:
 Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy.
 There neither Earth, nor Sea they plough,
 Nor ought to Labour owe
 For Food, that while it nourishes does decay,
 And in the Lamp of Life consumes away.
 Soft-footed Winds with tuneful Voices there
 Dance thro' the perfumed Air.
 There silver Rivers thro' enamel'd Meadows glide,
 And Golden Trees enrich their Side.

Th'illustrious

Th'illustrious Leaves no dropping Autumn fear,
 And Jewels for their Fruit they bear;
 Which by the Blest are gathered
 For Bracelets to the Arm, and Garlands to the Head. *Cowl. Pind.*
 Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
 And with refreshing Sweets perfume the Way:
 Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide,
 And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide:
 These blissful Plains no Blights nor Mildews fear,
 The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here. *Gar.*

E M B R A C E. See *Venus*.

Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lie,
 And like the Sea about it, I:
 Thou like fair *Albion* to the Sailors Sight,
 Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in White;
 Like the kind Ocean I will be
 With loving Arms for ever clasping thee. *Cowl.*
 As the luxuriant Tendrils of the Vine
 Around the Elm with wanton Windings twine, *(Ovid.)*
 My springing Arms flew round and lock'd in thine. *Den.*
 Eternal Comfort's in thy Arms:
 To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease, *(Pres.)*
 Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roses. *Orw. Ven.*
 Oh my *Jocasta*! 'tis for this the wet
 Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground:
 For this he bears the Storms
 Of Winter Camp, and freezes in his Arms,
 To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
 That I could hold thee ever! Let me hold thee:
 Thus to my Bosom: Ages let me grasp thee,
 Life of my Life! and Treasure of my Soul!
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
 I'll break 'em with *Jocasta* in my Arms:
 Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
 And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room. *Lee Oedip.*
A. I thought how those white Arms would fold me in,
 And strain me close, and melt me into Love;
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my Strength to ev'ry Blow.
C. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,
 You've been too long away from my Embraces;
 But when I have you fast, and all my own,

With

With broken Murmurs and tumultuous Sighs,
I'll say you were unkind and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager Kifs.

A. My brighter *Venus*!

C. O my greater *Mars*!

A. Thou join'st us well, my Love!

Suppose me come from the *Phlegraan* Plains,
Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword,
And Mountain-Tops par'd off each other Blow,
To bury those I slew. Receive me, Goddess!
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets, like *Vulcan*,
In thy Embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once;
And make their Envy what they meant their Sport.
Let those who took us blush: I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their Frown,
As their superior God.

Dryd. All for Love,

Venus embracing *Vulcan*,

The Goddess strait her Arms of snowy Hue
About her unresolving Husband threw.
Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,
His Veins, his Marrow, sudden Warmth inspire,
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half so swift the rattling Thunder flies,
Or Streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
The Goddess, proud of her successful Wiles,
And conscious of her Form, in secret smiles.

The Power obnoxious to her Charms,
Panting and half dissolving in her Arms,
Snatch'd the willing Goddess to his Breast,
Till, in her Lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

Dryd. Virg.

For what do Lovers when they're fast
In one another's Arms embrac'd;
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other like a Prize away?

Hud.

EMPIRE and Emperor, See Greatness.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years:
Till, grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about:
The Place thus made for its first Breathing free,
It moves again for Ease and Luxury:

Till

Till, swelling by Degrees, it has possess'd
 The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.
 When from behind there starts some petty State:
 And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate:
 Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
 And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd
 With sceptred Slaves, who waited to salute me?
 With *Eastern* Monarchs, who forgot the Sun
 To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings
 Ran courning up and down my Palace-Yards,
 Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
 And at my least Command all started out
 Like Racers for the Goal. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Emperor! Why that's the Style of Victory!
 The conq'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
 Salutes his Gen'ral so! but never more
 Shall that Sound reach my Ears.
 For I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
 The Name of Soldier with inglorious Ease:
 In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
 Sate still, and saw it press'd by other Hands. *Dryd. All for Love.*
 There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune;
 Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make;
 All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
 Why was I born a Prince? Proclaim'd a God?
 Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.
 Thus Palaces in Prospect bar the Eye,
 Which, pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
 O'er flow'ry Lawns to the gay distant Sky.
 Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love!
 By all the Gods I will to Wilds remove;
 Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God, on Grass lie down,
 And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown. *Lee Alex.*

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs that divide the World:
 Busy Ambition ne'er will let ye know
 Tranquility and Happiness like mine:
 Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall,
 And rise again to lift you to your Pride;
 They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you. *Osw. Ven. Pres.*

To you the Drudgery of Pow'r I give;
 Cares be your Lot: Reign you, and let me live:
 Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul;
 The little Emmets with the human Soul

Care for themselves, while at my Ease I fate,
And second Causes did the Work of Fate. *Dryd. Auren.*

Oh that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain!
Where I Extreame might not be forc'd to chuse,
And blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose;
Where the dear Partner of my little State,
While all her smiling Off-spring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my Coming wait;
Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,
And not in curst Courts for Glory die.

Lee Theod.

ENCELADUS. See *Ætna.*

ENJOYMENT.

I saw 'em kindle to Desire,
While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He growing more fierce, and she less coy:
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways:
Kind was the Force on either Side,
Her new Desire she could not hide;
Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.
The blessed Minute he pursu'd,
Till she, transported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conq'ror all her Charms.
His panting Breast to her's now join'd,
They feast on Raptures unconfin'd:
Vast and luxuriant! such as prove
Th' Immortality of Love!
For who but a Divinity
Could mingle Souls to that Degree;
And melt them into Extasy!
Now, like the *Phoenix*, both expire,
While, from the Ashes of their Fire,
Sprung up a new and soft Desire.
Like Charmers thrice they did invoke
The God, and thrice new Vigour took.

Behn.

Thus did this happy Pair their Love dispense,
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense.
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest;
And present at his own mysterious Feast,
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd Roses on the nuptial Bed:

While

While folded in each other's Arms they lay
 He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play. (*Theoc.*)
 And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat away. (*Dryd.*)

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus they lay,
 Till Nature could no more suffice their Play. *Dr. Sig. & Guise.*
Celia was coy and hard to win;

With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part:
 But when she once had try'd the Sin,
 She hugg'd the charming tingling Dart;
 Cry'd nearer, dearest, to my Heart;
 Thou'rt Lord of all within.

Mountfort.

Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,
 That at the Window-Eye does steal in,
 To rob the Heart, and with his Prey
 Steals out again a closer Way.

Hud.

See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
 Next in Storms of Thunder speak:
 Then a kind Show'r from above
 Brings a Calm: So 'tis in Love.
 Flames begin our first Address,
 Like meeting Thunder we embrace;
 Then, you know, the Show'rs that fall,
 Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

How should I those Show'rs forget?
 'Twas so pleasant to be wet:
 They kill'd Love, I know it well,
 I dy'd as oft as e'er they fell.

Roch.

Phillis has a gentle Heart,
 Willing to the Lover's courting;
 Wanton Nature, all Love's Art
 To direct her in her sporting:
 In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
 All is real Inclination:
 No false Raptures in the Bliss,
 No feign'd sighing in the Passion.
 But oh! who the Charms can speak;
 Who the thousand Ways of toying!
 When she does the Lover make,
 All a God in her enjoying;
 Who the Limbs that round him move,
 And constrain him to the Bliss!
 Who the Eyes that swim in Love,
 And the Lips that suck in Kisses!

Oh

Oh the Freaks when mad she grows,
Raves all wild with the possessing!
Oh the silent Trance which shews
The Delight above expressing!
Ev'ry Way she does engage,
Idly talking, speechless lying,
She transports me with the Rage,
And she kills me in her dying.

Ye Gods! the Raptures of that Night!
What fierce Convulsions of Delight!
How in each other's Arms dissolv'd!
We lay, confounded, and involv'd!
Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,
Which should most be lost contending,
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,
Plunging into boundless Bliss;
Our Bodies, as our Souls, on Fire,
Tost by a Tempest of Desire,
Till with utmost Fury driv'n,
Down at once we sunk to Heav'n.

Thus when the youthful Pair more closely joyn, (twine,
When Arms in Arms they lock, and Thighs in Thighs they
rust in the raging Foam of full Desire,

When both press on, both murmur, both expire:

They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they dart,

As each would force their Way to t'other's Heart;

In vain: They only cruise about the Coast;

For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost;

As sure they strive to be, when both engage

In that tumultuous momentary Rage,

So tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,

Till Man dissolves in that Excess of Joy.

Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its Way,

And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,

A Pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,

Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;

And then the same vain Violence returns;

With Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns:

Again they in each other would be lost;

But still by adamant Bars are crost.

Dryd. Lucr.

From ev'ry Part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,

They feel the trickling Joys, and run with Vigour to the Goal.

Stirr'd with the same impetuous Desire,

Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares their Males require;

Because

Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins
Provokes them to assuage their kindly Pains.
The lusty Leap th' expecting Female stands,
By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.
Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by Love are ty'd,
Nor hooting Boys, nor Blows, their Union can divide.
At either End they strive the Link to loose
In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the Noose.

Dryd. *Luce*

'Tis with this Rage the Mother Lyon stung,
Scours o'er the Plain, regardless of her Young:
Demanding Rights of Love, she sternly stalks:
And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks:
'Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes,
In Woods and Fields a wild Destruction makes;
Boars whet their Tusks, to Battel Tygers move,
Enrag'd with Hunger; more enrag'd with Love.
The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent from far;
And snorts, and trembles for the distant Mare:
Nor Bits, nor Bridles can his Rage restrain;
And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain.
He makes his Way o'er Mountains, and contemns
Unruly Torrents, and unforded Streams.
The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,
New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground:
The sleepy Letcher shuts his little Eyes,
About his churning Chaps the frothy Bubbles rise:
He rubs his Sides against a Tree, prepares,
And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.
The youthful Bull is oft with Love possess'd;
With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast,
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest,
Forsakes his Food, and, pining for the Lass,
Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass,
The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,
The bell'wing Rivals to the Fight provokes.
A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;
The stooping Warriors, aiming Head to Head,
Engage their clashing Horns with dreadful Sound,
The Forest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar,
Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore,
Nor when the War is over, is it Peace,
Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release:

But feeding in his Breast his antient Fires,
 And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.
 Driv'n from his native Land to foreign Grounds,
 He with a gen'rous Rage, resents his Wounds,
 His ignominious Flight, the Victor's Boast
 And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
 Often he turns his Eyes, and with a Groan,
 Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own;
 And therefore to repair his Strength he tries,
 Hard'ning his Limbs with painful Exercise,
 And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.
 On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds;
 Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.
 His Horns, yet fore, he tries against a Tree,
 And meditates his absent Enemy:
 He snuffs the Wind, his Heels the Sand excite:
 But when he stands collected in his Might,
 He roars, and promises a more successful Fight.
 Then to redeem his Honour at a Blow,
 He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe:
 Nor with more Madness, rolling from afar,
 The spumy Waves proclaim the wat'ry War:
 And mounting upwards with a mighty Roar,
 March onward, and insult the rocky Shore:
 They mate the middle Region with their Height,
 And fall no less than with a Mountain's Weight:
 The Waters boil, and, belching from below,
 Black Sands as from a forceful Engine throw.
 I pass the Wars that spotted Linxes make
 With their fierce Rivals, for the Female's Sake;
 The howling Wolves, the Mastiff's am'rous Rage,
 When ev'n the fearful Stag dares for his Hind engage.
 But far above the rest the furious Mare,
 Barr'd from the Male, is frantic with Despair;
 Of Love defrauded in her longing Hour,
 She tears the Harness, and she rends the Rein:
 For Love she'll force thro' Thickets of the Wood,
 And climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.
 Thus ev'ry Creature, and of ev'ry kind,
 The secret Joys of sweet Coition find;
 Not only Man's imperial Race, but they
 That wing the liquid Air, or swim the Sea,
 Or haunt the Desert, rush into the Flame:
 For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

Dryd. Virg.
 Ev'n

Ev'n rugged Lyons love,
And grapple, and compel their savage Dames. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Once in a Season Beasts too taste of Love;
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the Year. *Orw. Orph.*

Love's Pow'r's too great to be withstood
By feeble human Flesh and Blood:

'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The heft'ring Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
Reduc'd his Leaguer-Lion's Skin
T'a Petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle
T'a feeble Distaff and a Spindle.

He made the beauteous Queen of *Crete*
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet.

'Twas he made vestal Maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick.

'Tis he that proudest Dames enamours
On Lacquays and *Valets de Chambres*;
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty Grooms;
To slight the World, and to disparage
Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage.

Hud.

The Thund'rer, who without the female Bed,
Could Goddesses bring forth from out his Head;
Chose rather Mortals this Way to create,
So much h'esteem'd his Pleasure 'bove his State.

Cowl.

When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
But not complete till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together join;
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,

Till by Love in Heav'n at last

Their Bodies too are plac'd.

Cowl.

The Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Then haste to Bed:

There let me tell my Story in thy Arms.
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Between our Dyings, e'er we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battel and Success;
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,

Tha

That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer, things
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

Dryd. Amphit.

I speak I know not what.

Speak ever so, and if I answer you
I know not what, it shews the more of Love.
Love is a Child that talks in broken Language,
Yet then he speaks most plain.

Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

Love tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks
Unknown to me within me.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Oh with what soft Devotion in her Eyes,
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!
Oh! how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near Sweets, they took my Sense away,
And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy!
But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravel'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far,
As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

Orw. Don Car.

When all were gone,

And none but I left with the charming Maid;
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade!
With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
With Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man:
Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay;
We blest'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.

Lee Sophon.

There's no Satiety of Love in thee!
Enjoy'd thou still art new: Perpetual Spring
Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place;
And I grow rich by giving.

Dryd. All for Love,

Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes; where some are in the Bud,
Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall.

Dryd. Amphit.

In thy Possession Years roul round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.

Kisses, Embraces, Languishings, and Deaths,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various Seasons of our Love.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
And like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away:
Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,

And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Dry. Sec. Love.

Immortal

Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd. *Otw. Orph.*

Let me not live, but thou art all Enjoyment ;
So charming and so sweet, that not a Night,
But whole Eternity were well employ'd, [*Spoken by Jupiter.*]
To love thy each Perfection as it ought. *Dryd. Amphit.*

They took their full Delight,
'Twas restless Rage and Tempest all the Night ;
For greedy Love each Moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.
Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd :
The Stealth it self did Appetite restore, *(Guise.)*
And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more. *Dryd. Sig. &*

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were !
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine !
I thought! oh no ! 'tis false, I could not think :
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.
And sure his Transports were not less than mine ;
For by the high-hung Taper's Light,
I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red ;
His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
And sparkled thro' their Casements humid Fires :
He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have spoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the Time ;
All he could say was, Love and *Leonora.* *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

What said he not, when in the bridal Bed
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms ?
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,
He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds ; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes. *Lee Alex.*

A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then Wishes, and a Warmth unknown before ;
What follow'd was all Ecstasy, all Trance !
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,
And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult tost, *(Im.)*
I thought my Breath and Being both were lost. *Dryd. States*

Oh how I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace !
Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,
And shoot it self into your much lov'd Bosom ?

Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy,
Nay, agonize with Pleasure at your Sight,
With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,
As no false Love could feign ?

Dryd. Amphit.

Her Hands he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank,
Thick over Head, with verdant Roof embow'r'd,
He led her nothing loth: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth; Earth's freshest, softest Lap :
There they their Fill of Love and Love's Disport
Took largely ;

Till dewy Sleep

Oppress'd them, wearied with their am'rous Play.

Milt.

Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

Roch.

I hate Fruition now 'tis past,
'Tis all but Nastiness at best;
The homeliest thing that we can do:
Besides 'tis short and fleeting too.
A Squirt of slippery Delight,
That with a Moment takes its Flight;
A fulsom Bliss that soon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Passion blindly hurry'd on,
Like Beasts, who nothing better know;
Than what mere Lust incites them to ;
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by Enjoyment quench'd.

Old.

And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one ?
Gives all she can, and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but taste and live ;
So fills the Senses that the Soul seems fled,
And Thought it self does for the Time lie dead:
Till, like a String screw'd up with eager Haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

Dryd. Auren.

And full Fruition will but raise Desire;
As Heav'n possess'd exalts the Zealot's Fire.

Den.

For Love, and Love alone, of all our Joys,
By full Possession does but fan the Fire;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.

Dryd. Lucr.

ENTHUSIASM. See *Sibyl*.

He comes: Behold the God! Thus while she said,
Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,
And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came:
Her Hair stood up; convulsive Rage possess'd
Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast:
Greater than Human-kind she seem'd to look,
And with an Accent, more than mortal, spoke:
Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury roul,
When all the God came rushing on her Soul.
Thus full of Fate she grew, and of the God;
Struggling in vain, impatient of her Load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God,
The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,
With more and far superior Force he press'd;
Commands his Entrance, and without Controul
Usurps her Organs and inspires her Soul.
At length her Fury fell, her Foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd.

Dryd. Virg.

Something I'd unfold,

If that the God would 'wake; for something still there lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Mists:
'Tis great, prodigious! 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wond'rous Fate! and now, just now, disclosing!
I see, I see! how terrible it dawns,
And my Soul sickens with it!
Now the God shakes me! He comes, he comes! *Dryd. Oedip.*

I feel him now

Like a strong Spirit, charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind.
The rowzed God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself:
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury; my old Arteries burst;
My rivell'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire:
I shall be young agen! *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging *Bacchanals*,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom;
Lull him with tuneful Notes and artful Strings,

With

With pow'rful Strains: *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

Lee.

[Spoken by *Tiresias*, in *Oedipus*.]

The God of Battel rages in my Breast;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the prophetic Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws ev'ry Nerve thin as a Spider's Thread,
And beats the Skins out like expanded Gold:
So with the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting. Lee *Mithr*.

PUBLICK ENTRIES.

Great *Bullingbrook*

Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course.
You would have thought the very Windows spoke,
So many greedy Looks of young and old
Thro' Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage; and that all the Walls,
With painted Imag'ry, had said at once,
God save thee, *Bullingbrook*.
But, as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious;
Ev'n so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowle on *Richard*: No Man cry'd, God save him;
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome home:
But Dust was thrown upon his Sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience)
That had not God, for some strong Purpose steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism it self have pity'd him. Shak. *Rich. II.*

Your glorious Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils and ever-living Laurel,
Is entering now in martial Pomp the Palace:
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth;
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,
Succeed; and next a hundred neighing Steeds,

White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills,
 That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
 As they disdain'd the Victory they grace:
 Pris'ners of War in shining Fetters follow,
 And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Africk*
 Sweat by his Chariot-Wheels, and lick and grind,
 With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
 The swarming Populace spread ev'ry Wall,
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold thro' clefted Stones, stretching and staring
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration. *Congr. Mourn. Bride.*

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace in captive Bands his Chariot-Wheels!
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney-Tops,
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have fate
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
 Made in her concave Shores? *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

Loud Acclamations to the Clouds arise,
 And propagate the Triumph to the Skies.
 The confluent Tides to a high Deluge grow,
 And Waves of thronging Heads roll to and fro:
 The gazing Clusters to the Windows clung,
 And on the Roofs sublime and Ridges hung;
 Whence with luxurious Pomp they feed the Sight,
 And with their greedy Looks devour'd Delight;
 Their starting Eyes the Multitude did strain,
 And from their eager Pleasure suffer Pain. *Blar.*

E N V Y.

She sought out Envy in her dark Abode,
 Desi'd with ropy Gore, and Glots of Blood:
 Shut from the Winds, and from the wholesome Skies
 In a deep Vale the gloomy Dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a Beam of Light
 Invades the Winter or disturbs the Night. *Add. Ovid.*

The Fury strait
 Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight:
 A noisom

Gar.

A noisom Rag her pensive Temples bound,
 And faintly her parch'd Lips her Accents sound:
 A pois'nous Morfel in her Teeth she chew'd,
 And gorg'd the Flesh of Vipers for her Food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her Eye:
 The hideous Monster, rising heavily,
 Came stalking forward with a fullen Pace,
 And left her mangled Offals on the Place.
 Soon as she saw the Goddess gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a Groan at such a cheerful Sight.
 Livid and meagre were her Looks, her Eye
 In foul distorted Glances turn'd awry ;
 A Hoard of Gall her inward Parts possess'd,
 And spread a Greeness o'er her canker'd Breast ;
 Her Teeth were brown with Rust ; and, from her Tongue,
 In dangling Drops, the stringy Poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the Wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her Malice with a Moment's Sleep,
 Restless in Spite ! while, watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's Joy ;
 Foe to her self, distressing and distress'd,
 She bears her own Tormentor in her Breast ;
 She takes her Staff, hung round with Wreaths of Thorn,
 And sails along in a black Whirlwind born
 O'er Fields and flow'ry Meadows, where she steers
 Her baneful Course, a mighty Blast appears,
 Mildews and Blights ; the Meadows are desac'd,
 The Fields, the Flow'rs, and the whole Year laid waste :
 On Mortals next and peopled Towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning Plague among their Walls.
 When *Athens* she beheld, for Arts renown'd,
 With Peace made happy, and with Plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous Fiend from Tears forbear,
 To find out Nothing that deserv'd a Tear.
 To execute *Minerva's* dire Command,
 She stroak'd *Aglauros* with her canker'd Hand ;
 Then prickly Thorns into her Breast convey'd,
 That stung to Madness the devoted Maid :
 Her subtle Venom still improves the Smart,
 Frets in the Blood, and festers in the Heart.
 Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh,
 That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew ;
 No Verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
 But baneful Hemlock and cold Aconite :

Add. Ovid.

In a dark Grot the baneful Haggard lay,
 Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day:
 Meagre, deform'd, and worn with spightful Woes:
 The chearful Blood her livid Eyes forsook,
 And Basilisks fate brooding in her Look.
 A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head,
 And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:
 From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,
 And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward Pains,
 While Seas of melted Ore lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order fate
 Foul bawling *Infamy* and bold *Debate*:
 Gruff *Discontent*, thro' Ignorance misled,
 And clam'rous *Faction* at her Party's Head:
 Restless *Sedition*, still dissembling Fear,
 And sly *Hypocrisy* with pious Leer.
 Glouting with sullen Spight the Fury shook
 Her clotted Locks, and blasted with each Look.
 Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
 Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.
 She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form;
 So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm.

Envy at last crawls forth from Hell's dire Throng
 Of all the direfull'st! her black Locks hung long,
 Attir'd with curling Serpents; her pale Skin
 Was almost dropt from her sharp Bones within;
 And at her Breast stuck Vipers, which did prey
 Upon her panting Heart both Night and Day,
 Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair,
 Both Day and Night they left fresh Poisons there.
 Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,
 And torn by her own Hands, in which she bore
 A knotted Whip and Bowl, which to the Brim
 Did with green Gall and Juice of Wormwood swim;
 With which when she was drunk she furious grew,
 And lash'd her self. *Envy*, the worst of Fiends;
Envy good only when she her self torments.

Aside he turn'd

For *Envy*, and with jealous Leer malign
 Ey'd them askaunce.

Envy never dwells in noble Hearts.

Envy, like the Sun, does beat
 With scorching Rays on all that's high and great.

Gar.

Cowl.

Milt.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Wall.
 For

Eternity. Evening.

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For Envy magnifies whate'er she shews.

Add. Ovid.

E T E R N I T Y.

Eternity no Parent does admit,
But on it self did first it self beget:
A Gulf whose large Extent no Bounds engage,
A still-beginning, never-ending Age.
Eternity that boundless Race,
Which Time himself can never run,
(Swift as he flies with an unweary'd Pace;) *Cong.*
Which when ten thousand thousand Years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

E V E N I N G.

The Approach of Night,
The Skies yet blushing with departing Light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade. *Pope.*

While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,
In their loose Traces from the Field retreat;
While curling Smokes from Village-Tops are seen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green. *Pope.*

Now to the Main the burning Sun descends,
And sacred Night her gloomy Veil extends. *Pope Hom.*

The western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,
And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day. *Add.*

The Sun
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone Career
To th' Ocean Isles, and in th' ascending Scale
Of Heav'n, the Stars that usher Ev'ning rose. *Milt.*

Now came still Ev'ning on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober Liv'ry all things clad. *Milt.*

And see, yon sunny Hill the Shade extends,
And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends. *Dryd. Virg.*

The setting Sun descends
Swift to the western Waves; and guilty Night
Hasty to spread her Horrors o'er the World,
Rides on the dusky Air. *Rowe Ulys.*

See from afar the Hills no longer smoke.
The sweating Steers, unharnes'd from the Yoke,
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough:
The Shadows lengthen, and the Sun goes low;
Cold Breezes now the raging Heats remove. *Dryd. Virg.*

Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day. *Dryd.*
-The

The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,
 The Steer resigns his Yoke, the Hind his Care:
 The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,
 And falling Dews refresh the Flow'rs below.
 The Bat with sooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
 The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move:
 And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love. *Gar.* }

When the low Sun is sinking to the Main,
 When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews,
 And the cool Ev'ning Breeze the Meads renews:
 When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful Sound,
 And hollow Shores the *Halcyon's* Voice rebound. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Now the Day wears, the Sun-beams faintly bound,
 And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground. *Blac.*

The gilded Planet of the Day,
 In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
 Was now descending to the Sea,
 And left no Light to guide the World,
 But what from *Chloris'* brighter Eyes was hurl'd. *Belon.*

As when from Mountain-Tops the dusky Clouds
 Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heav'n's chearful Face, the low'ring Element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd Snow, or Show'r;
 If chance the radiant Sun, with farewell Sweet,
 Extend his Ev'ning Beams, the Fields revive,
 The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds
 Attest their Joy, that Hill and Valley rings. *Milt.*

EUNUCH.

Pleasure forsook his earliest Infancy;
 The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
 And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
 Cast out from Nature, disinherited
 Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind. *(Love. Dr. All for*

Quoth he, it stands me much upon,
 T'enervate this Objection;
 And prove my self by Topick clear,
 No Gelding, as you would infer.
 Loss of Virility's averr'd
 To be the Cause of Loss of Beard.
 That does, like Embryo in the Womb,
 Abortive in the Chin become,
 This first a Woman did invent,
 In Envy of Man's Ornament;

Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut Men o'th' Stone,
To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation
Of the Sow-geld'ring Operation:
Look on this Beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either.

Hud.

E X A M P L E.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway
Men more than all the written Laws obey. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*
The Wise new Prudence from the Wise acquire,
And one brave Hero fans another's Fire. *Pope Hom.*

Since great Examples justify Command,
Let glorious Acts more glorious Acts inspire,
And catch from Breast to Breast the noble Fire. *Pope Hom.*

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Case is clear,
As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is;
And we are best of all led to
Mens Principles by what they do.

Hud.

E X P E R I E N C E.

Sixty Years have spread
Their grey Experience o'er thy hoary Head. *Cree. Juv.*
Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd, *(the Fox.*
But we have sure Experience for our Guide. *Dr. The Cock and*
Best Guide! thou open'st Wisdom's Way,
And giv'st Access, tho' secret she retire. *Milt.*
The Confident of Age, the Youth's scorn'd Guide. *Dav.*

E Y E S. See *Beauty. Hell, Looks.*

He star'd, and rould his haggard Eyes around. *Dryd.*
Thus did his Fury rise,
And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes. *Blac.*
Fate is in thy Face,
And from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e're thou speak'st. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love? *Roch. Valent.*
Then only hear her Eyes;

Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command:
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Pow'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,

Shall

Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
 And bless the Kindred Beauties of thy Eyes.
 Thy Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay. (*Stepm.*
 Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day. *Rowe Am.*

So when the Night and Winter disappear,
 The purple Morning rising with the Year,
 Salutes the Spring; as her celestial Eyes
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies. *Dryd. Theoc.*

Crown'd with Charms,
 She shew'd her heav'nly Form without Disguise,
 And gives her self to his desiring Eyes:
 Proud of the Gift, he roll'd his greedy Sight
 Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast Delight. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

F.

F A C T I O U S.

Avoid the politick, the factionous Fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave;
 The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason,
 Calls sawcy loud Sedition publick Zeal,
 And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit. *Osw. Orph.*

F A I R. See Beauty.

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
 When Flow'rs first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,
 And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year. *Dryd. Auren.*

Less fair are Orchards in their Autumn Pride,
 Adorn'd with Trees, on some fair River's Side,
 Less fair are Valleys, their green Mantles spread,
 Or Mountains, with tall Cedars on their Head. *Cowl.*

As fair

As Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns. *Lee Theod.*

Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the Morn. *Pope Hom.*

Fairer to be seen

Than the fair Lily on the flow'ry Green;
 More fresh than May her self in Blossoms new:
 For with the rosy Colour strove her Hiew. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare:
 Chaste is no Epithet to suit with Fair. *Dryd. Juv.*

F A I R I E S.

About this Spring, if antient Fame say true,
 The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports renew;
 Their Pigmy King and little Fairy Queen

In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprites a merry Consort made,
And airy Musick warbled thro' the Shade. *Pope Jan. & May.*

Like Fairy Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forest-Side,
Or Fountain, some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale Course; they, on their Mirth and Dance
Intent, with jocund Musick charm his Ear. *Milt.*

They dance their Ringlets to the whistling Wind:
The Honey-Bags steal from the Humble-Bees,
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glow-worms Eyes;
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-Beams from their sleeping Eyes. *Shak.*
(*Midsummer Night's Dream.*)

In days of old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,
Whose Acts and Fame to foreign Lands were blown,
The King of Elfs and little Fairy Queen
Gambol'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry Green:
And where the jolly Troop had led the Round,
The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the Ground.
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver Light
Of *Phoebe* serv'd to guide their Steps aright,
And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night.
Her Beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her Horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands convey'd.
Above the rest, our *Britain* held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious Rings, and revel'd half the Year.
I speak of antient Times, for now the Swain
Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly Train.
In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,
The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest,
To skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,
No silver Penny to reward her Pain:
For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly Geer,
Have made the merry Goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry Pranks before,
Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor:

And

And Fry'rs that thro' the wealthy Regions run,
 Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun,
 Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls,
 And exorcise the Beds, and cross the Walls,
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the place,
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace.
 But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been,
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,
 The midnight Parson, posting o'er the Green,
 With Gown tuck'd up, to Wakes; for Sunday next,
 With humming Ale encouraging his Text,
 Nor wants the holy Leer to Country Girl betwixt.
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,
 There haunts not any *Incubus*, but he.
 The Maid, and Women need no Danger fear
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near:
 For by some Hay-cock, or some shady Thorn,
 He bids his Beads both Even-Song and Morn.

*Dryd. Wife of
 (Bath's Tale.*

Robin-Goodfellow.

I fright the Maidens of the Villages,
 Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern;
 And bootless make the breathless Housewife churn:
 And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm;
 Mislead Night-wand'ers, laughing at their Harm:
 And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,
 And when she drinks, against her Lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd Dewlap pour the Ale.
 The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,
 Sometimes for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
 Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she;
 And Taylor cries, and falls into a Cough,
 And then the whole Quire hold their Hips and laugh,
 And waxen in their Mirth, and sneeze, and swear.
 A merrier Hour was never wasted there.

*Shak. Midsummer
 (Night's Dream.*

FALCON.

The Falcon from above,
 Trusses in middle Air the trembling Dove:
 Then plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound;
 The Feathers, foul with Blood, come tumbling to the Ground.

(Dryd. Virg.

As when a Falcon, pinch'd with Hunger, spies
A long-neck'd Hern, that traverses the Skies;
Eager of Blood, and meditating Death,
With vig'rous Wings he rises from beneath;
With wond'rous Swiftnefs cuts his airy way,
And soon in distance lost, pursues his tim'rous Prey. *Blac.*

Complaints of F A L S H O O D. See Ingratitude.

She has a Tongue that can undo the World;
She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me;
Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,
Her Whispers trembled thro' my cred'lous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin. *Lee Mithrid.*

Castalio! Oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E're he would falsify his Vows to me:
Make haste Confusion then! Sun, lose thy Light!
And Stars, drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth!
For my *Castalio's* false!
False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather!
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey!
I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,
And at each Sigh, he drinks the gushing Blood. *Otm. Orph.*

He hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd;
Oh he is false! that great, that glorious Man,
Is Tyrant 'midst of his triumphant Spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs;
Then cool'd 'em with his Tears! Dy'd on my Knees;
Out-wept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd, and sworn the wond'ring Stars away!
False to *Statira!* False to her that lov'd him!
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood;
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er
And o'er in Tears, then bound 'em with my Hair;
Laid him all night, upon my panting Bosom,
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs! *Lee Alex.*

Yet this was she, ye Gods, the very she,
Who in my Arms lay panting all the night;

Who

Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
 As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips
 To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage;
 Who, loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
 Then shrunk into my Bosom, there to make
 A little longer Darknes.

Shak. Troil. & Cressid.

There was a time,
 When *Belvidera's* Tears, her Cries and Sorrows
 Were not despis'd: When if she chanc'd to sigh,
 Or but look sad, there was indeed a time,
 When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
 And never left till he had found the Cause.
 But now, let her weep Seas,
 Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst
 Her Heart asunder; still he bears it all,
 Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken. *Ot. w. Ven. Pres.*

Last Night he flew not with a Lover's haste:
 Which eagerly prevents th'appointed Hour:
 I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
 And listen'd to each softly-treading Step,
 In hopes 'twas he; but still it was not he.
 At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
 So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him:
 All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round;
 Then with a Groan he threw himself a-bed,
 But far from me, as far as he could move;
 And sigh'd, and tofs'd, and turn'd, but still from me.
 At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his side;
 He pull'd it back, as if he'd touch'd a Serpent:
 With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
 And ask'd him how I had offended him:
 He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans.
 So restless pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn,
 Leap'd from the Bed, and vanish'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

What have I done, ye Pow'rs! what have I done,
 To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
 No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd?
 And, like a Rose, just gather'd from the Stalk,
 But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
 To wither on the Ground! Tell me, Heaven!
 Why name I Heaven? There is no Heav'n for me:
 Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.

When

When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire, and to me,
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be condemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome!

The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the closer: But ungrateful Man,
Base barb'rous Man, the more we raise our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and chill his Ardour.
Racks, Poisons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,
And any Death is welcome. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms;
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs, and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted:
At Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh then! he threw me from his Breast,
Like a detested Sin. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries;
Dash'd me disdainfully away with Scorn.
He did: And more, I fear will ne'er be Friends,
Tho' I still love him with unbated Passion:
Alas! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him Gods, where-e'er he goes. *Orm. Orph.*

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
And I could hate my self for being kind:
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead,
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong.
In height of Pomp, when he is warm and young,
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along:
And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes:
Nay, after Death
Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies. *Lee Alex.*
I could tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart,

And

And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh the Curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage !
Bear witness, Gods ! you heard him bid me go ;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith : I'll die, I will not bear it :
I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Dryd. All for Love.

Oh I could tear my Flesh,
Or him, or you, or all the World to pieces.
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow-room ;
'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds.
Oh that it had a Space might answer to
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand,
And hurl the Spheres about, like sportive Balls.

Lee Alex.

Drive me, O drive me from that Traitor, Man ;
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
In Lions Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den !
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean :
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb ;
Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep :
Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin,
As Man ! false Man ! smiling destructive Man !

Lee Theod.

Oh ! my hard Fate ! why did I trust her ever ?
What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood ?
The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction :
We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,
For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal.
At first they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks
Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs :
Sometimes like *Sirens*, charm us with their Songs,
Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks ;
But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us,
Or rather help the new Calamity ;
And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman !
The Lightning follow'd with a Thunderbolt
Is marble-hearted Woman ! All the Shelves,
The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,
Are Woman all ! the Wrecks of wretched Men !

Lee Mithrid.

F A M E.

Fame, the great Ill, from small Beginnings grows;
 Swift from the first, and every moment brings
 New Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings:
 Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantick Size;
 Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies.
 Inrag'd against the Gods, revengeful *Earth*
 Produc'd her last of the *Titanian* Birth:
 Swift is her Walk, more swift her winged Haste,
 A monstrous Phantom, horrible and vast.
 As many Plumes as raise her lofty Flight,
 So many piercing Eyes enlarge her Sight.
 Millions of opening Mouths to *Fame* belong,
 And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue,
 And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.
 She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries,
 No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes:
 By Day from lofty Tow'rs her Head she shews,
 And spreads thro' trembling Crouds disastrous News.
 With Court-Informers haunts, and Royal Spies;
 Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth
 Talk is her Bus'ness, and her chief Delight, (with Lyes.
 To tell of Prodigies, and cause Affright. *Dryd. Virg.*

There is a tall long-sided Dame,
 But wondrous light, ycleped *Fame*,
 That, like a thin Camelion, boards
 Her self on Air, and eats her Words.
 Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears,
 Like Hanging-Sleeves, lin'd thro' with Ears;
 And Eyes and Tongues, as Poets list,
 Made good by deep Mythologist.
 With these she thro' the Welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lyes.
 About her Neck a Packet-Mail,
 Fraught with Advice; some fresh, some stale:
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And Cows of Monsters brought to bed.
 Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary Tones;
 But whether both with the same Wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not; only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th'other well;

And

And therefore vulgar Authors name
Th'one Good, the other Evil Fame.

Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Croud,
Ever in Lyes most confident and loud.

Hud.

Roch. Valent.

While *Fame* is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy pursues her like some Bird of Prey ;
But once on wing, then all the Dangers cease,
Envy her self is glad to be at peace ;
Gives over, weary'd with so high a Flight,
Above her Reach, and scarce within her Sight.
But such the Frailty is of human Kind,
Men toil for *Fame*, which no Man lives to find.
Long rip'ning under Ground this *China* lies ;
Fame bears no Fruit till the vain Planter dies.

Norm.

How much the Thirst of Honour fires the Blood !
How many would be great, how few be good !
For who would Virtue for her self regard,
Or wed without the Portion of Reward ?
Yet this mad Chace of *Fame*, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude :
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,
Those long Inscriptions crouded on the Tomb,
Should some wild Fig-Tree take her native Bent,
And heave below the gaudy Monument,
Would crack the Marble Titles, and disperse
The Characters of all the lying Verse.
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In Time's Abyss, the common Grave of all.

Dryd. Juven.

And with what rare Inventions do we strive
Our selves then to survive ?
Wife subtle Arts, and such as well besit
That Nothing Man's no Wit.

Some with vast costly Tombs would purchase it,
And by the Proofs of Death pretend to live.

Here lies the Great——False Marble, where ?
Nothing but small and sordid Dust lies there.
Some build enormous Mountain-Palaces ;
A lasting Life in well-hewn Stone they rear :

So he, who on th'*Egyptian* Shore
Was slain so many hundred Years ago,
Lives in the dropping Ruins of his Amphitheatre.
His Father-in-law a higher Place doth claim
In the seraphick Entity of *Fame* :

He,

He, since that Toy his Death,
Does fill all Mouths, and breathes in all Men Breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal Syllables remain;
But, Oh! ye learned Men explain,
What Essence, what Existence this,
What Substance, what Subsistence, what Hypostasis,
In fix poor Letters is?
In those alone does the Great *Cæsar* live;
'Tis all the conquer'd World could give.
We Poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd phantastick Vanity,
Think we not only have, but give Eternity.
Fain would I see that Prodigal,
Who his To-morrow would bestow
For all old *Homer's* Life, e'er since he dy'd till now. *Cowl.*

PALACE of FAME.

Full in the midst of this created Space,
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, there stands a Place
Confining on all three, with triple Bound;
Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating Sound.
The Palace of loud *Fame*; her Seat of Pow'r,
Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r:
A thousand winding Entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide:
A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made,
Nor Gates, nor Bars, exclude the busy Trade.
'Tis built of Brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News:
Where Echoes in repeated Echoes play;
A Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day.
Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease;
Confus'd and chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides receding from th'insulted Shoar:
Or like the broken Thunder heard from far,
When *Jove* to Distance drives the rolling War.
The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crouds, or issuing forth, or entring in:
A Thorow-fare of News; where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle Truth with Lyes:
The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.

}
}

Error sits brooding there, with added Train
 Of vain *Credulity*, and *Joys* as vain:
Suspicion, with *Sedition* join'd, are near;
 And *Rumours* rais'd, and *Murmurs* mix'd, and panick *Fear*.
Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject Ground, (Dryd. Ovid,
 And Seas about, and Skies above, enquiring all around.

F A M I N E.

This *Famine* has a sharp and meagre Face;
 'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone:
 Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'n away,
 Look all one common Sorrow. Dryd. Cleom.

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,
 Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice,
 Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,
 We greedily devour our certain Death.
 The Soldier in th' Assault, of Famine falls,
 And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

He daily dies by Hours and Moments,
 All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting:
 Three rising Days and two descending Nights
 Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns,
 But brought no kind Vicissitude to him.
 His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,
 Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,
 Which halting onwards as his Life goes back,
 Still gains upon his Ground. Dryd. Cleom.

Death, like a lazy Master, stands aloof,
 And leaves his Work to the slow Hands of Famine. Dryd. Cleom.

F A N.

Flavia the least and flightest Toy
 Can with resistless Art employ:
 This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love;
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton Motions so,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
 To ev'ry other Breast a Flame. Alter.

F A N C Y.

There is a Place which Man most high does rear;
 The small World's Heav'n, where Reason rules the Sphere:
 Here in a Robe, which does all Colours show,
 Fancy, wild Dame, with much lascivious Pride,
 By Twin-Camelions drawn, does gaily ride.
 Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about,
 Of Shapes and airy Forms an endless Rout.
 A Sea rolls on with harmless Fury there;
 Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear:
 Here in a moment are vast Armies made,
 And a quick Scene of War and Blood display'd:
 Here sparkling Wines, and brighter Maids come in,
 The Bawds for Sense, and living Baits for Sin:
 Here golden Mountains swell the cov'tous Place,
 And *Centaurs* ride themselves a painted Race.

Cowl.

When *Reason* sleeps, our mimick *Fancy* wakes,
 Supplies her Part, and wild Ideas takes
 From Words and Things ill-suted and misjoin'd,
 The Anarchy of Thought, and *Chaos* of the Mind.

(Dryd. *State of Innocence*.)

Howe'er, 'tis well, that while Mankind,
 Thro' Fate's fantastick Mazes errs,
 They can imagin'd Pleasures find,
 To combat against real Cares.
 Fancies and Notions we pursue,
 Which ne'er had Being but in Thought;
 And, like the doating Artist, woo
 The Image we our selves have wrought.

Prior.

F A T E. See *Fortune*, *Predestination*, and *Free-Will*,
 The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,
 And executes on Earth what he foresees,
 Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,
 Comes with resistless Force, and finds or makes her Way.
 Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r,
 One moment can retard th'appointed Hour.
 For sure whate'er we Mortals hate or love,
 Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above;
 They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,
 And by Foresight necessitate the Will.

Dryd. *Pal. & Arc.*

'Tis not in Man *Jove's* fix'd Decree to move;
 The Great will glory to submit to *Jove*.

Pope *Hom.*

- An

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves :
 And some are great, and some are small ;
 Some climb to good, some from good Fortune fall ;
 Some wise Men, and some Fools we call ;
 Figures, alas ! of Speech, for Destiny plays us all.

Cow.

'Tis Fate that casts the Dice, and as she flings,
 Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. *Dryd. Juv.*
 What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent. *Dry. Auren.*
 Predestinated Ills are never lost. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Fate and the dooming Gods are deaf to Tears. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind ;
 He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind. *How Ind. Queen.*
 'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State :

Our Faults and Virtues make our Fate.

Cow.

Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.
 The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
 But she's a Drudge, when hector'd by the Brave.
 If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the Doom,
 And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom. *Dryd. Cong. of*

(Gran.)

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate :
 Whose Motions if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For human Good depends on human Will)
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
 And from the first Impression takes the Bent :
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like Wind,
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind. *Dryd. Abs. & Achil.*

On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and Fears !
 Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark
 Our Fortunes meet us

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee ?
 And how can we avoid it, if it be ?
 If by Free-Will in our own Paths we move,
 How are we bounded by Decrees above ?
 Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,
 If ill, 'tis ours ; if good, the Act of Heav'n.

Dryd. Temp.

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,
 Took Pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Mass
 With Temp'rance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
 And ev'ry kingly Virtue ; but in vain :
 For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,
 Perform'd its Work by his mistaken Hands.

Dryd. Oedip.

To you, Great Gods, I make my last Appeal;
 Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal:
 If wand'ring in the Maze of Fate I run,
 And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun;
 Impute my Errors to your own Decree;
 My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Gods! would you be ador'd for doing good,
 Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?
 How would you have your Mercy understood,
 Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
 Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous?
 Supreme first Causes! you whence all things flow,
 Whose Infiniteness does each Little fill:
 You, who decree each seeming Chance below,
 So great in Pow'r, were you as good in Will,
 How could you ever have produc'd such Ill?
 Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
 Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame?
 Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,
 Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair, and Shame,
 Had never found a Being nor a Name!

'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,
 Evil with you has Co-eternity;
 Than blindly taking it the other way,
 That merciful, and of Election free,
 You did create the Mischiefs you foresee.

Roch. Valent.

Then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?
 And is it thus the Gods assist the Just?
 When Crimes provoke us, Heav'n Success denies;
 The Dart falls harmless, and the Faulchion flies. *Pope Hom.*

Be juster, Heav'n! such Virtue punish'd thus,
 Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
 And shuffles with a random Hand the Lots
 Which Man is forc'd to draw. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Thus with short Plummets Heav'n's deep Will we sound,
 That vast Abyss where human Wit is drown'd!
 In our small Skiff we must not launch too far:
 We here but Coasters, not Discov'ers are. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

Eternal Deities!

Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
 And write whatever Time shall bring to pass,
 With Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass:
 What is the Race of Human-Kind your Care,
 Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are?

H

He

He with the rest is liable to Pain,
 And, like the Sheep, his Brother Beast is slain.
 Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure;
 All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure.
 Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,
 When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail?
 What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
 If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?
 Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate;
 Them, to pursue their Pleasures, you create;
 We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,
 And your Commands, not our Desires fulfil.
 Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,
 Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain:
 But Man, in Life surcharg'd with Woe before, (Art.
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more. *Dryd. Pal. 6*

Good Heav'ns! why gave you me
 A Monarch's Soul,
 And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay?
 Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
 And such a Span to grasp them? Sure my Lot,
 By some o'er-hasty Angel, was misplac'd
 In Fate's eternal Volume. *Dryd. Span. Ey.*

Tell me why, good Heaven!
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit.
 Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
 That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why
 Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
 Why have I sense to know the Curse that's on me?
 Is this just Dealing, Nature? *Osw. Ven. Pref.*

Was it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me
 Great, like your selves, and as a King to be
 Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?
 Why rather was I not a Peasant Slave,
 Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
 And to my destin'd Load inur'd betimes? *Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Ye cruel Pow'rs!
 Take me as you have made me, miserable!
 You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate,
 And you made that, not I. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain;
 It may afflict, but Man may not complain. *Osw. Orph.*

Yet 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,
To think what their State is, and what it should be:
Impatient of their Lot, they reason fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

Rom. Ulyss.

But why, alas! do mortal Men in vain,
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our Wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for Riches, Riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain:
Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their Life,
A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.

Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam:
Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home;
Yet knows not how to find th'uncertain Place,
But blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.
Thus all seek Happiness, but few can find,
For far the greater part of Men are blind.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

The Gods are just;

But how can Finite measure Infinite?
Reason! alas! it does not know itself:
But Man, vain Man, would with this short-lin'd Plummet
Fathom the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.
Whatever is, is in its Causes just;
Since all things are by Fate: But purblind Man
Sees but a part o'th' Chain; the nearest Link;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poises all above.

Dryd. Oedip.

Impute not then to me

The Fault of Fortune, or the Fate's Decree:
Or call it Heaven's Imperial Pow'r alone,
Which moves on Springs of Justice, tho' unknown:
Yet this we see, tho' order'd for the best,
The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd.
Permitted Laurels grace the lawless Brow,
Th'Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below.
And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,
And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fi'ry Passions,
To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course;

Dryd. Sic. & Guis.

To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change
 Of various Life; to struggle with Adversity;
 To wait the leisure of the righteous Gods,
 Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
 Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once;
 A long and shining Train, till thou, well-pleased, (Row. Ulyss.)
 Shall bow, and bless thy Fate, and own the Gods are just.

F E A R. See Runaway.

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,
 And his chill'd Blood hangs curdled in his Veins. *Blac.*

Terror froze up his Hair, and on his Face
 Show'rs of cold Sweat roll'd trembling down apace. *Cowl.*

Aghast he wak'd, and starting from his Bed,
 Cold Sweats in clammy Drops his Limbs o'er-spread. *Dryd.*

His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load,
 And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:
 The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the salt'ring Tongue. *Dryd. Theod. & Hon.*

I feel my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,
 And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,
 As if I were dissolving into Water. *Dryd. Temp.*

At thy dread Anger the fix'd World shall shake,
 And frighted Nature her own Laws forsake;
 Do thou but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,
 And Thunder, echo'd to the trembling Sky;
 While warring Seas swell to so bold a Height,
 As shall the Fire's proud Element affright:
 Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten Way,
 Shall at thy Voice start, and misguide the Day.
 The jocund Orbs shall break their measur'd Pace,
 And stubborn Poles change their allotted Place.
 Heav'ns gilded Troops shall flutter here and there,
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a Sphere.
 Nay, their God too——For fear he did, when we
 Took noble Arms against his Tyranny:
 So noble Arms, and in a Cause so great,
 That triumph they deserve for their Defeat. *Cowl.*

[Spoken by Envy to the Devil.]

With that, with his long Tail he lash'd his Breast,
 And horribly spoke out in Looks the rest.

The quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in Amaze,
 And at each other first could only gaze:
 A dreadful Silence fill'd the hollow Space,
 Doubling the native Terror of Hell's Face.
 Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before
 So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the Shore:
 No Hiss of Snakes, no Clank of Chains was known,
 The Souls amidst their Tortures durst not groan.

Cowl.

The silver Moon with Terror paler grew,
 And neighb'ring *Hermon* sweated flow'ry Dew.

Cowl.

The Stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight;
 And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light. *Dr. Ovid.*

Who would believe what strange Bug-bears
 Mankind creates itself of Fears!

That Spring, like Fern, that Insect Weed,
 Equivocally, without Seed;

And have no possible Foundation,
 But merely in th' Imagination.

And yet can do more dreadful Feats

Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats:

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,

Than all their Nurseries of Elves.

For Fear does things so like a Witch,

'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which:

Sets up Communities of Senses

To chop and change Intelligences:

As *Rosicrusion Virtuosis*

Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses;

And when they neither see nor hear,

Have more than both supply'd by Fear:

That makes them in the Dark see Visions;

And hag themselves with Apparitions;

And when their Eyes discover least,

Discern the subtlest Objects best.

Do Things not contrary alone

To th' Force of Nature, but its own:

The Courage of the Bravest daunt,

And turn Poltroons to Valiant:

For Men as resolute appear

With too much, as too little Fear;

And when they're out of Hopes of flying,

Will run away from Death by dying,

Or turn again to stand it out,

And those that fled, like Lions, rout.

Hud.

For

For Fear oft braver Feats performs,
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms.

Hud.

It is an Ague, that forsakes
And haunts by Fits those whom it takes.

Hud.

Fear ever argues a degenerate Mind.

Dryd. Virg.

Fear is the last of Ills:

In time we hate that which we often fear. Shak. Ant. & Cleop.

F E M A L E.

All Females have Prerogative of Sex:

The She's, ev'n of the savage Herd, are safe;

All, when they snarl or bite, have no Return,

But Courtship from the Male.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

F I G H T.

Now Shouts and Clamours wake the tardy Sun;

As with the Light the Warriours Toils begun:

Ev'n Jove, whose Thunder spoke his Wrath, distill'd

Red Drops of Blood o'er all the fatal Field;

The Woes of Men unwilling to survey,

And all the Slaughters that must stain the Day:

Pope Hom.

The Trojans rush tumultuous to the War,

Once more they glitter in refulgent Arms,

Once more the Fields are fill'd with dire Alarms.

Pope Hom.

In one firm Orb the Bands were rang'd around;

A Cloud of Heroes blacken'd all the Ground:

Thus, from the lofty Promontory's Brow,

A swain surveys the gath'ring Storm below:

Slow from the Main the heavy Vapours rise,

Spread in dim Streams, and sail along the Skies,

Till black as Night the swelling Tempest shows,

The Cloud condensing as the West-Wind blows;

He dreads th' impending Storm, and drives his Flock

To the close Covert of an arching Rock:

Such, and so thick, th' embattell'd Squadrons stood,

With Spears erect, a moving Iron Wood.

A shady Light was shot from glimm'ring Shields,

And their brown Arms obscur'd the dusky Fields.

Pope Hom.

Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious Shield,

Plies all the Troops, and orders all the Field:

As the red Star now shews his sanguine Fires

Thro' the dark Clouds, and now in Night retires;

Thus thro' the Ranks appear'd the God-like Man,

Plung'd in the Rear, or blazing in the Van;

While

While streamy Sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his Arms, as Lightning from the Skies. *Pope Hom.*

Thus by their Leader's Care each martial Band
Moves into Ranks, and stretches o'er the Land. *Pope Hom.*

As when the Winds ascending by Degrees,
First move the whit'ning Surface of the Seas;
The Billows float in Order to the Shore;
The Wave behind rolls on the Wave before;
Till, with the growing Storm, the Deep's arise,
Foam o'er the Rocks, and thunder to the Skies:

So to the Fight the thick Battalions throng;
Shields urg'd on Shields, and Men drove Men along.

Sedate and silent move the *Grecian* Bands;

No Sound, no Whisper, but their Chief's Commands,
Those only heard; with Awe the rest obey,

As if some God had snatch'd their Voice away.

Not so the *Trojans*; from their Host ascends

Ag'en'ral Shout that all the Region rends.

As when the fleecy Flocks unnumber'd stand

In wealthy Folds, and wait the Milker's Hand;

The hollow Vales incessant Bleating fills;

The Lambs reply from all the neighb'ring Hills,

Such Clamours rose from various Nations round;

Mix'd was the Murmur, and confus'd the Sound. *Pope Hom.*

With Shouts the *Trojans*, rushing from afar,

Proclaim their Motions, and provoke the War.

So when inclement Seasons vex the Plain

With piercing Frosts, or thick descending Rain,

To warmer Seas the Cranes embody'd fly,

With Noise and Order thro' the Mid-way Sky;

To pygmy Nations Wounds and Death they bring,

And all the War descends upon the Wing.

But silent, breathing Rage, resolv'd and skill'd

By mutual Aids to fix a doubtful Field,

Swift march the *Greeks*; the rapid Dust around

Dark'ning arises from the labour'd Ground.

Thus from his flaggy Wings when *Notus* sheds

A Night of Vapours round the Mountains Heads,

Swift-gliding Mists the dusky Fields invade,

To Thieves more grateful than the midnight Shade;

While scarce the Swains their feeding Flocks survey,

Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd Day:

So, wrapt in gath'ring Dust, the *Grecian* Train,

A moving Cloud, swept on, and hid the Plain. *Pope Hom.*

As

As when on *Ceres*' sacred Floor the Swain
 Spreads the wide Fan to clear the golden Grain;
 And the light Chaff, before the Breezes born,
 Ascends in Clouds from off the heapy Corn;
 The grey Dust, rising with collected Winds,
 Drives o'er the Barn, and whitens all the Hinds,
 So white with Dust the *Grecian* Host appears,
 From trampling Steeds and thund'ring Charioteers.
 The dusky Clouds from labour'd Earth arise,
 And roul in smoking Volumes to the Skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable Shield,
 And adds new Horrors to the darken'd Field. *Pope Hom.*

Now Front to Front the hostile Armies stand,
 Eager of Fight, and only wait Command. *Pope Hom.*

Each Host now joins, and each a God inspires;
 These *Mars* incites, and those *Minerva* fires:
 Pale *Flight* around and dreadful *Terrour* reign,
 And *Discord* raging bathes the purple Plain.

Embody'd close, the lab'ring *Grecian* Train
 The fiercest Shock of charging Hosts sustain:
 Unmov'd and silent the whole War they wait,
 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as Fate:
 So when th'embattl'd Clouds, in dark Array,
 Along the Skies their gloomy Lines display:
 When now the *North* his boist'rous Rage has spent,
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid Element;
 The low-hung Vapours, motionless and still,
 Rest on the Summits of the shaded Hill;
 'Till the Mass scatters as the Winds arise,
 Dispersed and broken thro' the ruffled Skies. *Pope Hom.*

Mars, stern Destroyer! and *Bellona* dread,
 Flame in the Front, and thunder at their Head:
 This swells the Tumult, and the Rage of Fight;
 That shakes a Spear that casts a dreadful Light:
 Where *Hector* march'd the God of Battels shin'd,
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind. *Pope Hom.*

Now Shield with Shield, with Helmet Helmet clos'd,
 To Armour Armour, Lance to Lance oppos'd:
 Host against Host with shadowy Squadrons drew;
 The founding Darts in iron Tempests flew:
 Victors and Vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,
 And shrilling Shouts and dying Groans arise:
 With streaming Blood the slipp'ry Fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide:

As Torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous Rills;
 With Rage impetuous down their echoing Hills;
 Rush to the Vales, and, pour'd along the Plain,
 Roar thro' a thousand Channels to the Main;
 The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound;
 So mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound. *Pope Hom.*

As when sharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings
 The dreary Winter on his frozen Wings;
 Beneath the low-hung Clouds the Sheets of Snow
 Descend, and whiten all the Fields below.
 So fast the Darts on either Army pour;
 So down the Rampires rolls the rocky Show'r,
 Heavy and thick; resound the batter'd Shields,
 And the deaf Echo rattles round the Fields. *Pope Hom.*

Dark Show'rs of Jav'lins fly from Foes to Foes:
 Now here, now there, the Tide of Combate flows.
 While *Troy's* fam'd Streams that bound the deathful Plain.
 On either Side, ran purple to the Main. *Pope Hom.*

As sweating Reapers, in some wealthy Field,
 Rang'd in two Bands, their crooked Weapons wield,
 Bear down the Furrows till their Labours meet;
 Thick fall the heapy Harvests at their Feet:
 So *Greece* and *Troy* the Field of War divide,
 And falling Ranks are strew'd on either Side.
 None stoop'd a Thought to base inglorious Flight;
 But Horse to Horse, and Man to Man they fight.
 Not rabid Wolves more fierce contest their Prey,
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the Day:
Discord with Joy the Scene of Death describes,
 And drinks large Slaughter at her sanguine Eyes.
Discord alone of all th'immortal Train,
 Swells the red Horrors of the direful Plain. *Pope Hom.*

As o'er their Prey rapacious Wolves engage,
 Man dies on Man, and all is Blood and Rage.
 With copious Slaughter all the Fields are red,
 And heap'd with growing Mountains of the Dead.
 So fought each Host, with Thirst of Glory fir'd,
 And Crouds on Crouds triumphantly expir'd.
 Fierce *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the Field's in Flames. *Pope Hom.*

As on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
 Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds,
 They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield
 One Foot, one Inch of the contended Field:

Thus obstinate to Death they fight, they fall.

Pope Hom.

As when two Scales are charg'd with equal Loads,
From Side to Side the trembling Balance nods;
(While some laborious Matron, just and poor;
With nice Exactness weighs her woolly Store.)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends,
Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that descends:
So stood the War.

Pope Hom.

Thus, while the Morning Beams, increasing bright,
O'er Heav'n's pure Azure spread the growing Light,
Commual Death the Face of War confounds,
Each adverse Battel gor'd with equal Wounds.
But now, what Time, in some sequester'd Vale,
The weary Woodman spreads his sparing Meal,
When his tir'd Arms refuse the Axe to rear,
And claim a Respite from the *Sylvan* War;
But not till half the prostrate Forest lay
Stretch'd in long Ruin, and expos'd to Day:
Then, nor till then, the *Greeks* impulsive Might
Pierc'd the black Phalanx, and let in the Light.

Now by the Foot the flying Foot were slain;
Horse, trod by Horse, lay foaming on the Plain.
From the dry Fields thick Clouds of Dust arise,
Shade the black Host, and intercept the Skies:
The brass-hoof'd Steeds tumultuous plunge and bound;
And the thick Thunder beats the lab'ring Ground.

The Driver's Lash resounds,
Swift thro' the Ranks the rapid Chariot bounds:
Stung by the Stroke the Coursers scour the Fields
O'er Heaps of Carcasses and Hills of Shields:
The Horses Hoofs are bath'd in Heroes Gore;
And, dashing Purple all the Car before,
The groaning Axle sables Drops distills,
And mangled Carnage clogs the rapid Wheels.

Then *Hector*, with a Bound,
Vaults from his Chariot on the trembling Ground,
In clanging Arms: He grasps in either Hand
A pointed Lance, and speeds from Band to Band;
Revives their Ardour, turns their Steps from Flight,
And wakes anew the dying Flames of Fight.
As the bold Hunter cheers his Hounds to tear
The brindled Lion, or the rusky Bear;

With Voice and Hand provokes their doubting Heart,
 And springs the foremost with his lifted Dart:
 So Godlike *Hector* prompts his Troops to dare;
 Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the War.
 New Force, new Spirit to each Breast returns:
 The Fight renew'd with fiercer Fury burns:
 The King leads on, all fix on him their Eye,
 And learn from him to conquer or to die.
 On the black Body of the Foes he pours:
 As from the Clouds deep Bosom, swell'd with Show'rs,
 A sudden Storm the purple Ocean sweeps,
 Drives the wild Waves, and tosses all the Deeps.
 Or, as a Western Whirlwind, charg'd with Storms,
 Dispells the gather'd Clouds that *Notus* forms;
 The Gust, continu'd, violent and strong,
 Rous fable Clouds in Heaps on Heaps along:
 Now to the Skies the foaming Billows rears,
 Now breaks the Surge, and wide the Bottom bares:
 Thus raging *Hector* with resistless Hands.
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their Bands. *Pope Hom.*

He like a Whirlwind, toss'd the scatt'ring Throng,
 Mingled the Troops, and drove the Field along.
 So midst the Dogs and Hunters daring Bands,
 Fierce of his Might, a Boar or Lion stands:
 Arm'd Foes around a dreadful Circle form,
 And hissing Jav'lines rain an Iron Storm:
 His Pow'rs untam'd their bold Assaults defy,
 And where he turns, the Rout disperse or die:
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his Courage makes him fall. *Pope Hom.*

As when a Torrent, swell'd with wintry Rains,
 Pours from the Mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
 And Pines and Oaks, from their Foundation torne,
 A Countrey's Ruin! to the Seas are borne.

Thus he o'erwhelms the yielding Throng:
 Men, Steeds and Chariots roul in Heaps along.
 Loud Groans proclaim his Progress thro' the Plain,
 And deep *Scamander* swells with Heaps of Slain.
 His Sword deforms the beauteous Ranks of Fight.
 Still slaught'ring on the King of Men proceeds:
 The distant Army wonders at his Deeds.
 As when the Winds with raging Flames conspire,
 And o'er the Forests roul the Flood of Fire,

In blazing Heaps the Groves old Honours fall,
 And one refulgent Ruin levels all:
 Before *Atrides*' Rage so sinks the Foe;
 Whole Squadrons vanish, and proud Heads lie low:
 The Steeds fly trembling from his waving Sword,
 And many a Car, now lighted of its Lord,
 Wide o'er the Field with guideless Fury rous'd,
 Breaking their Ranks, and crushing out their Souls.

And now the Combat bleeds:

The Horse and Foot in mingled Deaths unite,
 And Groans of Slaughter mix with Shouts of Fight.

Meanwhile, on ev'ry Side around the Plain,
 Dispers'd, disorder'd fly the *Trojan* Train.
 So flies a Herd of Beeves, that hear, dismay'd,
 The Lion roaring thro' the midnight Shade.
 On Heaps they tumble with successless Haste;
 The Savage seizes, draws and rends the last.
 Not with less Fury stern *Atrides* flew,
 Still press'd the Rout, and still the hindmost slew.
 Hur'd from their Cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
 And Rage and Death and Carnage load the Field. *Pope Hom.*

FIGHTING at Sea. See Battle, Duel, War.

The Ships wide Caves collected Vengeance bear,
 Turgid with Death, and prominent with War.

Blac.

Now they begin the Tragick Play,
 And with their smoky Cannon banish Day.
 At the first Shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,
 Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd.
 Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
 They trouble Nature, and her Visage change.
 Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,
 And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleets.
 'Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
 And of one Wound Hundreds together die:
 Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,
 The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave;
 The Sea that blush'd with Blood.

Wall.

Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horror ride
 In fearful Pomp upon the Crimson Tide.

Blac.

The wond'ring Skies with foreign Lightning shone,
 And rung with Peals of Thunder, not their own.

Blac.

The thundring Canons,

With

With their loud Roar, the angry Seas assuage;
Awe list'ning Winds, and calm their weaker Rage. *Blac.*

The mighty Foe with Indignation burns,
And Fire for Fire, and Peal for Peal returns:
Broadside and Broadside they together lie,
And with alternate Deaths each other ply:
With dreadful Noise the bellowing Cannon play,
And mutual Wounds in mutual Fire convey:
Roaring Destruction from their Vessels broke,
And pond'rous Deaths flew thick in Clouds of Smoke. *Blac.*

On either side the Foe outrageous grew,
And Deaths unseen in dreadful Tempests flew:
Destruction they exchange; by turns they give
Exploded Ruin, and by turns receive.

The Cannons Roar did distant Regions scare,
Shake all the Shores, and torture all the Air;
With a strange Tempest did becalm the Deep,
Compose the Waves, and lay the Winds asleep. *Blac.*

Once *Jove*, from *Ida* did both Hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray:
Here Heav'n, in vain that kind Retreat should sound;
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd. *Wall.*

Vast Sheets of Flame, and pitchy Clouds arise,
And burning Vomit spouts against the Skies:
Tempests of Fire th'astonish'd Heav'n's annoy,
Fierce as those Storms that from their Clouds destroy. *Blac.*

Now Seas of Water mix'd with Seas of Blood,
And crimson Billows reek along the Flood:
The half-burnt Ships, which on the Ocean glide,
With ignominious Wreck deform the Tide. *Blac.*

The burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines but that by which Men die. *Wall.*

To the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,
And Neighbour sits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires:
Scorch'd Bodies, broken Masts, and smoaking Beams,
Promiscuous Ruin! float along the Streams. *Blac.*

Toft by a Whirlwind of tempestuous Fire,
A thousand Wretches in the Air expire. *Den.*

Into the Waves some their pale Bodies throw,
And fly from Death above to Death below. *Blac.*

As th'Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
New Strength and Vigour from its Wounds receives:
Their Rage by Loss of Blood is kindled more,
And with their Guns, like Hurricanes, they roar.

Like

Like Hurricanes, the knotted Oaks they tear,
 Scourge the vex'd Ocean, and torment the Air.
 Whilst Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confusion hurl'd,
 With universal Wreck and *Chaos* threat the World.
 Such would the Noise be, should this mighty All,
 Crush'd and confounded, into Atoms fall.
 The Ships, which in magnificent Array,
 But just before did their proud Flags display,
 And seem'd with warring Destiny to play;
 Now from our Rage, despoil'd of Rigging tow,
 Or burn, or up into the Air they blow.
 Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
 The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:
 With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,
 Their huge extended Arms the Wings defy:
 The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and passes by.
 When *Jove*, concern'd that they so high aspire,
 Amongst them sends his own revenging Fire:
 Which does with dismal Havock on them fall;
 Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all:
 From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torne,
 And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories borne:
 Upon the Heath they blasted stand, and bare;
 And those, whom once they shelter'd, now they scare. *Dem.*
 Amid the Main two mighty Fleets engage;
 Their brazen Beaks oppos'd with equal Rage:
 Moving they fight, with Oars and forky Prows
 The Froth is gather'd, and the Water glows:
 It seems as if the *Cyclades* again
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the Main;
 Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains meet;
 Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet.
 Fireballs are thrown, and pointed Jav'lins fly;
 The Fields of *Neptune* take a purple Dye. *Dryd. Virg.*

F I R E. See Funeral.

As when in Summer welcome Winds arise,
 The watchful Shepherd to the Forest flies,
 And fires the midmost Plants: Contagion spreads,
 And catching Flames infect the neighb'ring Heads;
 Around the Forest flies the furious Blast,
 And all the leafy Nation sinks at last,
 And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o'er the Waste.

The Pastor, pleas'd with his dire Victory,
Beholds the satiate Flames in Sheets ascend the Sky. *Dr. Virg.*

The conqu'ring Flames advance with lawless Pow'r,
And with outrageous Heat the Trees devour.
The spreading Burning lays the Forest waste,
And sooty Spoils lie smoaking where it pass'd. *Blac.*

The Laurels crackle in the burning Fire,
The frighted *Sylvans* from their Shades retire. *Dryd. Virg.*

For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives;
Ascending thence it crackles in the Leaves:
At length victorious to the Top aspires,
Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires:
But most, when, driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm,
Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when a Flood of Fire by Winds is born,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing Corn. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Flames were blown aside,
Fann'd by the Winds, and gave a ruffled Light. *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

When strong rising Flames Resistance find,
Beat downwards by a fierce impetuous Wind;
The liquid Pyramids with labour bend
Their Tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend. *Blac.*

If in some Town a Fire breaks out by Chance,
Th' impetuous Flames with lawless Pow'r advance;
On ruddy Wings the bright Destruction flies,
Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Cries:
The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the Wind,
And ghastly Desolation howls behind. *Blac.*

The crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky:
Driv'n on the Wings of Winds whole Sheets of Fire,
Thro' Air transported, to the Roofs aspire;
With *Vulcan's* Rage the rising Winds conspire. *Dryd. Virg.*

Ships on Fire. See Fighting at Sea.

The kindled Vengeance rears its dreadful Head,
And all around *Ætnaan* Terrors spread.
With dismal Wings the crackling Flames arise,
Shoot out their ruddy Tongues, and lick the Skies;
The airy Region shines with hideous Light;
And horrid Day dispels less horrid Night.
A dreadful Outcry on the Deep began;
Ships fell on Ships, Galleys on Galleys ran;

Rigging with Rigging met, and Mast with Mast,
 And sails with fatal Friendship Sails embrac'd.
 With fruitless Toil the Crew oppose the Flame;
 No Art can now the spreading Mischief tame:
 Some choak'd and smother'd did expiring lie,
 Burn with their Ships, and on the Waters fry:
 Some, when the Flames could be no more withstood,
 By wild Despair directed, midst the Flood
 Themselves in haste from their tall Vessels threw,
 And from a dry to liquid Ruin flew.
 Sad Choice of Death! when those who shun the Fire,
 Must to as fierce an Element retire.
 Uncommon Sufferings did these Wretches wait:
 Both burnt and drown'd, they met a double Fate.

What ghastly Ruin then deform'd the Deep!
 Here glowing Planks, and flaming Ribs of Oak:
 Here smoking Beams, and Masts in sunder broke;
 Nor Coal intirely, nor intirely Wood,
 Roll on the Billows, and pollute the Flood.
 Here gilded Sterns, there ample Lanthorns float,
 And curious Shapes by Master-Carvers wrought.
 There half-burnt Lions on the Water grin,
 And sooty Leopards lose their spotted Skin.
 The gazing Fish are all amaz'd to see
 The Monsters of the Forest swim the Sea.

Blac.

The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains,
 And *Vulcan* rides at large with loosen'd Reins;
 Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars,
 And seizes in his way the Banks and crackling Oars.
 A Storm of Sparkles and of Flames arise,
 Nor will the raging Fires their Fury cease;
 But lurking in the Seams with seeming Peace,
 Work on their way amid the smould'ring Tow,
 Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.
 The silent Plague thro' the green Timber eats,
 And vomits out a tardy Flame by Fits.
 Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
 The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
 Not Buckets pour'd, nor Strength of Human Hand,
 Can the victorious Element withstand,
 Or stop the fiery Pest.

Dryd. Virg.

The Billows from the kindling Prow retire;
 Pitch, Rosin, Searwood, on red Wings aspire;
 And *Vulcan* on the Seas exerts his Attribute of Fire.

Garth. Ovid }
FIRE.

FIRE-WORKS.

Before th'Imperial Palace tow'ring stood
Rare Works of Fire, encas'd in painted Wood;
Whose rival Glories did to Heav'n arise,
And Earth-born Thunder run along the Skies.
The Heav'ns amaz'd, with borrow'd Lustre shone,
With Lights and Meteors of a Race unknown,
With foreign Stars, as thick and splendid as their own.
Such Noise, such Flames fill'd all the ambient Air,
The very Triumph seem'd another War,
And with the dreadful Joy did all the People scare. *Blac.*

FIRMAMENT. See *Creation.*

FISH. See *Creation, Muse.*

FLATTERY.

Give me Flattery,

Flatt'ry, the Food of Courts, that I may rock him;
And lull him in the Down of his Desires. *Beaum. Rol.*

No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't:

It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves

Use to cajole and soften Fools withal.

If thou hast Flattery in thy Nature, out with it;

Or send it to a Court; for there 'twill thrive. *Osw. Orph.*

'Tis next to Money current there;

To be seen daily in as many Forms,

As there are Sorts of Vanities and Men.

The superstitious Statesman has his Sneer,

To smoothe a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him:

The grave dull Fellow of small Business sooths

The Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit.

Who without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist

Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon?

Or a grave Counsellor meet a smoothe young Lord,

Squeeze him by th'Hand, and praise his good Complexion?
(Osw. Orph.)

There, like a Statue thou hast stood besieg'd
By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:

Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,

Met nothing but a Lye in ev'ry Face;

And the gross Flatt'ry of a gaping Croud,

Envious who first should catch, and first applaud

The Stuff, or Royal Nonsense. When I spoke,

My

My honest homely Words were carp'd and censur'd,
 For want of courtly Style: Related Actions,
 Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boast:
 Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,
 Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,
 And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites. *Dr. Don. Seb.*
 Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what Advancement may I hope from thee?
 Thou no Revenue hast but thy good Spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee. Why should the Poor be flatter'd?
 No, let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
 And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
 Where Gain may follow Feigning. *Shak. Haml.*

Nothing mis-becomes
 The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery:
 Flatt'ry, the meanest Kind of base Dissembling,
 And only us'd to catch the grossest Fools. *Row Amb. Sep.*

FLOOD. See Deluge.

Thus Deluges, descending on the Plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow Year, destroy the Pains,
 Of lab'ring Oxen, and the *Peasant's* Gains;
 Unroot the Forest Oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey.
 The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far
 The wastful Ravage of the wat'ry War. *Dryd. Virg.*

Not with so fierce a Rage the foaming Flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid Course withstood;
 Bears down the Dams with unresisted Sway,
 And sweeps the Cattel and the Cots away. *Dryd. Virg.*

The fruitful Nile

Flow'd o'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent
 So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
 That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste
 Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beasts
 Were born upon the Tops of Trees, that grow
 On th' utmost Margin of the Water-Mark:
 Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward,
 It slipp'd from underneath the scaly Herd:
 Here monstrous *Phoca* panted on the Shore;
 Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails
 Lay lashing the departing Waves: hard by 'em,
 Sea-Horses flound'ring in the slimy Mud, *(for Love.*
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em. *Dryd. All The*

The flowing Water o'er the Valley spreads,
And with a welcome Tide regales the Meads.
Each joyful Field, carest'd by fruitful Streams,
With verdant Births and gay Conceptions teems.

Blas-

FLOWERS. See *Blush, Bower, Corps, Garden, Noon, Rose, Tulip, Youth.*

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;
Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
Unbind the Glebe, and call them out to Day.
Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hiew,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew:
Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose,
Their Virgin-Blushes to the Morn disclose:
Hence the chaste Lily rises to the Light,
Unveils her snowy Breast, and charms the Sight:
Hence Arbors are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.

Gent

You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye;
Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness;
Then cast it, like a loathsome Weed, away.

Ow. Orph.

These Flowers last but for a little Space,
A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace.
This Way and that the feeble Stem is driven;
Weak to sustain the Storms and Injuries of Heav'n.
Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head;
But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed,
In Summer living, and in Winter dead.

}

For Things of tender Kind, for Pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift Increase, and sudden are decay'd. Dryd.
(The Flower and the Leaf.)

All Flowers will droop in Absence of the Sun,
That wak'd their Sweets.

Dryd. Auren.

Such on the Ground the fading Rose we see,
By some rude Blast torn from the Parent Tree.
The Daffodil so leans his languid Head,
Newly mown down upon his grassy Bed:

Tho.

Tho' from the Earth no more Supplies they gain,
The splendid Form, in part, and lovely Hiew remain.

Blac.

Farewel, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear.

Who now shall bind your Stems? Or, when you fall,
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?

Dryd.

(State of Inn.

F O G S. See *Clouds, Mists.*

Thick Damps and lazy Fogs arise,
And with their sluggish Treasures clog the Skies:
Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,
From each embowel'd Mount and hollow Vault,
Crude Exhalations and raw Vapours brought,
Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and sedgey Moors,
Drive the dull Reeks, and shove the haizy Stores.
To their appointed Station they repair,
And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air:
The pond'rous Night's impenetrable Steams
Exclude the Sun, and choak his brightest Beams.

Blac.

F O N D. See *Love, Marriage, Want.*

Fonder than Mothers to their first-born Joys.

Dryd.

O she dotes on him!

Feeds on his Looks; eyes him, as pregnant Women
Gaze at the precious things their Souls are set on.

Lee Cas. Borg.

She would hang on him,

As if Increase of Appetite had grown

By what it fed on.

Shak. Hamk.

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,

Was ever half so fond.

Dryd. All for Love.

I joy more in thee,

Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,

And bless'd the Gods for all her Travail past.

Orw. Ven. Pres.

So the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,

Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid;

Will talk and rave, and with the Nurfes strive:

And fond it still, as if it were alive;

Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Croud,

And shrieks to see them wrap it in the Shroud.

(Lee Luc. Fun. Brut.

F O O L. See *Fortune.*

Some took him for a Tool

That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

Hud.

Fools

Fools are known by looking wise,

As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.

Hud.

Fortune takes care that Fools should still be seen:

She places them aloft, o'th' top-most Spoke

Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work

Of Nature, her Vocation: If she form

A Man, she loses by't; 'tis too expensive;

'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy. *Dryd. Oedip.*

He was a Fool thro' Choice, not want of Wit.

His Foppery, without the Help of Sense,

Could ne'er have risen to such an Excellence:

Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,

As a Philosopher: The very Top

And Dignity of Folly we attain

By studious Search and Labour of the Brain;

By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:

God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.

We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;

An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts.

Rich.

For Fools are double Fools, endeavouring to be wise. *Dryd.*

(Hind. & Pan.)

And Folly as it grows in Years,

The more extravagant appears.

Hud.

F O R E S T.

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,

That over-look'd the shaded Plain below:

No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;

Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight! *Dryd. Ovid.*

Black was the Forest, thick with Beech it stood,

Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn;

Few Paths of human Feet, or Tracts of Beasts were worn.

(Dryd. Virg.)

F O R T I T U D E.

Resign'd in ev'ry State,

With Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate:

By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue;

Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue. *Dryd. Virg.*

Endure and conquer; Fate will soon dispose

To future Good our past and present Woes:

Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care;

An Hour will come with Pleasure to relate

Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.

En-

Endure the Hardships of your present State;
Live, and reserve your selves for better Fate.

Dryd. Virg.

But thou, secure of Soul, unbeat with Woes,
The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppose.

No Terrour to my View,
No frightful Face of Danger can be new.

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare;

(Dryd. Virg.)

The Fates without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.

Nor am I less, e'en in this despicable Now,

Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,

And froze your Hearts beneath the Torrid Zone. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Dejected! No, it never shall be said,

That Fate had Pow'r upon a *Spartan* Soul:

My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,

And stable, as the Fabrick of the World,

Propt on it self. Still I am *Cleomenes*:

I fought the Battel bravely which I lost;

And lost it but to *Macedonians*,

The Successors of those who conquer'd *Asia*.

'Twas for a Cause too! such a Cause I fought!

Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.

Greece, like a lovely Heifer, stood in View,

To see the rival Bulls each other gore;

But wish'd the Conquest mine.

I fled; and yet I languish not in Exile;

But here in *Egypt* whet my blunted Horns,

And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loss. *Dryd. Cleom.*

My Mind cannot be chang'd by Place or Time:

The Mind is its own Place, and in itself

Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

Milt.

E'en Time, that changes All, yet changes us in vain:

The Body, not the Mind; nor can controul

Th'immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.

Dryd. Virg.

What tho' the Field be lost,

All is not lost! th'unconquerable Will,

And Study of Revenge; immortal Hate,

And Courage never to submit or yield;

And what is else not to be overcome?

That Glory never shall his Wrath or Might

Extort from me. To bow, and sue for Grace

With suppliant Knee, and deify his Power,

Who from the Terror of this Arm so late

Doubted his Empire; that were low indeed,

That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath
This Downfal.

Milt.

Empire o'er the Sea and Main,
Heav'n that gave, can take again:
But a Mind that's truly brave,
Stands despising
Storms arising;

And can ne'er be made a Slave. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

In struggling with Misfortunes

Lies the true Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas

How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,

And make an equal Way with firmer Vessels?

But let the Tempest once enrage the Sea,

And then behold the strong-ribb'd *Argosie*

Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,

Like *Pegasus* mounted on his *Pegasus*:

Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main?

Or to avoid the Tempest fled to Port,

Or made a Prey to *Neptune*. Even thus

Do empty Show and true priz'd Worth divide

In Storms of Fortune.

Shak. & Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

With such unshaken Temper of the Soul

To bear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,

Is to deserve that Fortune. In Adversity

The Mind grows rough by buffeting the Tempest;

But, in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,

And loses all her Firmness.

Rowe Tamerl.

Thou hast been

As one in suffering all that suffers nothing:

A Man who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards

Hast ta'en with equal Thanks: And blest are they

Whose Blood and Judgment mingled are so well,

That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,

To sound what Stop she please.

Shak. Hamlet.

But who, like thee, can boast a Soul sedate,

So firmly Proof to all the Shocks of Fate?

Thy Force, like Steel, a temper'd Hardness shews,

Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with Blows:

Like Steel, up-lifted by some strenuous Swain,

With falling Woods to strew the wasted Plain.

Pope Hom.

Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,

I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield,

Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.

Fate

Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's;
Souls know no Conquerors.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

We wage unequal War,
With Men unconquer'd in the lifted Field;
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.

Dryd. Virg.

So tho' less worthy Stones are drown'd by Night,
The faithful Di'mond keeps his native Light;
And is oblig'd to Darkness for a Ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by Day.

Coml.

Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done,
And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to shun.

*Dryd. Pal.
(C. Are.*

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
And Sayings of Philosophers:
Quoth he,

I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down, can fall no lower:
And as we see th'eclipsed Sun,
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his Light,
He shines in serene Sky most bright:
So Valour in a low Estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
As Beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' Earth, still grow more reverend;
And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,
The lower we let down their Breeches:
I'll make this low dejected State
Advance me to a greater Height.

Hud.

F O R T U N E. See *Fate, Fool, Vicissitude.*

On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,
The hood-wink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court,
Upon a Wheel of Amethyst she sits;
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still Labyrinth around her lie
Spells, Philtres, Globes and Schemes of Palmistry.
A Sigil in this Hand the Gipsy bears,
In th' other a prophetick Sieve and Shears.

Cap.

O *Fortune*, fair like all thy treach'rous Kind;
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind:

O painted Monster, form'd Mankind to cheat
With Pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit.

Pope Jan.
(8 May.

Where Nature has deny'd, her Favours flow:
'Tis she that gives, (so mighty is her Pow'r!)
Faith to the Jew, Complexion to the Moor.
She is the Wretch's Wish, the Rook's Pretence,
The Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence:
Souls heav'nly-born her faithless Boons defy;
The Brave is to himself a Deity.

Gar.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone;
The Wise are always Masters of their own. J. Dryd. Jun. Juv.
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the Wise,
But set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies.

Dryd. Juv.

She for her Pleasure can her Fools advance,
And toss 'em top-most on the Wheel of Chance. Dryd. Juv.

Fortune! made up of Toys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, that hast not common Sense!
But, fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoil the World's Affairs.
She flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.

}
}

Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her:
While she stays with me I'll be civil to her;
But if she offer once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gawdies;
And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command.
I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a blind dull Whore.

Buck.

Fortune's a Mistress that with Caution's kind,
Knows that the Constant merit her alone:
They, who tho' she seem froward, yet court on. Otw. Don. Carl.

Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her work would cease, and half the World grow idle. Otw. Orph.

When Fortune means to Men most Good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning Eye. Shak. K. John.

Fortune, that with malicious Joy
Does Man, her Slave, oppress;

Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.

I

Still

Still various, and inconstant still,
 But with an Inclination to be ill;
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
 And makes a Lottery of Life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the Wind,
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away.

The Little or the Much she gave is quietly resign'd:
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
 A Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,

Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black,
 If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck?
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten Gain,
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear
 His Wealth into the Main,
 For me, secure from *Fortune's* Blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small Pinnacle I can sail,
 Contemning all the blust'ring Roar;
 And running with a merry Gale,
 With friendly Stars my Safety seek
 Within some little winding Creek,
 And see the Storm ashore.

Dryd. Hor.

Good Fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome. *Dr. Oedip.*

Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
 Too great or little, is uneasy still:
 Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are much allay'd,
 We limp in strait, and stumble in the wide.

Staff. Hor.

O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know
 To bear high Fortune, or endure the low!

Dryd. Virg.

Pleasure has been the Bus'ness of my Life,
 And every Change of Fortune easy to me,
 Because I still was easy to my self.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

In all my Wars *Good Fortune* flew before me;
 Sublime I sat in Triumph on her Wheel.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it;
 And purpled Greatness met my ripen'd Years.
 When first I came to Empire, I was borne
 On Tides of People crouding to my Triumphs:

The Wish of Nations, and the willing World
 Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace:
 I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
 Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
 And work'd against my *Fortune*; chid her from me,
 And turn'd her loose, yet still she came again.
 My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights
 At length have wearied her; and now she's gone,
 Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.

Fortune is *Cesar's* now, and what am I?

Oh! I am now so sunk from what I was,
 Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark:
 The Rivers, that ran in and rais'd my *Fortunes*,
 Are all dry'd up, or take another Course.
 What I have left is from my native Spring;
 I've still a Heart that swells in scorn of Fate,
 And lifts me to my Banks.

Glutton of *Fortune*! thy devouring Youth

Has starv'd thy wanton Age.

Dryd. All for Love.

Ay me! what Perils do inviron

The Man that meddles with cold Iron?

What plaguy Mischiefs and Mis-haps

Do dog him still with After-claps!

For tho' Dame *Fortune* seem to smile,

And leer upon him for a while;

She'll after shew him, in the nick

Of all his Honours a Dog-tick.

For *Hudibras*, who thought had won

The Field as certain as a Gun;

And, having routed the whole Troop,

With Victory was cock-a-hoop;

Found in few Minutes to his Cost,

He did but count without his Host;

And that a Turn-stile is more certain,

Than in Events of War Dame *Fortune*.

Hud.

Events are doubtful which on Battels wait;

But where's the Doubt to Souls secure of Fate?

Dryd. Virg.

How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see

That Fate, which waits on Pow'r and Victory!

How.

'Tis better not to be, than be unhappy!

'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*;

Thinking Soul is Punishment enough;

But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,

When ev'ry Thought draws Blood.

My Soul's ill married to my Body:
 I would be young, be handsome, be belov'd.
 Could I but breathe my self into *Adrastus*!
 Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King!
 Then I had kill'd a Monster! Gain'd a Battel!
 And had my Rival Pris'ner! Brave, brave Actions!
 Why have not I done these? My Fortune hinder'd:
 There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:
 But *Fortune* will have nothing done that's great,
 But by young handsome Fools! Body and Brawn
 Do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
 And strait grew famous; A mad boist'rous Fool!
 Nay worse a Woman's Fool.
 Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

[Spoken by Creon in *Oedipus*.] *Dryd.*

Nature meant me

A Wife, a silly harmless household Dove,
 Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit:
 But *Fortune*, that has made a Mistress of me,
 Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd (*All for Love*.
 Of Falshood to be happy. [Spoken by Cleopatra.] *Dryd.*

Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,
 Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness:
 But bears its Workings outward to the World?

I'm made a shallow-forded Stream,
 Seen to the bottom: All my Clearness scorn'd,
 And all my Faults expos'd. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Fate's dark Recesses we can never find,
 But *Fortune*, at some Hours, to all is kind;
 The Lucky have whole Days, which still they chuse;
 Th'Unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose. *Dr. Tyr. Love.*
 Who knows what changeful *Fortune* may produce? *Dryd.*
 (*Veg.*)

F O W L. See *Mercury*.

So spread upon a Lake, with upward Eye
 A Plump of Fowl behold their Foe on high:
 They close their trembling Troop, and all attend
 On whom the fousing Eagle will descend. *Dryd. Theod. & Hor.*

See over-head a Flock of new-sprung Fowl
 Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul;
 Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and shroud
 The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud.

F R E E D O M. See *Liberty*.

Freedom, the first Delight of human kind! Dr. *Perf.*

Freedom with *Virtue* takes her Seat,
Her proper Place, her only Scene
Is in the golden Mean.

She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.

The Wings of those *Necessity* has clipt,
And they're in *Fortune's* Bridewel whipt,
To the laborious Task of Bread :

These are by various Tyrants captive led.

Now wild *Ambition*, with imperious Force,
Rides, reins, and spurs them, like th' unruly Horse:

And servile *Au'rice* yokes them now,

Like toilsome Oxen, to the Plough:

And sometimes *Lust*, like the misguiding Light,
Draws them thro' all the Labyrinths of Night.

If any few among the Great there be

From these insulting Passions free :

Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see

By Custom, Bus'ness, Crowds, and formal Decency:

And whereso'er they stay, and whereso'er they go,

Impertinencies round them flow.

These are the small uneasy things,

Which about Greatness still are found,

And rather it molest than wound :

Like Gnats, which too much Heat of Summer brings:

But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings. Cowl.

F R I E N D.

I had a Friend that lov'd me:

I was his Soul: He liv'd not but in me:

We were so clos'd within each other's Breast,

The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.

That does not reach us yet: We were so mix'd,
As meeting Streams; both to ourselves were lost.

We were one Mass, we could not give or take,

But from the same: for he was I; I, He:

Return my better Half, and give me all myself,

For thou art all!

If I have any Joy when thou art absent,

I grudge it to myself: Methinks I rob

Thee of thy Part.

Dryd. All for Love.

Thou Brother of my Choice: A Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tie. By holy Friendship,
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence; like a Prophet
That waits the Inspiration of its God.

Rowe Tam.

Art thou not half my self?
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
Guided our Wills.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Thus from our Infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together:
One Bed has held us; and the same Desires,
The same Aversions still employ'd our Thoughts.
Whene'er had I Friend that was not *Polydor's*,
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine?

Otw. Orph.

Who knows the Joys of Friendship?
The Trust, Security, and mutual Tendernefs?
The double Joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship our only Wealth, our last Retreat and Strength,
Secure against ill Fortune and the World.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each other's Joys as Griefs partaking:
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Otw. Orph.

They both were Servants, they both Princes were.
If any Joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his to whom it least was meant:
And *Fortune's* Malice betwixt both was cross'd;
For striking one, it wounded th'other most.

Cowl.

Then *Theseus*, join'd with bold *Pirithous*, came,
A single Concord in a double Name.

Dryd. Ovid.

Their Love in early Infancy began,
And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man:
Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as antient Stories tell,
His Fellow, to redeem him, went to Hell.

Dry. Pal. & Arc.

There have been fewer Friends on Earth than Kings.
Friendship, of itself a holy Tie,

Cowl.

Is made more sacred by Adversity.

Dryd. Hind. & Panth.

A gen'rous Friendship no cold Medium knows;
Burns with one Love, with one Resentment glows:
One should our Int'rests and our Passions be;
My Friend must hate the Man that injures me.

Pope Hom.

The

The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel. *Shak. Haml.*
Ever note, *Lucilius.*

When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It uses an enforced Ceremony.

There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial.

Shak. Jul. Cas.

Protestations of Friendship.

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
With Wind and Noise; but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart:
And in familiar Speech to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my Heart, for thou hast Skill to find
If it be solid, or be fill'd with Wind;
And thro' the Veil of Words thou view'st the naked Mind.

}

For this a hundred Voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred Tongues would tire;
Yet never can be worthily express'd,
How deeply thou art seated in my Breast!

Dryd. Pers.

Oh! thou'rt so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
Its Bottom; sound its Strength and Firmness to thee.

Osw.

No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide
From thee, Heroick Youth! Be wholly mine!
Take full Possession! All my Soul is thine!
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend;
My Life's Companion, and my Bosom-Friend!

Dryd. Virg.

But if some Chance, as many Chances are,
And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War;
If one should reach my Head, there let it fall,
And spare thy Life; I would not perish All.

Dryd. Virg.

F R O S T. See *Winter.*

F R O W N.

With hostile Frown, and Visage all inflam'd.
Mark, my *Sebastian*, how that sullen Frown,
Like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heav'n,
And while it kills, delights.

Dryd.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

All

All these Wrongs

Have never made me sour my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face.

Shak. Rich. 2.

As when two black Clouds,
With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caspian*; then stand front to front,
Hov'ring a Space, till Winds the Signal blow,
To join their dark Encounter in mid Air:
So frown'd the mighty Combatants.

Milt.

He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lion
Upon the daring Huntsman, who has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Shak. Hen. 8.

Roman F U N E R A L.

Mean time the Rites and Fun'ral Poms prepare,
Due to your dead Companions of the War:
The last Respect the Living can bestow,
To shield their Shadows from Contempt below.
That conquer'd Earth be theirs, for which they fought;
And which for us with their own Blood they bought.

They raise the Piles along the winding Strand:
Their Friends convey the Dead to Fun'ral Fires.
Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go,
Thrice Horse and Foot about the Fires are led,
And thrice with loud Laments they hail the Dead.
Tears trickling down their Breasts, bedew the Ground;
And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.
Amid the Blaze their pious Brethren throw
The Spoils in Battel taken from the Foe:
Helms, Bits emboss'd, and Swords of shining Steel,
One casts a Target, one a Chariot-Wheel:
Some to their Fellows their own Arms restore;
The Fauchions, which in luckless Fight they bore:
Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd Lances, gather'd from the Plain.
Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,
And bristled Boars, and woolly Sheep expire.
Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,
To watch the wasting Flames, and weep their burning Friends.
Part in the Places, where they fell, are laid,
And Part are to the neigh'ring Fields convey'd.
The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,
Borne off in State, are bury'd in the Town:

The

The reſt unhonour'd, and without a Name,
Are caſt a common Heap to feed the Flame.

Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light;
And thrice diſpell'd the Shadows of the Night;
When thoſe, who round the waſted Flames remain,
Perform the laſt ſad Office to the Slain.
They rake the yet warm Aſhes from below;
Theſe, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earth beſtow:
Theſe Relicks with their Country's Rites they grace,
And raiſe a Mount of Turf around the Place. *Dryd. Virg.*

Mean while the *Trojan* Troops, with weeping Eyes,
To dead *Mifenus* pay his Obſequies.

In Altar-wiſe a ſtately Pile they rear,
Of Pitch-Trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Fir,
The Baſis broad below, the Top advanc'd in Air,
The Fabrick's Front with Cypreſs Twigs they ſtrew,
And ſtick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yew;
The topmoſt Part his glitt'ring Arms adorn;
Warm Waters then, in brazen Cauldrons born,
Are pour'd to waſh the Body joint by joint,
And fragrant Oils the ſtiſſen'd Limbs anoint.
With Groans and Cries *Mifenus* they deplore,
Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,
The breathleſs Body, thus bewail'd, they lay;
And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away;
Such rev'rend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.
Pure Oil and Incenſe on the Fire they throw,
And Fat of Victims which his Friends beſtow.
Theſe Gifts the greedy Flames to Duſt devour,
Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour.
And laſt, the Relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
Which in a brazen Urn the Priests incloſe.

Old *Chorineus* compaſs'd thrice the Crew,
And dipt an Olive-Branch in holy Dew;
Which thrice he ſprinkl'd round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the Dead, and then diſmiſs'd the Croud. *Dryd. Virg.*

F U N E R A L P R O C E S S I O N .

Aeneas took his Way,

Where, new in Death, lamented *Pallas* lay;

Acates watch'd the Corps.

Th' Attendants of the Slain his Sorrow ſhare;

A Troop of *Trojans* mix'd with thoſe appear,

And mourning Matrons with diſhevel'd Hair.

Soon as the Prince appears, they raise a Cry,
 All beat their Breasts, and Echoes rend the Sky.
 They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground :
 But when *Aeneas* view'd the grisly Wound,
 Which *Pallas* in his manly Bosom bore,
 And the fair Flesh distain'd with purple Gore ;
 First, melting into Tears, the pious Man
 Deplor'd so sad a Sight :

Then gave the Word around,
 To raise the breathless Body from the Ground ;
 And chose a Thousand Horse, the Flow'r of all
 His warlike Troops to wait the Funeral :
 To bear him back, and share *Evander's* Grief ;
 A well-becoming, but a weak Relief.
 Of oaken Twigs they twist an easy Bier,
 Then on their Shoulders the sad Burden rear.
 The Body on this rural Horse is borne :
 Strew'd Leaves and funeral Greens the Bier adorn.
 Then two fair Vests of wond'rous Work and Cost,
 Of Purple woven, and with Gold emboss'd,
 For Ornament the *Trojan* Hero brought ;
 One Vest array'd the Corps, and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd Eyes, and wrapt around his Head ;
 That when the yellow Hair in Flame should fall,
 The catching Fire might burn the golden Caul.
 Besides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel slain,
 Arms, Trappings, Horses, by the Horse are led
 In long Array (th'Atchievements of the Dead.)
 Then, pinion'd with their Hands behind, appear
 Th'unhappy Captives marching in the Rear :
 Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,
 To sprinkle with their Blood the Fun'ral Flame.
 Inferior Trophies by the Chiefs are borne,
 Gauntlets and Helms their loaded Hands adorn :
 And fair Inscriptions fix'd, and Titles read,
 Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.

Acates on his Pupil's Corps attends,
 With feeble Steps, supported by his Friends,
 Pausing at ev'ry Pace.
 The Champion's Chariot next is seen to roll,
 Besmear'd with hostile Blood, and honourably foul.
 To close the Pomp, *Aethon*, the Steed of State,
 Is led, the Fun'ral of his Lord to wait :

Stript of his Trappings, with a sullen Pace
 He walks; and the big Tears run rolling down his Face.
 The Lance of *Pallas*, and the crimson Crest,
 Are borne behind; the Victor seiz'd the rest.
 The March begins: The Trumpets hoarsly sound;
 The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.
 In long Procession rank'd, they thus direct their Course
 To *Pallantean* Tow'rs.

Rushing from out the Gate, the People stand,
 Each with a Fun'ral Flambeau in his Hand:
 Wildly they stare, distracted with Amaze:
 The Fields are lighten'd with a fiery Blaze,
 That cast a sullen Splendor on their Friends.
 The marching Troop, which their dead Prince attends,
 Both Parties meet; they raise a doleful Cry,
 The Matrons from the Walls with Shrieks reply;
 And their mixt Mourning rends the vaulted Sky.
 The Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Grecian F U N E R A L.

The Peasants were enjoin'd,
 Sere-Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.
 With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,
 Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row;
Vulcanian Food: A Bier is next prepar'd,
 On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,
 Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid
 The Corps of *Arcite* in like Robes array'd.
 White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head
 A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Mirtle, spread.
 A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
 The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field:
 Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier;
 Menac'd his Count'nance, ev'n in Death severe.
 Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,
 To lie in solemn State, a publick Sight:
 Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crouded Place,
 And unaffected Sorrow sate on ev'ry Face.
 Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,
 In sable Garments dew'd with gushing Tears:
 His auborn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,
 Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd.
 But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,
 A Virgin Widow, and a Mourning Bride.

The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,
 Was trap'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright,
 And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the Knight,
 The Riders rode abreast, and on his Shield,
 His Lance of Cornel-Wood another held:
 The third his Bow: And glorious to behold
 The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold.
 The noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,
 And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier;
 With sober Pace they march'd, and often stay'd,
 And thro' the Master-street the Corps convey'd.
 The Houses to their Tops with black were spread,
 And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.
 The right Side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,
 And on the left the royal *Theseus* wept:
 Each bore a golden Bowl of Work divine,
 With Honey fill'd, and Milk; and mix'd with ruddy Wine.
 Then *Palamon*, the Kinsman of the Slain,
 And after him appear'd th' illustrious Train.
 To grace the Pomp came *Emily* the bright,
 With cover'd Fire, the fun'ral Pile to light.
 So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,
 With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below.
 The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,
 With crackling Straw beneath, in due Proportion strow'd
 The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,
 With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,
 To feed the Flames: The Straw was laid below;
 Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row;
 The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd;
 The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,
 And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array;
 In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.
 The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes
 The Stubble fir'd; the smouldring Flames arise,
 While the devouring Fire was burning fast,
 Rich Jewels in the Flames the Wealthy cast;
 And some their Shields, and some their Lances threw,
 And gave the Warrior's Ghost a Warrior's Due.
 Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood,
 Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood;
 And hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food.
 Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around
 The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice resound:

Hail,

Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain;
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again.
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields,
The Women mix their Cries, and Clamour fills the Fields.
The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night, (*Pal. & Arc.*
And fun'ral Games were play'd at new-returning Light. *Dryd.*

F U R I E S. See Alesto.

Deep in the dismal Regions void of Light,
Three Daughters at a Birth were born to *Night*:
These their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,
Indu'd with windy Wings to flit in Air,
With Serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing Hair.
In Heav'n the *Dira* call'd; and still at hand,
Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they stand:
His Ministers of Wrath! and ready still,
The Minds of mortal Men with Fears to fill:
Whene'er the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate,
On Realms or Towns deserving of their Fate,
Hurls down Diseases, Death, and deadly Care,
And terrifies the guilty World with War.

Dryd. Virg.

Infernal Offsprings of the Night,
Debarr'd of Heav'n, their native Right;
And from the glorious Fields of Light,
Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,
And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain:
Whose Good is Ill, whose Joy is Woe,
Whose Works t'embroil the Worlds above,
Disturb their Union, disunite their Love, (*Alb. & Alba.*
And blast the beauteous Frame of their victorious Foe. *Dryd.*

F U T U R I T Y.

Distrust and Darknefs of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death in itself is nothing, but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where. *Dr. Auren.*
To be or not be! that is the Question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die! to sleep!
No more! and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to! 'Tis a Consummation

Devout

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ! to sleep !
 To sleep, perchance to dream ! Ay, there's the Rub ;
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuffl'd off this mortal Coyle,
 Must give us Pause. There's the Respect
 That makes Calamity of so long Life :
 For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
 Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,
 The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
 That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin ? Who would Fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life,
 But that the Dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native Hiew of Resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought ;
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
 With this Regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the Name of Action.

Shak. Haml.

In whatsoever Character
 The Book of Fate is writ,
 'Tis well we understand not it :
 We should grow mad with too much Learning there.
 Upon the Brink of ev'ry Ill we did foresee,
 Undecently and foolishly,
 We should stand shiv'ring, and but slowly venture
 The fatal Flood to enter.
 Since willing or unwilling, we must do it,
 They feel least Cold and Pain who plunge at once into it. Cowl.
 Then ask not Bodies doom'd to die,
 To what Abode they go ;
 Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,
 'Tis better not to know.

Dav.

Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
 And draw the distant Landskip as they please :
 But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
 To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws ? Dryd. Don. Seb.

Think,

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,
 How you will tremble there to stand expos'd
 The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,
 That must be doom'd for Murder! think on Murder!
 That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes:
 The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

'Tis terrible! it shakes, it staggers me:
 I know this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.
 Sure there is none but fears a future State;
 And when the most obdurate swear they do not, (*Span. Fry.*
 Their trembling Hearts bely their boasting Tongues. *Dryd.*

Consider former Ages past and gone.

Whose Circles ended long e're thine begun:
 Then tell me, Fool, what Part in them thou hast;
 Thus may'st thou judge the Future by the Past.
 What Horror see'st thou in that quiet State?
 What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?
 No Ghosts, no Goblins, that still Passage keep.
 But all is there serene in that eternal Sleep.
 For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
 Are verifi'd on Earth, and not in Hell:
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye,
 Or dreads th'impending Rock to crush him from on high.
 But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easy Hours,
 Or vain-imagin'd Wrath of vain-imagin'd Pow'rs.
 No *Tityus*, torn by Vultures, lies in Hell;
 Nor could the Lobes of his rank Liver swell
 To that prodigious Mass for their eternal Meal.
 Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Giant's Floor.
 Nor in eternal Torments could he lie;
 Nor could his Corps sufficient Food supply:
 But he's the *Tityus*, who, by Love oppress'd,
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,
 And ever-anxious Thoughts, is robb'd of Rest.
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom Noise and Strife
 Seduce from all the soft Retreats of Life,
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws:
 Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applause,
 He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
 And sweats and toils in vain to mount the sov'reign Seat.

For

For still to aim at Pow'r, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail;
 What is it but, in Reason's true Account,
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount?
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with Pain,
 Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the Plain;
 Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry kind;
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning Appetite,
 Tho' Years and Seasons vary thy Delight;
 Yet nothing to be seen of all thy Store,
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more:
 This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell,
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill,
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none could ever fill.
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
 And all the vain, infernal Trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
 But here on Earth the Guilty have in view
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due;
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoke;
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 Th' avenging Horror of a conscious Mind,
 Whose deadly Fear anticipates the Blow,
 And sees no End of Punishment and Woe;
 But looks for more at the last Gasps of Breath;
 This makes a Hell on Earth, and Life a Death. *Dryd. Lucr.*

Thus Men, too careless of their future State,
 Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late. *Dr. D. of Guise.*

Then, whither went his Soul, let such relate,
 Who search the Secrets of the future State.
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;
 Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
 For were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
 And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest. *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

G.

G A L E S. See *Paradise*.*The Story of G A N Y M E D E in Needle-work.*

There *Ganymede* is wrought with living Art,
 Chasing thro' *Ida's* Grove the trembling Hart.
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
 When from aloft descends in open view
 The Bird of *Jove*, and fousing on his Prey,
 With crooked Talons bears the Boy away.
 In vain with lifted Hand and gazing Eyes,
 His Guards behold him soaring thro' the Skies;
 And Dogs pursue his Flight with imitated Cries. *Dryd. Virg.*

G A R D E N.

Now did I not so near my Labours end
 Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend;
 My Song to flow'ry Gardens might extend,
 To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing
 The *Pæstan* Roses, and their double Spring:
 How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how
 Green Beds of Parsley near the River grow:
 How Cucumbers along the Surface creep,
 With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep;
 The late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trail
 Of Bears-foot, Myrtle green, and Ivy pale.
 For where with stately Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,
 And deep *Galesus* soaks the yellow Sands,
 I chanc'd an old *Corycian* Swain to know,
 Lord of few Acres, and those barren too;
 Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow.
 Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,
 Some scatt'ring Pot-herbs here and there he found;
 Which cultivated with his daily Care,
 And bruis'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare:
 Sometimes white Lilies did their Leaves afford,
 With wholesom Poppy Flow'rs to mend his homely Board.
 For late returning home, he supp'd at Ease,
 And wisely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs less;
 The Little of his own, because his own, did please.
 To quit his Care, he gather'd first of all,
 In Spring the Roses, Apples in the Fall;
 And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,
 And Ice the running Rivers did restrain;

He

He strip'd the Bears-foot of its leafy Growth,
 And calling western Winds, accus'd the Spring of Sloth.
 He therefore first among the Swains was found
 To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,
 And squeeze the Combs with Golden Liquor crown'd.
 His Limes were first in Flow'r, his lofty Pines
 With friendly Shade secur'd his tender Vines:
 For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,
 An Autumn Apple was by Tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his Elms in even Rows,
 For Fruit the grafted Pear-tree to dispose,
 And tame to Plums the Sourness of the Sloes.
 With spreading Planes he made a cold Retreat,
 To shade Good-fellows from the Summer's Heat. *Dryd. Virg.*

Bear me, some God, to *Bain's* gentle Seats,
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green Retreats.
 Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume,
 Where Western Gales eternally reside,
 And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride:
 Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flow'rs together rise,
 And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies. *Add.*

O blessed Shades! O gentle cool Retreat
 From all th'immod'rate Heat,
 In which the frantick World does burn and sweat:
 Where Birds, that dance from Bough to Bough,
 And sing above in ev'ry Tree,
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
 Than we, who lie, or walk below.
 What Prince's Choir of Musick can excel
 That which within this Shade does dwell?
 To which we nothing pay or give:
 Birds, like all other Poets, live
 Without Reward or Thanks for their obliging Pains:
 'Tis well if they become not Prey.
 The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,
 And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play.
 Nature does all this Harmony bestow;
 But to our Plants, *Art's* Musick too,
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Ghittar we owe;
 The Lute it self, which once was green and mute:
 When *Orpheus* struck th'inspir'd Lute,
 The Trees danc'd round, and understood,
 By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within Resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take.

Who would not chuse to be awake,
When he's incompass'd round with such Delight,
To th'Ear, the Smell, the Touch, the Taste, the Sight?

When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep
A Pris'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep;
She od'rous Herbs and Shrubs beneath him spread,

As the most soft and sweetest Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head;
We no where Art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the Tree;

In other things we count it to excel,

If it a docil Scholar can appear

To Nature, and but imitate her well;

It over-rules, and is her Master here.

Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand
O'er all the vegetable World command?

He bids th'ill-natur'd Crab produce

The gentle Apple's winy Juice.

He does the savage Hawthorn teach

To bear the Medlar and the Pear:

He bids the rustick Plum to rear

A nobler Trunk, and be a Peach.

Ev'n *Daphne's* Coynefs he does mock,

And weds the Cherry to her Stock;

Tho' she refus'd *Apollo's* Suit,

Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin Tree,

Now wonders at her self, to see

That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.

Methinks I see great *Dioclesian* walk

In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade,

Which by his own imperial Hands were made.

Methinks I see him smile, while he does talk

With the Embassadors, who come in vain

T'invite him to a Throne again:

If I, my Friends, says he, should to you show

All the Delights that in this Garden grow,

'Tis likelier much that you would with me stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away:

And trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day

I walk not here with more Delight,

Than ever, after the most happy Fight,

In

In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the Gods, and to be thought myself almost a God, (Cowl.

GARDEN of Eden. See Paradise.

GAUNTLETS.

He threw

Two pond'rous Gauntlets down in open View;
Gauntlets which *Eryx* wont in Fight to wield,
And sheath his Hands with, in the lifted Field.
With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Croud beholds
The Gloves of Death, with seven distinguish'd Folds
Of rough Bull-Hides: The Space within is spread
With Iron, or with Loads of heavy Lead.
These round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd:
Both on the Tip-toe stand, at full Extent,
Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent:
Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear afar;
And clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies,
One on his Sinews and his Giant Size:
The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow;
He heaves for Breath, and staggers to and fro;
And Clouds of issuing Smoke his Nostrils loudly Blow.
Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike;
Their Ways are different, but their Art alike.
Before, behind, the Blows are dealt around;
Their hollow Sides the rattling Thumps resound.
A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with Fury flies,
And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes:
Not always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws
A sweeping Stroke along the crackling Jaws.
Heavy with Age, *Entellus* stands his Ground,
But with his warping Body wards the Wound:
His Hand and watchful Eye keep even Pace:
While *Dares* traverses and shifts his Place:
With Hands on high *Entellus* threats the Foe,
But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,
And sipt aside, and shun'd the long-descending Blow.
Entellus wastes his Forces on the Wind,
And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell; his ample Breast,
And weighty Limbs his antient Mother prest.

He

He lays on load with either Hand amain,
 And headlong drives the *Trojan* o'er the Plain;
 Nor stops, nor stays, nor Rest, nor Breath allows,
 But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows,
 A rattling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.
 His Mouth and Nostrils pour'd a purple Flood,
 And pounded Teeth came rushing with the Blood;
 Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing Throng,
 And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along. *Dryd. Virg.*

G E N E R A L. See *Battel. Soldier. War.*

He in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War:
 In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,
 To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.
 So when an Angel, by Divine Command,
 With raising Tempests shakes a guilty Land;
 Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast:
 And pleas'd the Almighty's Orders to perform,
 Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

Add.

Each Leader now his scatter'd Force conjoins
 In close Array; and forms the deep'ning Lines:
 Not with more ease the skilful Shepherd Swain
 Collects his Flock from Millions on the Plain.
 The King of Kings, majestically tall,
 Tow'rs o'er his Armies, and out-shines them all;
 Like some proud Bull, that round the Pastures leads
 His Subject Herds; the Monarch of the Meads.
 Great as the Gods th'exalted Chief is seen;
 His Strength like *Neptune*, and like *Mars* his Mien:
 Jove o'er his Eyes celestial Glories spread,
 And dawning Conquest play'd around his Head. *Pope Hom.*

From Rank to Rank he moves, and orders all:
 The stately Ram thus measures o'er the Ground,
 And, Master of the Flock, surveys them round. *Pope Hom.*

From Troop to Troop he toils thro' all the Plain;
 And, fond of Glory, with severe Delight,
 His beating Bosom claim'd the rising Fight. *Pope Hom.*

On Foot thro' all the martial Ranks he moves;
 And these encourages, and those reproveth. *Pope Hom.*

Onward he drives them, furious to engage
Where the Fight burns, and where the thickest Rage.

(Pope Hom.)

Rapt thro' the Ranks, he thunders o'er the Plain:
Now here, now there, he darts from Place to Place,
Pours on their Rear, or lightens in their Face.

Pope Hom.

He animates his drooping Bands,
Revives their Ardour, turns their Steps from Flight,
And wakes anew the dying Flames of Fight.

Pope Hom.

Thus he resistless rul'd the Stream of Fight,
In Rage unbounded, and unmatched in Might:
Thro' all his Host, inspiring Force, he flies,
And bids the Thunder of the Battel rise.

Pope Hom.

Swift as a Whirlwind, drives the scatt'ring Foes,
And dyes the Ground in Purple as he goes.

Pope Hom.

Where-e'er he pass'd a purple Stream pursu'd
His thirsty Faulchion, fat with hostile Blood;
Bath'd all his Footsteps, dy'd the Fields with Gore;
And a low Groan re-murmur'd thro' the Shore.
So the grim Lion from his nightly Den,
O'erleaps the Fences, and invades the Pen;
On Sheep or Goats, resistless in his Way,
He falls, and, foaming, rends the guardless Prey.

Pope Hom.

G H O S T. See *Necromancer, Night.*

Forms without Body, and impassive Air,
The squalid Spectres, that in dead of Night
Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight;

Thin Shades, the Sports of Winds, are toss'd
O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast.

Dryd. Virg.

I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,
At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth will shake, and the old Ocean groan;
Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Lee Oedip.

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,
And started like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons.

Shak. Haml.

Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell;
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,
That I will speak to thee: Oh! oh! answer me:

Let

Let me not burst in Ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearsed in Earth,
 Have burst their Cearments ? Why the Sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 Has op'd its ponderous and marble Jaws,
 To let thee out again ? What may this mean,
 That thou, dear Corse, again in compleat Steel
 Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Morn,
 Making Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature,
 So horribly to shake our Disposition,
 With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls ?

I am thy Father's Spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain Time to walk the Night,
 And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires;
 Till the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away.

Shak. Ham.

G I R D L E.

That which her slender Waste confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful Temples bind.
 No Monarch but would give his Crown,
 His Arms might do as this has done.
 My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
 Did all within this Circle move.
 A narrow Compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair.
 Give me but what this Ribband bound;
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

Wall.

G O A T.

No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme:
 No more extended in the Grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the Mountain's Brow—
 The prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare
 Lean down the deep Abyfs, and hang in Air.

Dryd. Virg.

G O L D. See Money.

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious Gold!
 Gold that will make black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right:
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant!
 Ha! you Gods, why this
 Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;

Pluck

Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads!
 This yellow Slave
 Will knit and break Religions; bless th'accurs'd;
 Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,
 And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
 With Senators on the Bench.

Shack. Tim. of Ath.

Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave;
 A Dwarf an *Atlas*; a *Thersites* brave;
 It cancels all Defects.
 It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind:
 No Bankrupt ever found a Fair-one kind.

Gar.

Virtue now, nor noble Blood,
 Nor Wit by Love is understood;
 Gold alone does Passion move:
 Gold monopolizes Love.
 A Curse on her, and on the Man,
 Who this Traffick first began.
 A Curse, all Curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in Love!
 Gold begets, in Brothers, Hate;
 Gold, in Families, Debate;
 Gold does Friendship separate:
 Gold does Civil Wars create.
 These the smallest Harms of it;
 Gold, alas! does Love beget.

Cowl. Anat.

For Love in all his am'rous Battels,
 N'Advantage finds like Goods and Chattels.

Hud.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
 Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd;
 Thy self for Money! Oh! Let no Man know
 The Price of Beauty fall'n so low:
 What Danger ought'st thou not to dread,
 When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led?
 Can Gold, alas! with thee compare!

Cowl.

The Sun that makes it not so fair,
 Thou'rt so divine a Thing, that thee to buy
 Is to be counted Simony.

Cowl.

Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;
 But glorious Beauty is not to be sold:
 Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it should buy.

Dryd.

Love, what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,
 When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Dryd. Span. Fr.

O sacred

O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold!
 What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold? *Dryd. Virg.*
 When I made

This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*, *Dryd. Amphit.*
 And gave mine own Omnipotence away. [*Spoken by Jupiter.*]

GRASS-HOPPER.

Happy Insect! What can be
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine:
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill:
 All the Fields which thou dost see,
 All the Plants belong to thee;
 All that Summer-hours produce,
 Fertile made with early Juice,
 Man for thee doth sow and plough;
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou,
 Thee Country-Hinds with Gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
 To thee, of all Things upon Earth,
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
 Happy Insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither Age nor Winter know;
 But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
 Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean Animal;
 Sated with thy Summer-Feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

Cowl. *Anac.*

In Summer-days the Grass-hoppers rejoice:
 A bloodless Race, that send a feeble Voice. *Pope Horn.*

GREATNESS.

How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate,
 By so much more unhappy as we're great! *Osw. Don. Carl.*

Greatness, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,
 The wise Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools. *Osw. Alcibiad.*

Greatness, most envy'd when least understood,
 Thou art no real, but a seeming Good:

Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well;
 By thy exalted State we only gain,

To be more wretched than the Vulgar can. *Seld. Ant. & Cleop.*

Greatness we owe to Fortune or to Fate,
 But Wisdom only can secure that State. *Denh. Sophy.*

We

We look on Men, and wonder at such Odds,
 'Twixt Things that were the same by Birth:
 We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth.
 These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.
 The humblest and the proudest Oak
 Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r;
 Have their short flourishing Hour;
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their Pre-eminence a while:
 E'en so in the same Land,
 Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand:
 Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial Hand,
 And all ye Men, whom Greatness does so please,
 You feast, I fear, like *Damocles*.
 If you your Eyes should upward move,
 But you, I fear, think nothing is above,
 You would perceive by what a little Thread
 The Sword is hanging o'er your Head;
 No sparkling Wine would drown your Cares,
 No Mirth, no Musick over-noise your Fears:
 The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
 As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.
 Go level Hills, and fill up Seas,
 Spare nought that may your Fancy please:
 But trust me, when you've done all this,
 Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss. *Cowl. Hor.*
 Of Power and Honour, the deceitful Light
 Might half excuse our cheated Sight,
 If it of Life the whole small Time should stay,
 And be our Sun-shine all the Day:
 Like Lightning, that begot but in a Cloud,
 Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,
 While it begins, concludes its violent Race,
 And where it gilds it wounds the Place.
 Oh Scene of Fortune! which dost fair appear,
 Only to Men that stand not near!
 Proud Poverty! that tinsel Brav'ry wears,
 And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears;
 Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep;
 In a weak Boat trust not the Deep:
 Plac'd beneath Envy, above Envy's rise,
 Pity Great Men, Great things despise.
 Farewel, a long Farewel to all my Greatness!
 This is the State of Man: To day he puts forth

The tender Leaves of Hopes; to-morrow blossoms;
 And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:
 The third day comes a Frost, a killing Frost;
 And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
 His Greatness is a-ripening, nips his Root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,
 This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
 But far beyond my Depth: My high-blown Pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
 Of a rude Stream that must for ever hide me. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

Upon the slipp'ry Tops of human State,
 The gilded Pinnacles of Fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and for a while,
 The giddy Danger to beguile,
 With Joy, and with Disdain look down on all,
 Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.

Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near,
 That I no Fall to Earth may fear,
 And, O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat
 From the long Ruins of the Great.
 Here let my Life with as much Silence slide,
 As Time, that measures it, does glide
 Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
 From Town to Town echo about my Name:
 Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be
 With Scutcheon or with Elegy:

An old *Plebeian* let me die.

Alas! all then are such as well as I.

Cowl. Sen.

I now begin to loath all human Greatness:
 I'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be my Guide;
 Love, that's more worth than all the World beside.
 Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam;
 The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home:
 In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,
 Business and Cares eternally abound;
 And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
 She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd. *Lee Theod.*

From publick Noise and factious Strife,

From all the busy Ills of Life,

Take me, my *Cloe*, to thy Breast,

And lull my weary'd Soul to Rest:

For ever in this humble Cell,

Let thee and I, my Fair one, dwell.

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
 Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires,
 Let the unthinking Many croud,
 Who dare be covetous and proud.
 In golden Bondage let them wait,
 And barter Happiness for State.
 But Oh! my *Cloe*, when thy Swain
 Desires to see a Court again;
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,
 The choicest of its Curses shed.
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
 In the two things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be false, and I be Great.

} Prior.

For I disdain

All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noise
 Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
 Our kinder Stars have steer'd another way.
 Free as the Forest-Birds we'll pair together,
 Without remembering who our Fathers were;
 Fly to the Arbours, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,
 And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls:
 Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
 Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields:
 And when the golden Evening calls us home,
 Wing to our downy Beds, and sleep till Morn.

Lee Theod.

Thus I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
 The servile Pomp of Government despise;
 Find Peace, and Joy, and Love, and Heav'n in thee,
 And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

Poor are the brutal Conquests we obtain
 O'er barb'rous Nations by the Force of Arms:

But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
 And plant our Trophies on our Conqueror's Charms,
 Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring:
 No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring. Roch. Valent.

Curse then thy Birthright,
 Thy glorious Titles and ill-suited Greatness,
 Since *Athenais* scorns thee. Take again
 Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em, Gods!
 And change me to some humble Villager:
 If so, at least for Toils at scorching Noon,
 In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
 At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,
 Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

Lee Theod.
State

State grows uneasy when it hinders Love;
 A glorious Burden, which the Wife remove.
 Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,
 And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. *Dryd. Aureli.*

GRIEF. See *Despair, Funeral, Melancholy, Sorrow, Tears, Weeping.*

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak,
 Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
 Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath;
 No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
 Together with all Forms, Modes, Shows of Grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem;
 For they are Actions that a Man might play:
 But I have that within which passes show,
 These but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe. *Shak. Hamd.*

My Grief lies all within;
 And those external Manners of Laments
 Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
 That swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul:
 There lies the Substance. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

Alas! I have no Words to tell my Grief;
 To vent my Sorrow, would be some Relief:
 Light Suff'rings give us Leisure to complain;
 We groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
 Give Sorrow Words: The Grief that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'erfraught Heart, and bids it break. *Shak. Mack.*

I'm dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be:
 Could my Grief speak, the Tale would have no End. *Osw. C. Mar.*
 Horror in all his Pomp was there:
 Mute and magnificent, without a Tear: *Dryd.*

It is the Wretch's Comfort still to have
 Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
 Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
 Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
 And Glutton-like, devour alone. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
 The circling Hours that gather all the Woes,
 Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
 Come heavy laden with th' oppressing Weight
 To me! with me successively they leave
 The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
 And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their Flight;
 They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
 Their

Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head,
Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*
Of Comfort no Man ſpeak;

Let's talk of Graves, and Worms, and Epitaphs!
Make Duſt our Paper, and with rainy Eyes
Write Sorrow in the Boſom of the Earth. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

O let no other Accents fill the Air,
But Strains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Deſpair. *Blas.*

I have been in ſuch a diſmal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers;
Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps;
Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)
The good old King, maſtick in his Bonds,
And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great,
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours: He lay ſtretch'd along
Upon th' unwholeſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard;
My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Bloſſoms are with *Eastern* Blaſts.
He ſent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe.
So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow. *Dr. Span. Fry.*

His Griefs have rent my aged Heart aſunder;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholeſome Earth he lies,
Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the Pow'r to raiſe him.
Now motionleſs as Death his Eyes are fix'd,
And then anon he ſtarts and caſts them upwards,
And groaning, cries, I am th' accurs'd of Heaven. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

O take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee:
I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;
And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the Stream, and weep for both. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

No further Voice her mighty Grief affords;
For Sighs came ruſhing in betwixt her Words,
And ſtopt her Tongue; but what her Tongue deny'd,
Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints ſupply'd. *D. Ov.*

In Sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their Arms he ſinks upon the Ground;
Where, grov'ling while he lies, in deep Deſpair,
He beats his Breaſt, and rends his hoary Hair. *Dryd. Virg. Great*

Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the rest;
 Superior Sorrow swell'd his royal Breast;
 In solemn Sadness and majestic Grief,
 The King amidst the mournful Circle rose;
 Down his wan Cheeks a briny Torrent flows:
 So silent Fountains, from a Rock's tall Head,
 In sable Streams soft-trickling Waters shed
 With more than vulgar Grief he stood oppress'd, (Hom.
 Words, mix'd with Sighs, thus bursting from his Breast. Pope

Forgetful of his State, he runs along
 With a distracted Pace, and cleaves the Throng;
 Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,
 With silent Grief that speaks but at his Eyes.
 Short Sighs and Sobs succeed, till Sorrow breaks
 A Passage, and at once he weeps and speaks. Dryd. Virg.

Thus long my Grief has kept me dumb:
 Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe;
 Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
 Tears for a Stroke foreseen afford Relief;
 But unprovided for a sudden Blow,

Like *Niobe*, we Marble grow,
 And petrify with Grief!

Dryd.

His drooping Head was rested on his Hand;
 His grisly Beard his pensive Bosom sought;
 And all on *Lausus* ran his restless Thought.

Dryd. Virg.

He sat upon his Rump,
 His Head, like one in doleful Dump,
 Betwixt his Knees, his Hands apply'd
 Unto his Cheeks, on either Side;
 And by him, in another Hole,
 Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl.

Hud.

But to persevere

In obstinate Condolement, is a Course
 Of impious Stubborness: 'Tis unmanly Grief:
 It shews a Will most uncorrect to Heav'n,
 A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,
 An Understanding simple and unschool'd.
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar Thing to Sense,
 Why should we in our peevish Opposition
 Take it to Heart? Fie! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n;
 A Fault against the Dead; a Fault to Nature;
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
 Is Death of Fathers; and who still hath cry'd,

From the first Corfe to his that dy'd To-day,
This must be so.

Grief tho' not curs'd, is eas'd by Company. *Shak. Haml.*

That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spite,
 Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty. *Dryd. Auren.*
Rome Amb. Step.

G R O V E. See *Paradise.*

And now my Muse what most Delights her fees,
 A living Gallery of aged Trees:

Bold Sons of Earth! that thrust their Arms so high,
 As if once more they would invade the Sky.
 In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
 Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:
 With such wise Counsellors they did advise,
 And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise.

Wall,

Strait as a Line, in beauteous Order stood,
 Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood:
 Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree
 At Distance planted in a due Degree.
 Their branching Arms in Air with equal Space,
 Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace,
 And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen,
 Some ruddy-colour'd; some of lighter Green.
 The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,
 Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing.
 Both Ears and Eyes receiv'd a like Delight *(and the Leaf.*
 Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight. *Dryd. The Flower*

This shadowing Desert, unfrequented Woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled Towns.
 Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes *(of Ver.*
 Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes. *Shak. The two Gent.*

Ah happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat
 Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat:
 How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
 Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid!
 Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
 To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
 All my Ambition I would here confine,
 And only this *Elysium* should be mine! *Rosc. Past. Fido.*
 Dear solitary Groves, where Peace does dwell!
 Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
 How willingly could I for ever stay
 Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,

List'ning

Lift'ning to th'Harmony of warbling Birds,
 Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams:
 Upon whose Banks in various Livery,
 The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
 Their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly down,
 See their own Beauties in the crystal Flood. *Roch. Val.*

G R Y P H O N. See *Chaos.*

G Y P S Y.

A Gypsy *Jewess* whispers in your Ear,
 And begs an Alms: A High-Priest's Daughter she,
 Vers'd in their *Talmud* and Divinity;
 And prophecies beneath a shady Tree.
 Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed;
 She strolls, and, telling Fortunes, gains her Bread.
 Farthings, and some small Moneys, are her Fees;
 Yet she interprets all your Dreams for these:
 Foretels th'Estate, when the rich Uncle dies,
 And sees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
 She claps the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more fair:
 The poorest of the Sex have still an Itch
 To know their Fortunes equal to the Rich:
 The Dairy-Maid enquires if she shall take
 The trusty Taylor, and the Cook forsake. *Dryd. Juv.*

H.

H A G. See *Witch.*

In a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
 I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
 Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self:
 Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,
 Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd;
 And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd
 The ratter'd Remnants of an old strip'd Hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold:
 So there was nothing of a Piece about her,
 Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 With diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow;
 And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness. *Osw. Orph.*

H A I L.

The patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,
 When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd Rain;
 The bellowing Clouds burst with a stormy Sound,
 And with an armed Winter strew the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Thus

K. 5

Thus when some Storm its crystal Quarry rends,
 And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of Ice descends;
 Mount *Athos* shakes the Forests on his Brow,
 While down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow, (*Gar.*)
 And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the Vale below. }

As when thick Hail comes ratt'ling in the Wind,
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,
 For shelter to the neighb'ring Coverts fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lie;
 But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above them smiles,
 Return to Travail, and renew their Toils. *Dryd. Virg.*

H A I R. See *Paradise, Venus.*

His golden Hair did on his Shoulders shine,
 Like Locks of Sun-Beams, curl'd with Art divine. *Blac.*

Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of Hair,
 A Ribband did her braided Tresses bind;
 The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

His amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run, (*& Arc.*)
 With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun. *Dryd. Pal.*

My Locks, the plenteous Harvest of my Head,
 Hang o'er my manly Face; and dangling down,
 As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown. *Dryd. Ovid.*

H A P P I N E S S.

All Happiness is seated in Content. *Osw. C. Mar.*

In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;
 For ev'n our Wish is in Possession lost:
 Restless we wander to a new Desire,
 And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire.
 We toss and turn about our sev'rish Will,
 When all our Ease must come by lying still:
 For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,
 Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

We barbarously call those bless'd,
 Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,
 While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest. }

More truly happy those that can
 Govern the little Empire, Man;
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
 Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ill;
 Who in a fix'd unalterable State,

Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate: }

Who Poison less than Falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase Life so dear ;
 But kindly for their Friend embrace their Death, (*Steph. Hor.*)
 And seal their Country's Love with their departing Breath.

No Happiness can be where is no Rest,
 Th'unknown, untalk'd-of Man is only blest.
 He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
 From thence he views the Labours of the Deep :
 The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,
 He sees now vainly make to his Retreat ;
 And when from far the tenth Wave does appear,
 Shrinks up in silent Joy that he's not there. (*Dryd. Tyr. Love.*)

To be Good is to be Happy : Angels
 Are happier than Men, because they're better.
 Guilt is the Source of Sorrow ; 'tis the Fiend,
 Th'avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
 With Whips and Stings : The Bless'd know none of this,
 But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind, (*Fair Pen.*)
 And find the Height of all their Heav'n in Goodness. *Rowe*

H A R E. See *Hunting.*

The Hare in Pastures or in Plains is found,
 Emblem of Human Life ! who runs the Round ;
 And after all his wandring Ways are done,
 His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,
 Just as the setting meets the rising Sun.

Dryd.

H A R P I E S.

Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent
 From Hell's Abyss for human Punishment ;
 With Virgin-Faces, but with Wombs obscene,
 Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean,
 With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.

With hideous Cry,
 And clatt'ring Wings the hungry Harpies fly :
 Their fated Skin is proof to Wounds,
 And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds. (*Dr. Virg.*)

H A V E N.

Within a long Recess there lies a Bay,
 An Island shades it from the rolling Sea,
 And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride.
 Broke by the jutting Land on either side,
 In double Streams the briny Waters glide,

Between two Rows of Rocks: A sylvan Scene
 Appears above, and Groves for ever green.
 A Grot is form'd beneath with mossy Seats,
 To rest the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.
 Down through the Crannies of the living Walls,
 The crystal Streams descend in murm'ring Falls:
 No Haulsers need to bind the Vessels here,
 Nor bearded Anchors: for no Storms they fear. *Dryd. Virg.*

Here th'opening Land, invites with out-stretch'd Arms,
 The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms
 Of the rough windy Pow'rs, to take their Ease,
 And on its Bosom lie diffus'd in Peace:
 The flowing Waters smooth their furrow'd Face,
 And gently roll into the Land's Embrace;
 To secrete Creeks the weary Billows creep,
 And stretch'd on oozy Beds securely sleep. *Blac.*

The Land lies open to the raging East;
 Then bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress'd,
 Shuts out the Storms; The Winds and Waves complain,
 And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.
 The Port lies hid within; on either side
 Two tow'ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide. *Dryd. Virg.*

Two craggy Rocks, projecting to the Main,
 The roaring Winds tempestuous Rage restrain:
 Within, the Waves in softer Murmurs glide,
 And Ships secure without their Haulsers ride. *Pope Hom.*

H E A L T H.

The Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give;
 Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsick Wealth,
 The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune. *Cowl.*

Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr's* Wings;
 She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,
 More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
 Hail blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow'r,
 Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore;
 With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
 That Cottages are Courts when those appear.
 Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
 Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown. *Gar.*

H E A R T.

My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,
 Forebodes some Ill at hand.

Dryd. Span. Fry.
 My

My lab'ring Heart, that swells with Indignation,
Heaves to discharge its Burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its Cell,
And never beat again.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Now Heart,
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt;
Set ope thy Sluices, send the vig'rous Blood
Thro' ev'ry active Limb for my Relief:
Then take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

Dryd. Don Seb.

His mounting Heart
Bounces against my Hands, as if it would
Thrust off his manly Soul.

Dryd. Cleom.

H E I R E S S.

What did ever Heirefs yet
By being born to Lordships get?
When the more Lady she's of Manors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners;
Pays for their Projects and Designs,
And for her own Destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Devil does Witches;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a Space,
That when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self and all sh'inherits;
Is bought and sold like stol'n Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.

Hud.

H E L L.

Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to human Sight,
Ye Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night,
Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystick Wonders of your silent State.

Dryd. Virg.

Where *Lucifer* the mighty Captive reigns,
Proud midst his Woes, and Tyrant in his Chains.

Coml.

Him th'Almighty Pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'ethereal Sky,
With hideous Ruin and Combustion, down

To

The bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
In adamantinè Chains and penal Fire.

Down, like Lightning with him struck, he came;
And roar'd at his first Plunge into the Flame:
Myriads of Spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping Lights thick shone the sing'd Air.

Hell heard th'un sufferable Noise: Hell saw
Heav'n running from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark Foundations.

Nine Days they fell: confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
And felt ten-fold Confusion in their Fall,
Thro' his wild Anarchy; so huge a Rout
Incumber'd him with Ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit Habitation, fraught with Fire
Unquenchable; the House of Woe and Pain.

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery Gulph;
Confounded, tho' immortal: But his Doom
Reserv'd him to more Wrath; for now the Thought
Both of lost Happiness and lasting Pain
Torments him: Round he throws his baleful Eyes,
That witness'd huge Affliction and Dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate Pride and stedfast Hate:
At once, as far Angels ken, he views
The dismal Situation, waste and wild;
A Dungeon horrible, on all Sides round,
As one great Furnace, flam'd; yet from these Flames
No Light, but rather Darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover Sight of Woe,
Regions of Sorrows, doleful Shades, where Peace
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes,
That comes to all; but Torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd.
There the Companions of his Fall, o'erwhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,
He soon discern'd, lie weltering about him:
His Head up-lift above the Wave, his Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a Rood; in Bulk as huge

Milt.

Cowl.

Milt.

Milt.

As whom the Fables name of monstrous Size;

Briareus, or *Typhon*, whom the Den

By antient *Tarsus* held :

So stretch'd out, huge in Length, the Arch-Fiend lay.

Chain'd on the burning Lake.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool

His mighty Stature : On each Hand the Flames

Driv'n backward, slope their pointed Spires, and roll'd

In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale :

Then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight.

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,

That felt unusual Weight ; till on dry Land

He lights, if it be Land that ever burn'd

With solid, as the Lake with liquid Fire.

He walk'd

Over the burning Marle ; the torrid Clime

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire.

Yet this he so indur'd, till on the Beach

Of that inflamed Sea he stood, and call'd

His Legions: Angel Forms, who lay intrench'd

Thick as autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks

In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* Shades

High over-arch'd imbow'r.

They heard and were abash'd, and up they sprung,

Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell,

'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires.

Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,

Upon the Wing, or in swift Race contend,

As at th' *Olympian* Games or *Pythian* Fields ;

Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal

With rapid Wheels ; or fronted Brigades form :

As when to warn proud Cities, War appears

Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush

To Battel in the Clouds ; before each Van

Prick forth the airy Knights, and couch their Spears,

Till thickest Legions close ; with Feats of Arms

From either Side of Heav'n the Welkin burns,

Others with vast *Typhaean* Rage more fell,

Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air

In Whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild Upoar,

Others more mild,

Retreated in a silent Valley, sing

With Notes angelical to many a Harp,

Their own heroick Deeds and hapless Fall

By Doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Their Song was partial, but the Harmony
 Suspended Hell, and took with Ravishment
 The thronging Audience. In Discourse more sweet,
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)
 Others apart set on a Hill retir'd,
 In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate;
 Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,
 And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.
 Of Good and Evil much they argu'd then,
 Of Happiness and final Misery,
 Passion and Apathy, Glory and Shame;
 Vain Wisdom all, and false Philosophy.
 Yet with a pleasing Sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while, or Anguish; and excite
 Fallacious Hope; or arm th'obdurate Breast
 With stubborn Patience as with triple Steel.
 Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
 On bold Adventure, to discover wide
 That dismal World bend
 Four Ways their flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake their baleful Streams.
 Abhorred *Styx* the Flood of deadly Hate;
 Sad *Acheron*, of Sorrow black and deep:
Cocytus, nam'd of Lamentation loud,
 Heard on the rueful Stream: Fierce *Phlegethon*,
 Whose Waves of torrent Fire enflame with Rage;
 Far off from these a slow and silent Stream,
Lethe, the River of Oblivion, rolls
 Her wat'ry Labyrinth: whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former State and Being forgets,
 Forgets both Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain.
 Beyond this Flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual Storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm Land
 Thaws not, but gathers Heap, and Ruin seems
 Of antient Pile: All else deep Snow and Ice.

The parching Air

Burns froze, and Cold performs th'Effect of Fire.
 Thither by Harpy-footed Furies haul'd,
 At certain Revolutions, all the Damn'd

Are brought, and feel by Turns the bitter Change
 Of fierce Extremes, Extremes by Change more fierce;
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
 Their soft ethereal Warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of Time; thence hurry'd back to Fire,
 They ferry over this *Lethaean* Sound
 Both to and fro, their Sorrows to augment;
 And wish, and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting Stream, with one small Drop to lose
 In sweet Forgetfulness all Pain and Woe.
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' Attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* Terror guards
 The Ford, and of itself the Water flies
 All taste of living Wight, as once it fled
 The Lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on,
 In confus'd March, forlorn, th' advent'rous Bands
 With shudd'ring Horror pale, and Eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable Lot, and found
 No Rest: Thro' many a dark and dreary Vale
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery *Alp*,
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and Shades of Death;
 A Universe of Death,
 Where all Life dies, Death lives, and Nature breeds
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things.
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd;
Gorgons, and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Obscure they went thro' dreary Shades, that led
 Along the waste Dominions of the Dead.
 Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
 By the Moon's doubtful and malignant Light;
 When *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies,
 And the faint Crescent shoots by Fits before their Eyes.
 Just in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,
 Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell;
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted Rage:
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-Brother, Sleep,
 Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep;
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:

Mik.

The.

The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife, that shakes
 Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.
 Full in the midst of this infernal Road,
 An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad:
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,
 And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread:
 Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,
Centaurus and double Shapes besiege the Door;
 Before the Passage horrid *Hydra* stands,
Briareus with all his hundred Hands,
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple Frame,
 And vain *Chimera* vomits empty Flame.
 Before the Gates the Cries of Babes new-born,
 Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
 Assault his Ears: Then those whom Form of Laws
 Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cause;
 Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
 The wrongful Sentence, and award a-new:
Minos, the strict Inquisitor, appears,
 And Lives, and Crimes, with his Assessors hears:
 Round in his Urn the blended Balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty Souls.
 The next in Place and Punishment are they,
 Who prodigally throw their Souls away:
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched State,
 And loathing anxious Life, suborn'd their Fate.
 With late Repentance now they would retrieve
 The Bodies they forsook, and wish to live:
 Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,
 To view the Light of Heav'n, and breath the vital Air.
 But Fate forbids: The *Stygian* Pools oppose, (Dryd. Virg.)
 And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.
 They hasten'd onward to the pensive Grove,
 The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
 Here *Jealousy* with Jaundice Looks appears,
 And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Tears:
 The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
 And to the Woods in mournful Number sings.
 No Winds but Sighs are there; no Floods but Tears.
 Each conscious Tree a tragic Signal bears:
 Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.
 Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,
 So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there:

Gar.

The

The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades
 In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
 Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.
 The Hero, looking on the Left, espy'd,
 A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry Side
 With treble Walls, which *Phlegethon* surrounds,
 Whose fiery Blood the burning Empire bounds;
 And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noise resounds. }
 Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,
 With adamantine Columns threatens the Sky.
 Vain is the Force of Man, and Heav'n as vain,
 To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain:
 Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,
 And dire *Tisiphone* there keeps the Ward:
 Girt in her sanguine Gown by Night and Day,
 Observant of the Souls that pass the downward Way:
 From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the Pains
 Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains:
 And loud Laments that rend the liquid Air.

These dire Abodes
 Contain the Tortures of th' avenging Gods:
 These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,
 And awful *Rhadamanthus* rules the State:
 He hears and judges each committed Crime;
 Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time:
 The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal,
 Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
 From the first Moment of his vital Breath,
 To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.
 Strait o'er the guilty Ghosts the Fury shakes
 The sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes,
 And the pale Sinner, with her Sisters, takes. }
 High o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
 That promises a Fall, and shakes at ev'ry Blast.
 They lie below on golden Beds display'd,
 And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made:
 The Queen of Furies by their Sides is set,
 And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat;
 Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,
 Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
 Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,
 Expel their Parents, and usurp the Throne;
 Defraud their Clients, and to Lucre sold,
 Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold; } Who

Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
 To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend;
 Vast is the Throng of these; nor less the Train
 Of lustful Youths for foul Adult'ry slain:
 Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,
 And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.
 All these within the Dungeon's Depth remain,
 Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.
 Some roll a weighty Stone; some laid along,
 And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are hung.
 To Tyrants others have their Country sold,
 Imposing foreign Lords for foreign Gold.
 Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statues made,
 Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.
 With Incest some their Daughter's Bed profan'd;
 All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd attain'd.
 Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
 And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,
 I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat,
 Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met. *Dryd. Virg.*

H E R O. See *Butcher. Fortune.*

H O N E S T Y.

I pay my Debts,
 I steal from no Man; would not cut a Throat,
 To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,
 Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend,
 To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter
 A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath me.
 Honest as the Nature (*Orw. Ven. Pref.*)
 Of Man first made, e'er Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

H O N O U R.

Honour! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul;
 A painful Burden which great Minds must bear;
 Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*
 Honour is like a Widow, won
 With brisk Attempt, and pushing on;
 With entring manfully, and urging;
 Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin. *Hud.*
 O Honour! frail as Life, thy fellow Flow'r,
 Cherish'd, and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd;
 Then worn for short Adornment of an Hour;
 And is, when lost, no more to be redeem'd! *D'Aven. Ho.*

Honour is like that glassy Bubble,
Which finds Philosophers such Trouble:
Whose least Part crackt, the whole does fly,
And Wits are crackt to find out why. *Hud.*

That Man is sure to lose,
That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes;
For where no Honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd. *Hud.*

Honour in the Breech is lodg'd,
As wise Philosophers have judg'd;
Because a Kick in that Part, more
Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before. *Hud.*

Honour, the Error and the Cheat,
Of the ill-natur'd busy Great!
Fond Idol of the slavish Croud!

Nonsense invented by the Proud!

Oh cursed Honour! thou who first didst damn
A Woman to the Sin of Shame!

Honour, who first taught lovely Eyes the Art;
To wound, and not to cure the Heart;

With Love t'invite, but to forbid with Awe,
And to themselves prescribe a cruel Law.

His chiefest Attributes are Pride and Spight;
His Pow'r is robbing Lovers of Delight!

Honour, that puts our Words that should be free,
Into a set Formality!

Thou base Debaucher of the gen'rous Heart,
That teaches all our Looks and Actions Art?

What Love design'd a sacred Gift,

What Nature made to be possess'd,

Mistaken Honour made a Theft:

Thou Foe to Pleasure! Nature's worst Disease!

Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings!

Be gone to Princes Palaces;

But let the humble Swain go on

In the blest Paths of the first Race of Man;

That nearest were to Gods ally'd,

And, form'd for Love, disdain'd all other Pride. *Behn.*

Have I overcome all real Foes,

And shall this Phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! Stalking Shade!

By what Witchcraft wert thou made?

Empty Cause of solid Harms! *Cow.*

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Cow.

'Tis

'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave;
 Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave;
 The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave,
 Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air;
 And both exists by Hope, and by Despair:
 Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain;
 And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
 It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,
 But if his Safety he consults, it dies.
 Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim
 Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

Gay,

What is this vain, fantastick Pageant, Honour,
 This busy, angry thing, that scatters Discord
 Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth,
 And sets the madding Nations in an uproar?

Rome Ulyss.

This Honour is the veriest Mountebank;
 It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
 And makes us freakish. What a Cheat must that be,
 Which robs our Lives of all their softer Hours?
 Beauty, our only Treasure, it lays waste;
 Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
 To the detested State of Age and Ugliness:
 Tearing our dearest Heart's Desire from us.
 Then, in Reward of what it took away,
 Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,
 It bountifully pays us all with Pride.
 Poor Shifts! still to be proud, and never pleas'd!
 Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Roch. Valent.

Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
 A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
 Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
 Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd.
 Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait
 On Publick Places and Affairs of State,
 Should fondly court him to be base and great:
 With even Passions and with settled Face,
 He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.
 Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,
 That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,
 And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
 He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
 Secure an Innocence, condemn them all,
 And decently array'd in Honour fall.

Honour,

Honour, that Spark of the celestial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,
Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame
With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame;
The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,
Unless this soften and direct their Course.
Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
Raise maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice;
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame:
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;
They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by Appetite their Will;
Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
But shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the Way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

Hal.

H O P E.

Hope, of all Ills that Men endure
The only cheap and universal Cure!
Thou Captive's Freedom, and thou sick Man's Health,
Thou Loser's Victory, and thou Beggar's Wealth!
Thou Manna, which from Heav'n we eat,
To ev'ry Taste a several Meat!
Thou strong Retreat! thou sure-entail'd Estate,
Which nought has Power to alienate!
Thou pleasant honest Flatterer; for none
Flatter unhappy Men but thou alone!
Hope, thou First-Fruits of Happiness,
Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Success,
Who out of Fortune's Reach doth stand,
And art a Blessing still in hand.
Happiness it self all one
In thee, or in Possession;
Only the Future's thine, the Present his;
Thine's the more hard and noble Bliss;

Best

Best Apprehender of our Joys, which hast
So long a Reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope, thou sad Lovers only Friend!

Thou Way that may'st dispute it with the End!

Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee

Some other way again to thee.

Cowl.

Hope, whose weak Being ruin'd is

Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss!

Whom Good or Ill does equally confound,

And both the Horns of *Fate's* Dilemma wound!

Vain Shadow, which does vanish quite,

Both at full Noon, and perfect Night!

Hope, thou bold Taster of Delight!

Who, while thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!

Thou bring'st us an Estate; yet leav'st us poor,

By clogging it with Legacies before.

The Joys, which we entire should wed,

Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed.

Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery!

Where for one Prize, a hundred Blanks there be:

Fond Archer, Hope! who tak'st thy Aim so far,

That still, or short, or wide thy Arrows are.

Thin empty Cloud! which the Eye deceives

With Shapes, that our own Fancy gives:

A Cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,

But must drop presently in Tears.

Brother of Fear! More gaily clad!

The merrier Fool o'th' two, but quite as mad!

Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire!

Thou blow'st the Chymicks and the Lovers Fire!

Leading them still insensibly along,

By the strange Witchcraft of Anon!

By thee, the one does changing Nature thro'

Her endless Labyrinths pursue:

And th'other chases Woman, while she goes

More Ways and Turns than hunted Nature knows.

Cowl.

Hope with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,

Shews from a rising Ground, Possession nigh:

Shortens the Distance, or o'erlooks it quite:

So easy 'tis to travel with the Sight!

Dryd. Aram.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Faulcons, aim

At objects in an airy Height;

But

But all the Pleasure of the Game,
Is afar off to view the Flight.
The worthless Prey but only shews
The Joy consist'd in the Strife:
Whate'er we take as soon we lose,
In *Homer's* Riddle, and in Life.
So whilst in fev'rish Sleeps we think,
We taste what waking we desire,
The Dream is better than the Drink,
Which only feeds the sickly Fire.
To the Mind's Eye things well appear
At distance, thro' an artful Glass;
Bring but the flatt'ring Object near,
They're all a senseless gloomy Mass.

Prior.

H O R S E. See the Centaur Cyllarus.

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight;
His Motions easy, prancing in his Gate;
The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood,
To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling Wood.
Dauntless at empty Noises, lofty-neck'd,
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd:
Brawny his Chest, and deep; his Colour grey,
For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:
Faint White and Dun will scarce the Rearing pay.
The fiery Courser, when he hears from far
The spritely Trumpets, and the Shout of War,
Pricks up his Ears, and trembling with Delight,
Shifts Place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd Fight:
On his right Shoulder his thick Main reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the Wind.
His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His Chine is double: Starting, with a Bound,
He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.
Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow;
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

Dryd. Virg.

The trembling Ground th'outragious Coursers tear,
And, snorting, blow their Foam into the Air.
Their fervid Nostrils breathe out Clouds of Smoke,
And Flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls broke:
With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd Heaps they fly,
And dash up bloody Rain amidst the Sky.

Reeking in Sweat, and smear'd with Dirt and Gore,
They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.

Blac.

The wanton Courser thus, with Reins unbound,
Breaks from his Stall, and beats the trembling Ground:
Pamper'd and proud he seeks the wonted Tides,
And laves, in Height of Blood, his shining Sides:
His Head, now freed, he tosses to the Skies,
His Mane, dishevel'd, o'er his Shoulders flies;
He snuffs the Females in the distant Plain,
And springs, exulting, to the Fields again.

Pope Hom.

Pleas'd with the martial Noise, he snuffs the Air,
And smells the dusty Battel from afar;
Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the Shouts of War.

Blac.

Swift as a Dove pursu'd, or Mountain Hind,
His nimble Feet could overtake the Wind;
Leave flying Darts, and swifter Storms behind.

Blac.

As Eagles fleet,

And fierce in Fight, their Nostrils breath'd a Flame;
O'er Fields of Death they whirl the rapid Car,
And break the Ranks, and thunder thro' the War.

Pope Hom.

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace
To dare the Shock, or urge the rapid Race.

Pope Hom.

Thus form'd for Speed, he challenges the Wind,
And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind.
He scours along the Field with loosen'd Reins,
And treads so light he scarcely prints the Plains.

Dryd. Virg.

In such a Shape grim *Saturn* did restrain
His heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane:
When half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The Leacher gallop'd from his jealous Queen;
Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain:
And with shrill Neighings fill'd the neighb'ring Plain.

Dryd. Virg.

Wanton with Life, and bold with native Heat,
With thund'ring Feet he paws the trembling Ground,
He strikes out Fire, and Spurns the Sand around;
Does with loud Neighings make the Valley ring,
And with becoming Pride his Foam around him fling.
So light he treads, he leaves no Mark behind,
As if indeed descended from the Wind;
And yet so strong, he does his Rider bear,
As if he felt no Burden but the Air.
A Cloud of Smoke from his wide Nostrils flies,
And his hot Spirits brighten in his Eyes.

At the shrill Trumpet's Sound he pricks his Ears,
 With brave Delight surveys the glitt'ring Spears,
 And covetous of War, upbraids the Cowards Fears.

Blac. }

Freed from his Keepers thus, with broken Reins,
 The wanton Courser prances o'er the Plains;
 Or in the Pride of Youth o'erleaps the Mounds,
 And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds:
 Or seeks his Wat'ring in the well-known Flood,
 To quench his Thirst, and cool his fi'ry Blood;
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,
 And o'er his Shoulder flows his waving Mane:
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high;
 Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly.

Dryd. Virg. }

He sought the Coursers of the *Thracian* Race:
 At his Approach they toss their Heads on high,
 And proudly neighing, promise Victory.
 The Drifts of *Thracian* Snow were scarce so white,
 Nor Northern Winds in Fleetness match'd their Flight:
 Officious Grooms stand ready by their Side;
 And some with Combs their flowing Manes divide,
 And others stroke their Chests, and gently sooth their Pride,

(Dryd. Virg. }

White were his Fetlocks, and his Feet before;
 And on his Front a snowy Star he bore.

Dryd. Virg.

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;
 I would say Eye, for he'd but one,
 As most agree, tho' some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a grave majestick State:
 At Spur or Switch no more he skipp'd,
 Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whip'd;
 And yet so fi'ry, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground;
 That *Caesar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
 Was not by half so tender hoof'd!
 Nor trod upon the Ground so soft:
 And as that Beast would kneel or stoop
 (Some write) to take his Rider up;
 So *Hudibras's* ('tis well known)
 Would often do to set him down,
 His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd
 Like Furrows he himself had plow'd;

For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel.
 His draggling Tail hung in the Dirt,
 Which on his Rider he would flirt;
 Still as his tender Side he prick'd,
 With arm'd Heel, or, with unarm'd, kick'd;
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active Trot one Side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an-arse.

Hud,

H O R S E - R A C E .

The Signal giv'n by the shrill Trumpets Sound,
 The Coursers start, and scour along the Ground:
 So *Boreas* starting from his Northern Goal,
 Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole:
 His furious Wings the flying Clouds remove
 From the blue Plains and spacious Wilds above:
 Insulting o'er the Seas, he loudly roars,
 And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.
 While for the Palm the straining Steeds contend,
 Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend;
 So long and smooth their Strokes, so swift they pass,
 That the Spectators of the noble Race
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,
 If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.
 So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,
 And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play,
 In Sport each other they so swiftly chase,
 Sweeping with easy Wings the Meadow's Face,
 They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race.
 O'er Hills and Dales the speedy Coursers fly,
 And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the Sky.
 With clashing Whips the furious Riders tear
 Their Coursers Sides, and wound th'afflicted Air.
 On their thick Manes the stooping Riders lie,
 Press forward, and would fain their Steeds outfly.
 By Turns they are behind, by Turns before;
 Their Flanks and Sides all bath'd in Sweat and Gore.
 Such Speed the Steeds, such Zeal the Riders shew,
 To reach bright Fame that swift before them flew.
 Upon the last, with spurning Heels, the first
 Cast Storms of Sand, and smothering Clouds of Dust:

The

The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snort and blow,
 And their white Foam upon the foremost throw:
 Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,
 The Riders seize the Mark with greedy Eyes.
 Now Hope dilates, now Fear contracts their Breast,
 Alternately with Joy and Grief possess'd:
 Thus far with equal Fate the Riders pass,
 Uncertain who should conquer in the Race.
 But now the Goal appearing, does excite
 New Warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might;
 They lash their Coursers Flanks with Crimson dy'd,
 And stick their goaring Spurs into their Side.
 Their native Courage, and the Rider's Stroke,
 T'exert their Force, the gen'rous Kind provoke.

Blac.

H O U N D S. See Hunting.

H U N T I N G. See Boar. Physick. Stag.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus's fir'y Car,
 The Youth rush eager to the Sylvian War,
 Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest-Walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet Hart, and chear the opening Hound.
 Th'impatient Courser pants in ev'ry Vein,
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain:
 Hills, Vales and Floods appear already cross'd;
 And ere he starts, a thousand Steps are lost.
 See! the bold Youth strain up the threat'ning Steep,
 Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their Coursers Heads with eager Speed,
 And Earth rowls back beneath the flying Steed.

Pope.

Nor yet when moist *Arcturus* clouds the Sky,
 The Fields and Woods their pleasing Toils deny:
 To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,
 And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare:
 Beasts, taught by us, their Fellow-Beasts pursue,
 And learn of Man each other to undo.

Pope.

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds snowy fair,
 And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair;
 A Match for Pards in Flight, in Grappling for the Bear.

(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

With Cries of Hounds thou may'st pursue the Fear
 Of flying Hares, or chase the fallow Deer;
 Rowse from their desert Dens the bristled Rage
 Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage.

Dryd. Virg.

So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
 And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dew;

The

The tedious Track unrav'ling by Degrees;
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

Add.

Thus the bold Hound, that gives the Lion Chace,
With beating Bosom, and with eager Pace,
Hangs on his Haunch, or fastens on his Heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels.
A noble Pack, or to maintain his Chace,
Or snuff the Vapour from the scented Grass.

Pope Hom.

Add. Ovid.

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar
With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding; for, besides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder!
My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* Kind;
So flu'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning-Dew;
Crook-knee'd, and Dew-lap'd like *Theffalian* Bulls;
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tunable (Night's Dream.
Was never holloo'd to, nor chear'd with Horn. Shak. Midsum.

On Mountains will I chafe
Mix'd with the Wood-land Nymphs, the savage Race:
Nor Cold shall hinder me with Horns and Hounds,
To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.
And now, methinks, o'er steepy Rocks I go, (Dryd. Virg.
And rush thro' sounding Woods, and bend the *Parthian* Bow.

My Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill Echo from the hollow Earth. Shak. Taming of
(the Shrew.

From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound;
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the Sound. Dryd. Virg.

When thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Theffalian* Bulls,
Like Tygers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,
With Ears and Chests that dash'd the Morning Dew;
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are tofs'd in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course;
Now sweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill,
Now with a full Career came thund'ring down
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

Lee Theod.
Now

Now had they reach'd the Hills, and storm'd the Seat
 Of salvage Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat :
 The Cry pursues the Mountain Goats ; they bound
 From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground :
 Quite otherwise the Stags, a trembling Train,
 In Herds unsingled scour the dusty Plain,
 And a long Chace in open View maintain.
 The glad *Ascanius*, as his Courser guides,
 Spurs thro' the Vale, and these, and those out-rides. *Dr. Virg.*

With well-breath'd Beagles you surround the Wood,
 And often have you brought the wily Fox
 To suffer for the Firflings of the Flocks ;
 Chas'd ev'n amidst the Folds, and made to bleed,
 Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed. *Dryd.*

Th' impatient Grey-hound slip'd from far,
 Bounds o'er the Glebe to course the fearful Hare ;
 She in her Speed does all her Safety lay,
 And he with double Speed pursues the Prey ;
 O'eturns her at her fitting Turn, and licks
 His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix.
 She 'scapes, and for the neighbouring Covert strives,
 And, gaining Shelter, doubts if yet she lives. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Chace of a STAG.

The youthful Train

With Horns and Hounds a Hunting-Match ordain,
 And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.

The Pack is fir'd, they snuff, they vent,
 And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scent :
 'Twas of a well-grown Stag, whose Antlers rise
 High o'er his Front, his Beams invade the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

The unexpected Sound

Of Dogs and Men his wakeful Ears does wound :
 Rous'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,
 Willing to think th' Illusion of his Fear
 Had giv'n this false Alarm : But strait his View
 Confirms that more than all his Fears is true.
 Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beset,
 All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met ;
 He calls to Mind his Strength, and then his Sped ;
 His winged Heels, and then his armed Head ;
 With those t'avoid, with this his Fate to meet,
 But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.

So fast he flies, that his renewing Eye
 Has lost the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry:
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler Sense
 Their disproportion'd Speed does recompence;
 Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent
 Betray that Safety which their Swiftnefs lent.
 Next tries his Friends; among the baser Herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His Safety seeks: The Herd, unkindly wife,
 Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
 Like a declining Statesman, left forlorn
 To his Friends Pity, and Pursuers Scorn;
 With Shame remembers, when himself was one
 Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
 Then to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,
 The Scenes of his past Triumphs and his Loves;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
 Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
 And, like a bold Knight-Errend, did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame:
 And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream,
 His dreadful Challenge and his clashing Beam:
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life!
 Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath,
 Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
 All Safety in Despair of Safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now too late he wishes, for the Fight,
 That Strength he wasted in ignoble Flight:
 But when he sees the eager Chace renew'd,
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd,
 He strait revokes his bold Resolve, and more
 Repents his Courage than his Fear before;
 Finds that uncertain Ways unsafest are,
 And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair:
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
 Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course;
 Thinks not their Rage so desp'rate to essay
 An Element more merciless than they:
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood
 Quench their dire Thirst; alas! they thirst for Blood.

So tow'rd's the Ship the oar-finn'd Galleys ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last Fury of extreme Despair.
So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,
Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds:
At length resigns his Blood,
And stains the Crystal with a purple Flood.

Denh,

Hunting the B O A R.

Some spread around

The Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground;
Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.
Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought.

}
}

The Boar was rous'd, and sprung amain
Like Lightning sudden, on the Warriour Train:
Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground,
The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound:
Shout the fierce Youth, and clamours ring around.
All flood with their portended Spears prepar'd,
With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Weapons glar'd.
The Beast, impetuous, with his Tusks aside
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide,
All spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,
And struck his Bow-spear in a Maple's Bark;
Then Jason, and his Jav'lin seem to take,
But fail'd with Over-force, and whizz'd above his Back:
Mephus was next;

}
}

}
}

He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew.
This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,
And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.
Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown
Amid the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
As flies the Beast: The left Wing put to flight,
The Chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the right;
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid,
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more sustain
The Bulk; the Bulk. unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.

L 5,

Against

Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds.
 Then trusting in his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
 And ranch'd his Hip with one continu'd Wound.
 And now both *Leda's* Twins, in act to throw,
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe;
 Nor had they miss'd, but he to Thickets fled,
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, nor perviews to the Steed.
 But *Telamon* rush'd in, and hap'd to meet
 A rising Root that held his fasten'd Feet;
 So down he fell, whom sprawling on the Ground,
 His Brother from the Wooden Gyves unbound.
 Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
 T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow;
 Beneath his Ear the fasten'd Arrow stood,
 And from his Wound appear'd the trickling Blood:
 She blush'd for Joy, a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew;
 They shout, the Shouting animates their Hearts,
 And all at once employ their thronging Darts;
 But out of Order thrown, in Air they join,
 And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.
 With both his Hands the proud *Ancaus* takes,
 And flourishes his double-biting Ax;
 Then forward to his Fate he took a Stride
 Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,
 The Boar is doom'd; then stretch'd on Tip-toe stood,
 Secure to make his empty Promise good.
 But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
 And upwards rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Ancaus falls; his Bowels from the Wound
 Gush'd out, and clotter'd Blood distain'd the Ground.
Perithous, no small Portion of the War,
 Press'd on, and shook his Lance, his Jav'lin threw,
 Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew;
 But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
 The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fix'd.
 Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd to wound
 The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound;
 And thro' the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground.
 Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand was sent
 With equal Force, but various in th' Event:
 The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood
 On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drunk his Blood.

Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
 And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
 The Wound's great Author, close at hand, provokes
 His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;
 Wheels as he wheels, and with his pointed Dart
 Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.
 Quick, and more quick, he spins in giddy Gires,
 Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
 This Act, with Hands Heav'n-high, the friendly Band
 Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.
 Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprise,
 Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies:
 And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar, (*Dryd. Ovid.*)
 And blood their Points to prove their Partnership of War.

HUNTRESS.

Grace of the Woods! A Di'mond Buckle bound
 Her Vest behind, which else had flow'd upon the Ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs: Her Head was bare,
 But for her native Ornament of Hair,
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above:
 Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!
 Her sounding Quiver on her Shoulder ty'd,
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.
 Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid. (*Dryd. Ovid.*)

A Huntress in her Habit, and her Mien;
 Her Dress a Maid, her Air confess'd a Queen:
 Bare were her Knees, and Knots her Garments bind,
 Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind: (*Virg.*)
 Her Hand sustain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind. (*Dryd.*)

She cross'd the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd,
 A painted Quiver at her Back she bore,
 Vary'd with Spots, a Linx's Hide she wore;
 And at full Cry pursu'd the tusky Boar. (*Dryd. Virg.*)

Expert in the Chace,
 In Woods and Wilds to wound the savage Race,
 Diana taught her all her sylvan Arts,
 To bend the Bow, and aim unerring Darts. (*Pope Hom.*)

HURRICANE.

As when two adverse Hurricanes arise,
 Must'ring their stormy Forces in the Skies,

Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,
 Against each other bend their rapid Course;
 The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,
 And Front to Front a fearful War display.
 Exploded Flames against each other fly,
 And fiery Arches vault th'enlighten'd Sky:
 Conflicting Billows against Billows dash; (flash,
 Thunder 'gainst Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainst Lightnings
 Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,
 But equal Strength maintains a doubtful Field. Blac.

H U S B A N D and W I F E. See Marriage.

'Are we not one? Are we not join'd by Heav'n?
 Each interwoven with the other's Fate?
 Are we not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
 Whose blended Waters are no more distinguish'd,
 But roll into the Sea one common Flood? Rowe Fair Pen.

Force, and the Will of our imperious Rulers
 May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain;
 But Minds will still look back to their own Choice.
 So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm
 Stands on the Shore, and sends his Wishes back
 To the dear native Land from whence he came. Rowe Fair Pen.

We think it Merit blindly to believe
 Those pious Falshoods we from Priests receive.
 Faith is Religion's happy Lethargy;
 The doubting Wife we brand with Heresy.
 Husbands should more than the Religious strive,
 Blindly to trust, and blindly to believe. D'Av. Circe.

What can be sweeter than our native Home?
 Thither for Ease, and soft Repose we come.
 Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,
 Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
 If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt;
 None but an inmate Foe could force us out:
 Clamours our Privacies uneasy make; (Dryd. Auren.
 Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forsake.

When Souls, that should agree to will the same,
 To have one common Object for their Wishes,
 Look diff'rent ways, regardless of each other,
 Think what a Train of Wretchedness ensues!
 Love shall be banish'd from the genial Bed;

The Nights shall all be lonely and unquiet ;
And ev'ry Day shall be a Day of Cares.

Rowe Fair Pen.

What tho' some Fits of small Contest
Sometimes fall out among the best ?
That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve :
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race ;
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post ;
Yet when they're at their Race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant Friends :
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease :
So all the false Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love :
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
In all Amours a Lover burns
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by Turns :
And Hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stol'n :
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs :
And Curses are a Kind of Pray'rs.

Hud.

And yet of Marriage-Bands I'm weary grown ;
Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own :
Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasy prove,
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love!

Dryd. Auren.

Sure, of all Ills domestick are the worst :
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear,
And cleaving Mischiefs.

Dryd. Auren.

Secrets of Marriage still are sacred held ;
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still ;
And when divulg'd, proclaim they've chosen ill :
And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

Dryd. Auren.

Men's Eyes are not so subtle to perceive
 My inward Misery: I bear my Grief
 Hid from the World. How am I wretched then ?
 For ought I know, all Husbands are like me;
 And every Man I talk to of his Wife,
 Is but a Well-Dissembler of his Woes,
 As I am.

Beau. Maid's Tragedy.

Few know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,
 His real Cries, and his dissembled Joys. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

With gaudy Plumes, and jingling Bells made proud,
 The youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs aloud:
 A Morning Sun his tinsel'd Harness gilds,
 And the first Stage a down hill Green-sward yields.
 But oh!

What rugged Ways attend our Noon of Life!
 Our Sun declines; and with what anxious Strife,
 What Pains, we tug that gauling Load, a Wife!
 All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run,
 But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won. *Cong. Old Batch.*

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy, the thriving'st Calling,
 The only Saint's-Bell that rings all in:
 In which all Churches are concern'd,
 And is the easiest to be learn'd.
 For no Degrees, unless th'employ it,
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy it.
 A Gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the Rabble;
 But by the Law's impow'r'd to rout,
 And awe the Greatest that stand out;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their Hand should slip, and come too near:
 For no Sin else, among the Saints,
 Is taught so tenderly against.

Ham.

Seeming Devotion does but gild a Knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave:
 But where Religion does with Virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

Wall.

Yet few are truly by themselves express'd:
 He that seems Virtuous, does but act a Part,
 And shows not his own Nature, but his Art. *How. Vest. Virg.*

J A V E L I N.

She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands;
But wedg'd within her Breast the Weapon stands:
The Wood she draws, the steely Point remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

Pois'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw;
The winged Weapon, whistling in the Wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the Mark design'd.
The Shield gave way: through treble Plates it went
Of solid Brass, of Linen trebly roll'd,
And three Bull-hides which round the Buckler fold.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the Course,
Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent his dying Force. *Dr. Virg.*

His feeble Hand a Javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew;
Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen Shield. *Dryd. Virg.*

J E A L O U S Y.

The greater Care, the higher Passion shews:
We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose.
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:
And in those Climes, which most his Scorching know, (*Gran.*
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow. *Dryd. Conq. of*

What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes?
Love the first Motion of the Lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in Safety fears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Jealousy is a noble Crime;
'Tis the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever;
A sickly Draught, but shews a burning Thirst. *Dryd. Amphit.*

For Jealousy is but a kind
Of Clap, or Crincam of the Mind:
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Pains and Aches prove. *Hud.*

Ah! Why are not the Hearts of Women known?
False Women to new Joys unseen can move,
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:
All Goods besides by publick Marks are known, (*Gran. p. 2.*
But that we most desire to keep, has none. *Dryd. Conq. of*
No Sign of Love in jealous Men remains, (*of Gran. p. 2.*
But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains. *Dryd. Conq.*
Small

Small Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire,
The Great not fan, but quite put out the Fire. *Dryd. Auren.*

O Jealousy! thou raging Ill!

Why hast thou found a Place in Lover's Hearts?

Afflicting what thou can'st not kill,

(*Alban.*

And pois'ning Love himself with his own Darts. *Dryd. Alb. &*

What State of Life can be so blest

As Love that warms a Lover's Breast?

Two Souls in one; the same Desire

To grant the Bliss, and to require.

But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,

'Tis Jealousy, thou Tyrant of the Mind!

All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,

Serve to refine and perfect Love:

In Absence, or unkind Disdain,

Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain.

Thou art the Fire of endless Night,

(*Trium.*

The Fire that burns, and gives no Light. *Dryd. Love*

What Tortures can there be in Hell

Compar'd to those fond Lovers feel,

When, doating on some Fair-one's Charms,

They think she yields them to their Rival's Arms?

As Lions, tho' they once were tame,

Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage inflame,

Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,

And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the Lover, when his Breast

By jealous Frenzy is possess'd:

Forswears the Nymph for whom he burns,

Yet strait to her, whom he forswears, returns.

But when the Fair resolves his Doubt,

The Love comes in, the Fear goes out;

The Cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd,

And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd:

With what strange Raptures is he blest?

Raptures, too great to be express'd!

Tho' hard the Torment's to endure

Who would not have the Sickness for the Cure?

Walsh.

Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart;

Attended on his Throne by all his Guard

Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspicions.

Osw. Orph.

Think'st

Think'st thou I'll make a Life of Jealousy,
To follow still the Changes of the Moon
With fresh Surmises? No, to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolv'd. But yet, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt: When I doubt, prove;
And on the Proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love or Jealousy.

If I do prove her Haggard,
Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,
To prey at Fortune.

Villain! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it! give me the ocular Proof,
Or by the Worth of my eternal Soul,
Thou hadst much better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd Wrath:
Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,
That the Probation bear no Hinge, no Loop
To hang a Doubt on, or Woe upon thy Life!
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all Remorse,
On Horror's Head Honour accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd,
For nothing can'st thou to Damnation add
Greater than that.

Give me a living Reason she's disloyal,
I'll have some Proof: My Name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poison or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
I'll not endure it: Ill be satisfy'd.

It is impossible you should see this;

But yet, I say,
If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you may have it.

Oh that the Slave had forty thousand Lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true! Look here, *Iago*!
All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n! 'Tis gone!
Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell!
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne

To

To tyrannous Hate! Swell, Bosom, with thy Fraught,
 For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
 Whose icy Current, and compulsive Course,
 Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
 To the *Propontick* and the *Hellepont*;
 Ev'n so my bloody Thoughts, with violent Pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,
 Till that a capable and a wide Revenge
 Swallow them up.

Shak. Othel.

Oh! you have done an Act,
 That blots the Face, and Blush of Modesty;
 Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
 And makes a Blister there: Makes Marriage-Vows
 As false as Dicers Oaths. Oh such a Deed!
 Heav'n's Face does glow at it.
 Yea, this Solidity and compound Mass,
 With mistful Visage, as against the Doom,
 Is Thought-sick at the Act.

Shak. Hamlet.

Thou art as honest
 As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou Weed,
 Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,
 That the Sense akes at thee!
 Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book
 Made to write Whore upon? O thou publick Commoner!
 I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
 That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,
 Did I but speak thy Deeds.
 Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;
 The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
 And will not hear it.

Shak. Othel.

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name,
 Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;
 And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
 Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
 And blots the noble Work.

Shak. Troil. & Cress.

Had it pleas'd Heav'n
 To try me with Afflictions: Had they rain'd
 All kinds of Sores and Shames on my bare Head,
 Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,

Giv'n

Giv'n to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes,
I should have found in some Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience. But alas! to make me
The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn,
To point his slow and moving Figure at!
Yet could I bear that too! well! very well!
But there, where I had garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life;
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up: To be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy Complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd Cherubim,
I here look grim as Hell.

Shak. Othel.

O! plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the Woes
That Man can suffer! Root up my Possessions,
Ship-wreck my far-sought Ballast in the Haven,
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let midnight Wolves howl in my desert Chambers,
May the Earth yawn! shatter the Frame of Nature!
Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move!
But save me from the Rage of jealous Love!

Lee Cas. Borg.

For oh! what damned Minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves?

Shak. Othel.

And Doubts and Fears to Jealousies will turn,
The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn.

Cowl.

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind!
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind;
And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.
Yet when strong Jealousy inflames the Soul,
The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.

Lee Alex.

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
O smile! and grant one reconciling Kiss:
Ye Gods! she's kind, I'm Ecstasy all o'er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain my Blifs!

Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast!

Sure thou wert form'd to plague my Rest!

Since both the Good and Ill you do, alike my Peace destroy,
This kills me with Excess of Grief, that with Excess of Joy.

Walsh.

IG.

I G N O R A N C E.

Seeing aright we see our Woes,
Then what avails us to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
The only Wretched are the Wise.

Ignorance, *Discord's* Parent, by her stood,
And from her Breast squeez'd Juice like blackish blood,
Her hateful Offspring's most delicious Food.
A formidable Figure! black as Night!
That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight;
Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.
A Crowd of howling Hell-hounds near her stay'd,
All hideous Forms! and her Commands obey'd.
Contention, *Zeal*, inexorable *Rage*,
And *Strife*, that wretched Men in Arms engage;
Various *Division*, *Malice*, deadly *Hate*,
That rend a Kingdom, and dissolve a State.

I M P R E C A T I O N S. See *Curse*.

Final Destruction seize on all the World:
Bend down, ye Heav'ns! and shutting round this Earth,
Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;
Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curst Cinder,
And all us little Creepers in't, call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing! But let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell
Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here in all those Pains which mine feels now.

Ah! that my Arms could both the Poles embrace,
And wrest the World's strong Pillars from their Base!
That all the crackling Frame might be disjoin'd,
And bury in its Ruin Human Kind.

That I could reach the Axle where the Pins are
Which bolt this Frame, that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos with my self!
Who would not fall with all the World about him?

Oh that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now in very Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:

Prior.

Blac.

(Pres.

Otw. Ven.

Blac.

For

For all the Elements and all the Powers
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the Rack of outcast *Oedipus*.
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
Shadow the Globe! May the Sun never dawn!
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb!
And for a universal Rout of Nature,
Thro' all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a Glimpse, one starry Spark!
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark!
That Jars may rise, and Wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

Lee Oedip.

Curst be the Hour that gave me Birth!
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men;
'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism;
Till all Things move against the Course of Nature;
Till Forms dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Original of being lost.

Oth. Orph.

Loosen'd Nature,

Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World. *Dryd. All for Love.*

I M P U D E N C E.

Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,
Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence;
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;
Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An As a Bishop; can vil't Blockhead rear
To wear red Hats, and sit in porph'ry Chair:
'Tis Learning, Parts and Skill, and Wit and Sense,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

Oldb.

For he that has but Impudence,
To all Things has a fair Pretence;
And put among his Wants but Shame,
To all the World he may lay Claim.

Hud.

I N C E S T.

Nature abhors

To be forc'd back again upon her self,
And, like a Whirlpool, swallow her own Streams. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Custom our native Royalty does awe,
Promiscuous Love is Nature's eldest Law :
For whosoever the first Lovers were,
Brother and Sister made the second Pair ;
And doubled by their Love their Piety.

Dryd. Auren.

Then is it Sin? or makes my Mind alone
Th'imagin'd Sin? for Nature makes it none.
What Tyrant then these envious Laws began?
Made not for any other Beast but Man :
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride.
What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
Or more salacious Goat, to rut their Dam?
The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,
And made a Husband whom she hatch'd before.
All Creatures else are of a happier Kind;
Whom not ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.
But Man a Slave of his own making lives;
The Fool denies himself what Nature gives.
Too busy Senates, with an Over-care,
To make us better than our Kind can bear,
Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause.
Yet some wise Nations break the cruel Chains,
And own no Laws but those which Love ordains;
Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd,
And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.
O that I had been born in such a Clime!
Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime.
But whither would my impious Fancy stray!
Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away. *Dryd. Ovid.*

I N C O N S T A N C Y. See *Constancy, False.*

I never yet could see that Face
Which had no Dart for me;
From fifteen Years to fifty's Space
They all victorious be.

Colour or Shape, good Limbs or Face,
 Goodness or Wit in all I find;
 In Motion or in Speech a Grace:
 If all fail, yet 'tis Woman-kind.
 If tall, the Name of Proper slays;
 If fair, she's pleasant as the Light;
 If low, her prettiness does please;
 If black, what Lover loves not Night?
 The Fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart;
 The Lean, with Love, makes me so too;
 If streight, her Body's *Cupid's* Dart
 To me; if crooked, 'tis his Bow.

Nay, Age it self does me to Rage incline,
 And Strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.
 Him, who loves always one, why should we call
 More constant, than the Man loves always all?

Cowl.

All my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone,
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in Store
 By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not;
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts, and broken Vows;
 If I by Miracle can be
 This live-long Minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

Roch.

For as a *Pythagorean* Soul
 Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish and Fowl;
 And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
 So Love does, and has ever done:
 And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the Vagabond;
 'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;
 That after burns with Cold as much,
 As Ice in *Greenland* does the Touch:

Melts

Melts in the Furnace of Desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

Hud.

Change is Fate, and not Design;
Love, like us, must Fate obey:
Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.

Rach.

Inconstancy's the Plague, that first or last
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease. *Lee Mithrid.*

I N F I R M A R Y.

Immediately a Place

Before his Eyes appear'd, sick, noisom, dark:
A Lazar-House it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all Diseased, all Maladies.
Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans: Despair
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd
With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.

*Milt.**I N G R A T I T U D E.*

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

And in this thankless World the Givers
Are envy'd ev'n by the Receivers:
'Tis now the cheap and frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worse than so,
It now an Artifice does grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do,
Lest Men should think we owe.

Cowl. Pind.

Fate ne'er strikes deep but when Unkindness joins:
But there's a Fate in Kindness,
Still to be least return'd where most 'tis given. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*
So often try'd, and ever found so true,
Has giv'n me Trust, and Trust has giv'n me Means
Once to be false for all.

Dryd. Don Seb.

He trusts us both! mark that! shall we betray him?
A Master who reposes Life and Empire
On our Fidelity? I grant he is a Tyrant:
That hated Name my Nature most abhors;

More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,
 Ev'n with the last Contempt to serve *Sebastian*:
 Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,
 Which, but by this Revolt, I cannot compass.
 But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part
 To fawn and yet betray, I should be his'd
 And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
 Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,
 Thy Wealth and Honour, all, the pure Induigence
 Of him thou would'st destroy?
 And would his Creature, nay his Friend, betray him?
 Why then no Bond is left on Human Kind;
 Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue;
 Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
 All must be Rapine, Wars and Desolation,
 When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Both false and faithless!

Draw near, ye well-join'd Wickedness, ye Serpents,
 Whom I have in my kindly Bosom warm'd,
 Till I am stung to Death.

My whole Life

Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship;
 But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant rouz'd
 From soft Repose to see his Vessel sinking,
 And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
 Who follow'd me but as the Swallow Summer,
 Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
 Singing her Flatteries to my morning Wake;
 But now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
 And seeks the Spring of *Cesar*. *Dryd. All for Love.*

[Said of *Cleopatra* by *Anthony*.]

He has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend,
 And worn it into Vileness.
 With how secure a Brow and specious Form
 He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
 Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,
 And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
 To make its Work more easy.
 See how he sets his Countenance for Deceit,
 And promises a Lye before he speaks. *Dryd. All for Love.*
 [Said of *Dolabella* by *Anthony*.]

Two, two such!

Oh! there's no farther Name! Two such to me!
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breast,
Had no Desire, no Joy, no Life but you.
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart: I had no Use,
No Fruit of all, but you; a Friend and Mistress
Was all the World could give. Oh *Cleopatra*!
Oh *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant Fondness
Lay lull'd between your Bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injur'd Faith? I can forgive
A Foe, but not a Mistress and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest; and the Soul resign'd,
Is stabb'd by her own Guards.

Dryd. All for Love.

To break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth:
The first revolting Angel's Pride could only
Do more than thou hast done: Thou copy'st well,
And keep'st the black Original in view.

Rowe's Tamerl.

INNOCENCE.

Virtue, dear Friend, needs no Defence;
The surest Guard is Innocence:
None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poison'd Arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Thro' *Libyan* Sands and *Scythian* Snows,
Or where *Hydaspe's* wealthy Side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

Rosc. Hor.

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence,
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

Dryd. Oedip.

O that I had my Innocence again!
My untouch'd Honour! but I wish in vain:
The Fleece that has been by the Dyer stain'd,
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.

Wall.

Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults.

Wall.

IN-

INSECTS. See Creation.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,
 And seeks with ebbing Tides his antient Bed;
 The fat Manure with heav'nly Fire is warm'd,
 And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd:
 These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find
 Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind;
 Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth,
 One half alive, and one of lifeless Earth. *Dryd. Ovid.*

INTEREST.

Interest, ever join'd
 With Fraud, unworthy of a noble Mind. *Pope Hom.*

Interest is the most prevailing Cheat;
 The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth,
 They study that, and think they study Truth.
 Where Int'rest fortifies an Argument,
 Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent; (*& Panth.*)
 For Souls already warp'd receive an easy Bent. *Dryd. Hind.*

Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate,
 That always to dark Ends mis-guides our Wills,
 And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Ills. *Osw. Don Carl.*
 Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

All seek their Ends, and each would other cheat:
 They only seem to hate, and seem to love,
 But Int'rest is the Point on which they move:
 Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends agen,
 And in their Turns are Knaves and honest Men:
 Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold;
 'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold, *Dryd. Amphib.*

JOUSTS and Tournaments. See Battle. Duel. War.

The Challenger with fierce Defy
 His Trumpet sounds, the Challeng'd makes Reply;
 With Clangor rings the Field, resounds the vaulted Sky. }
 Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,
 Or at the Helmet pointed or the Crest;
 They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,
 And spurring, see decrease the middle Space.
 A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,
 And all at once the Combatants are lost:

Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
 Coursers with Coursers jousting, Men with Men;
 As lab'ring in Eclipse a-while they stay,
 Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day:
 They look a-new; the beauteous Form of Fight
 Is chang'd, and War appears a grisly Sight.
 Two Troops in fair Array one Moment show'd,
 The next a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd;
 Not half the Number in their Seats are found,
 But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.
 The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.
 The Knights unhors'd, on foot renew the Fight;
 The glittering Falchions cast a gleaming Light:
 Hawberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;
 Out-spins the streaming Blood, and dyes the Ground.
 The mighty Maces with such haste descend,
 They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour bend:
 This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force:
 Down goes at once the Horseman and the Horse:
 That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,
 And, floundring, throws the Rider o'er his Head:
 One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;
 One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.
 By Fits they cease; and leaning on the Lance,
 Take Breath a-while, and to new Fight advance.
 Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd
 His utmost Force, for each forgot to ward.
 The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,
 That other backward to the Crupper sent.
 Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows
 Fall thick and heavy when on foot they close:
 So deep their Falchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke
 Pierc'd to the quick; and equal Wounds they gave and took.
 Borne far asunder by the Tides of Men,
 Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.
 So when a Tiger sucks the Bullock's Blood,
 A famish'd Lion, issuing from the Wood,
 Roars loudly fierce, and challenges the Food:
 Each claims Possession, neither will obey,
 But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:

They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The Swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive;

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Behold the noble Youths of Form Divine,
Upon the Plain advancing in a Line;
The Riders grace the Steeds, the Steeds with glory shine. }

Thus marching on in military Pride,
Shouts of Applause resound from Side to Side.
Their Casques adorn'd with Laurel Wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a Cornel Spear:

Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore,
Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before.
Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green;
Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen; }
Twelve follow'd every Chief, and left a Span between.

Th'unfledg'd Commanders, and their martial Train,
First make the Circuit of the sandy Plain:

Then at the appointed Sign,
Drawn up in beauteous Order, form a Line:
The second Signal sounds; the Troop divides
In three distinguish'd Parts, with three distinguish'd Guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin,
In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line:
They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar
With harmless Rage, and well-dissembled War.

Then in a Round the mingled Bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
Broken they break; and rallying they renew
In other Forms the military Shew.

At last, in Order, undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly Line.

And, as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring Wave, and many a winding Fold,
Involv'd the weary Feet, without Redress,

In a round Error, which deny'd Recess;
So fought the *Trojan* Boys in warlike Play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a diff'rent way. *Dryd. Virg.*

f o r

Great Joys, as well as Sorrows, make a Stay;
They hinder one another in the Croud,
And none are heard, while all would speak aloud. *Cowl.*

They

M 3

Joy

Joy is in ev'ry Face without a Cloud;
 As in the Scene of op'ning Paradise
 The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being.
 Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other. *(Seb. Dryd. Don*

Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure roll
 Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul:
 He sinks beneath the Pleasure of his Joy,
 And *Joseph's* Life does almost his destroy. *Blac.*
 A secret Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins;
 It works about the Inlets of my Soul. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Now my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles,
 My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight;
 'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury! *Lee Alex.*

Now by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
 I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure that I feel
 A later Spring within my wither'd Limbs,
 That shoots me out again. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Be gone, my Cares; I give you to the Winds,
 Far to be borne; far from the happy *Altamont*;
 Far from the sacred *Æra* of my Love:
 A better Order of succeeding Days
 Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Castilla is the Mistress of the Year,
 She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,
 And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful. *Rome Fair Pen.*

Be still my Sorrows! and be loud my Joys!
 Fly to the utmost Circle of the Seas,
 Thou furious Tempest that hast toss'd my Mind,
 And leave no Thought but *Leonora* there.
 What's this I feel a-boding in my Soul,
 As if this Day were fatal? Be it so!
 Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love!
 My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:
 The Lion, tho' he sees the Toils are set,
 Yet pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,
 Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day, *(Fry.*
 At Night, with sullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. *Dryd. Span.*

She bids me hope! O Heavens! she pities me;
 And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love,
 As Lightning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,
 Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou, my Heart,
 Make room to entertain thy flowing Joys:

Hence all my Griefs, and ev'ry anxious Care,
One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Despair. *Dr. Span. Fry.*

Am I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough!

Death, take me in this moment of my Joy :
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,
Spare this one Thought, Let me remember Pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was blest. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Oh you are so Divine, and cause such Fondness,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet !
Such Ecstasy Life cannot carry long!

The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such Fierceness on me, Night will follow *Lee Alex.*

Know, be it known to the Limits of the World;
Yet farther, let it pass your dazling Roof,
The Mansions of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy!
Oh for this News let Waters break their Bounds!
Rocks, Valleys, Hills with splitting *Io's* ring !
Io, Jocasta ! Io Paan sing. *Lee Oedip.*

Be this the gen'ral Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And ev'ry publick Place repeat this Echo.
To Pomp and Triumph give this happy Day :
Let Labour cease ; set out before your Doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd : With Laurel wreathe your Posts,
And strew with Flow'rs the Pavement. Let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine, *(Love.*
And call the Gods to join with you in Gladness. *Dryd. All for*

Let Mirth go on: Let Pleasure know no Pause,
But fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day. *Rome Fair Pen.*

But oh! the Joy, the mighty Ecstasy
Possess'd thy Soul at this Discovery !
Speechless and panting at my Feet you lay,
And short-breath'd Sighs told what you could not say :
A thousand times my Hands with Kisses press'd,
And look'd such Darts as none could e'er resist :
Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
New Joys fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine. *Behn.*

My charm'd Ears ne'er knew
A Sound of so much Rapture, so much Joy :
Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds,

Not Winds, nor murm'ring Waters join'd in Confort,
Not tuneful Nature, nor th'according Spheres
Utter such Harmony, as when my *Selima*

With down-cast Looks and Blushes said, *I love. Rome Tamerl.*

Oh the dear Hour in which you did resign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
And in a Kiss you said, your Heart was mine !

Thro' each returning Year may that Hour be
Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity.

Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light;
Let him collect the Day to be more bright;
Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night!

Cong.

There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour thro' all his Care, (*Mourn. Bride.*
And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony. *Cong.*

Oh my Soul's Joy!

If after ev'ry Tempest come such Calm,
May the Winds blow till they have waken'd Death;
And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy! for I fear
My Soul has her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Shak. Othel.

Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend
This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
Of Heav'n to bless me thus! 'Tis Gold so pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp without Allay.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Mine is a Gleam of Bliss too hot to last;
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'ercast.

Dryd. Auren.

For, as Extremes are short of Ill and Good,
And Tides at highest Mark regorge the Flood:
So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy,
Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy.

Dryd. Sig. & Guif.

Weeping for Joy.

My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in Fulness, seek to hide themselves
In Drops of Sorrow.

Shak. Macb.

I cannot speak; Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

Then

Then into Tears of Joy the Father broke;
Each in his longing Arms by turns he took,
Panted and paus'd, and thus again he spoke.

Dryd. Virg.

My Joy stops at my Tongue;
But it has found two Channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Dryd. All for Love.

I S I S.

Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples grac'd:
A Mitre for a Crown, she wore on high,
The Dog, and dappled Bull were waiting by.
Osyris, fought along the Banks of *Nile*,
The silent God, the sacred Crocodile:
And last a long Procession moving on
With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.

Dryd. Ovid.

The Fortunate I S L A N D S.

The happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait,
Are styl'd by tuneful Bards, *The Fortunate*.
Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From crystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow;
The Rose still blushes, and the Vi'lets blow.
The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears;
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olives cheers:
Blossoms and Fruit at once the Citron shows,
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes;
And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid
With golden Apples, and a silken Shade.
No Blast e'er discompose the peaceful Sky;
The Springs but murmur, and the Wings but sigh.
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
And warbling Dirges die on ev'ry Note.
Where *Flora* treads, her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
Shaking rich Odors from his purple Wings:
And Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs, and Jess'min Groves
Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,
Cool Grottos, silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
In this blest Climate all the circling Year prevail.

Gar.

JUNO. I

Great Queen of gath'ring Clouds,
 Whose Moisture fills the Floods:
 Great Queen of nuptial Rites,
 Whose Pow'r the Soul unites,
 And fills the genial Bed with chaste Delights. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*
 For Juno ties
 The nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage-Joys. *Dryd. Virg.*
 The Majesty of Heav'n! The Sister Wife of Jove. *Dryd. Virg.*

JUPITER.

O Thou, whose Thunder rends the clouded Air,
 Who in the Heav'n of Heav'ns hast fix'd thy Throne,
 Supream of Gods! unbounded, and alone! *Pope Hom.*

O first and greatest Pow'r whom all obey,
 Who high on *Ida's* holy Mountain sway. *Pope Hom.*
 Th' inviolable King. *Pope Hom.*

The Pow'r, whose high Command
 Is unconfi'd; who rules the Seas and Land;
 And tempers Thunder in his awful Hand. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Th' imperial God,
 Who shakes Heav'n's Axle with his awful Nod, *Dryd. Virg.*
 Who rous

The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Pow'r immense! Eternal Energy!
 The King of Gods and Men; whose awful Hand
 Disperſes Thunder on the Seas and Land,
 Dispoſing all with absolute Command. *Dryd. Virg.*

The mighty Thund'rer, with majestick Awe,
 Then shook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around,
 And scatter'd Tempests on the teeming Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

So *Jove* decrees, resistless Lord of all!
 At whose Command whole Empires rise or fall:
 He shakes the feeble Prop of human Trust;
 And Towns and Armies humbles to the Dust. *Pope Hom.*

So when of old *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,
Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd,
 And all the Majesty of Heav'n lay hid:
 At length by Fate to Pow'r Divine restor'd,
 His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord; (*Tamerl.*)
 The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd. *Roxe*

So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of Atoms,
 And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet

Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,
 But Discord and Confusion troubled all.
 Calm and serene upon his Throne he sat,
 Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate:
 Safe in himself, because he knew his Pow'r,
 And, knowing what he was, he knew he was secure. *Rome Ulyss.*

J U S T I C E. See *King.*

Of all the Virtues, Justice is the best;
 Valour, without it, is a common Pest:
 Pyrates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
 Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd:
 'Tis our Complexion makes us chaste or brave;
 Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have:
 All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;
 That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good:
 Justice the Queen of Virtues!

Wall.

Justice, tho' she is painted blind,
 Is to the weaker Side inclin'd,
 Like Charity; else Right and Wrong
 Could never hold it out so long.

Hud.

Justice gives Sentence many times
 On one Man for another's Crimes.
 As lately 't happen'd in a Town,
 Where liv'd a Cobler, and but one;
 That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
 And mend Mens Lives, as well as Shoes:
 This precious Brother having slain,
 In Times of Peace an *Indian*,
 The mighty *Tottipostimoy*
 Sent to our Elders an Envoy;
 Complaining sorely of the Breach
 Of League, held forth by Brother Patch,
 Against the Articles in Force,
 Between two Churches, his and ours.
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render
 Into his Hands, or hang th'Offender.
 But they, maturely having weigh'd,
 They had no more but him o'th' Trade;

(A Man

(A Man that serv'd 'em in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The *Indian Hogan Mogan* too
Impartial Justice, in his Stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.

Hud.

So *Justice*, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

Hud.

K I N D N E S S.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All things else but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love,
Beauty does the Heart invade;
Kindness can alone persuade:
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.
Kindness can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm.

Roch.

Ether.

K I N G. See *Emperor. Tyrant. Usurper.*

A Monarch's Crown

Golden in Shew, is but a Crown of Thorns;
Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and sleepless Nights;
To him who wears the Regal Diadem;
When on his Shoulders each Man's Burden lies:
For therein lies the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all his Weight he bears.

Milt.

Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around,
Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run:
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.

Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;
They live like Drones, upon the publick Cost.

Dryd. Auren.

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

Dr. Don Seb.

Some Kings the Name of Conquerors assum'd;
Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd:
But boundless Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust,
Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just:
They shunn'd the Praise this God-like Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives.

Dryd.

Princes

Princes by Disobedience get Command,
And by new-quell'd Rebellions firmer stand;
Till by the boundless Offers of Success,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happiness.

How.

Oh polish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keeps the Ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchful Night! O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,
That scalds with Safety.

Shak. Hen. 4.

A Crown, whate'er we give, is worth the Cost. Dryd. Conq.

How wretchedly he rules, (of Gran.

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools! Otw. Don Carl.

What's Royalty, but Pow'r to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,

And my own Slaves the Sovereigns.

Weak Princes flatter when they want the Pow'r
To curb their People: Tender Plants must bend;
But when a Government is grown to Strength,
Like some old Oak, tough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the Tug, but only nods,

And turns to sullen State.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right;
And Pow'r, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

All After-Acts are sanctify'd by Pow'r. Dryd. Don Seb.

Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatness, give
To Kings that Lustre which we think divine;
The Wise, who know 'em, know they are but Men,
Nay, sometimes weak ones too: The Croud indeed,
Who kneel before the Image, not the God,

Worship the Deity their Hands have made. Rowe Amb. Step.

He's in Possession! so Diseases are:
Should not a ling'ring Fever be remov'd,
Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?
Do I rebel, when I would thrust it out?
What! shall I think the World was made for one,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men,
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark those who doat on Arbitrary Pow'r,
And you shall find them either hot-brain'd Youth,

Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,
And Slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.
O Baseness! to support a Tyrant-Throne,
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World! *Dry. Span. Fry.*

Those Kings, who rule with limited Command,
Have Player's Sceptres put into their Hand.
Pow'r has no Balance! one Side still weighs down, (*of Gran.*)
And either hoists the Commonwealth or Crown. *Dryd. Conq.*

Force only can maintain
The Pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain. *Crowl.*

Sov'reigns, ever jealous of their State,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate:
Ev'n tho' th' Offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like Embers, rak'd within their Breast,
Bursts forth in Flames, whose unresisted Pow'r
Will seize th'unwary Wretch, and soon devour. *Dryd. Hum.*

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
The Walks of muffled Gods; sacred Retreat,
Where none but whom they please t'admit approach. *Dryd.*

The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,
Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar;
And like a Temple's innermost Recesses,
None enter to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,
Unbidden of the God that dwells within. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

Sebastian was a Man

Above Man's Height, ev'n towering to Divinity;
Brave, pious, gen'rous, great and liberal;
Just as the Scales of Heav'n that weigh the Seasons:
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd.
His Goodness was diffus'd to Human Kind,
He was the Envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their fighting Queens despis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd. *Dry. Don Seb.*

K I S S I N G.

She gather'd humid Kisses, as she spoke. *Dryd. Lucr.*
She brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his;
At which he whisper'd Kisses back on hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*
She printed melting Kisses as she spoke:
Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Souls too with their Breath. *Oldb.*
Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls;

Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers. *Lee Jun. Brus.*

They pour'd a Storm of Kisses thick as Hail. *Dryd. W. of*

I felt the while a pleasing kind of Smart, *(Bath's Tale.*

The Kifs went tingling to my very Heart :

When it was gone, the Sense of it did stay,

The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,

Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away. *Dryd. Mar. a-la-mode,* }

They kiss'd with such a Fervour,

And gave such furious Earnest of their Flames,

That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood

Flew flushing o'er their Faces.

Dryd. Don Seb.

How I could dwell for ever on those Lips!

Oh I could kiss 'em pale with Eagerness!

So soft, by Heav'n ! and such a juicy sweet,

That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour. *Dryd. Amphit.*

The Nectar of the Gods to them is tasteless. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,

As if, like Doves, we did engender there :

No Bound; no Rule my Pleasure shall endure,

In Love there's none too much an *Epicure.*

Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul ;

I'll kiss thee thro', I'll kiss thy very Soul.

Cowl.

Then thus we'll lie, and thus we'll kiss,

Thus, thus, improve the lasting Bliss :

There is no Labour here, no Shame ;

The solid Pleasure's still the same :

Never, oh! never to be done,

When Love is ever but begun.

Old.

As am'rous, and fond, and billing;

As *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling.

Hud.

K I T E.

Thus the spreading Kite

That smells the slaughter'd Victim from on high,

Flies at a Distance, if the Priests are nigh,

And sails around, and keeps it in her Eye. *Add. Ovid.*

K N I G H T - E R R A N T.

Th'antient Errant Knights

Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fight,

And cut whole Giants into Fitters,

To put them into am'rous Twitters:

Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
 But when their Sides were drubb'd so fore;
 They durst not woo one Combat more,
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt :
 So *Spanish* Heroes, with their Lances,
 At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies ;
 And he acquires the noblest Spouse,
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows.

Hud.

The End of the First Volume.



End.